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PICTURES FROM THE LIFE.

PICTURES FROM THE LIFE,

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. AUG. WILDENHAHN.

EDITED BY

J. K. SHRYOCK, A. M.

(*Editor of the "Fatherland Series."*)

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Paul Gerhardt.

PICTURES FROM THE LIFE.

PAUL GERHARDT

A HISTORICAL LIFE PICTURE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. A. WILDENHAHN,

By Rev. G. A. WENZEL, A. M.

EDITED BY

J. K. SHRYOCK, A. M.,

Editor of the "Fatherland Series."

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HISTORICAL SKETCH.

PAUL GERHARDT was born in Gräfenhainichen—a small town in the electorate of Saxony—in 1606. A conflagration, occasioned by the Swedish soldiery, in 1637, destroyed the archives, which might otherwise have afforded more distinct notices respecting the day of his birth, his parentage, brothers and sisters, (who are reported to have been numerous, but all to have died early,) his education, and the events of his early years. Respecting his father, we only know that his name was Christian Gerhardt, and that he was chief magistrate of the town of Gräfenhainichen. His mother was descended from Anna Döbler, the daughter of the Dresden court-chaplain, Gallus Döbler, who died in 1570.

In GERHARDT'S twelfth year, hostilities broke out in the neighboring country of Bohemia, between the Protestant population and the Roman Catholic rulers. This war, which spread rapidly all over Germany, could not but make a deep impression on his highly-imaginative mind; and the position of his father gave him full opportunity to learn all the individual horrors of that first epoch of the thirty years' war, which raged throughout all the term of his early manhood, continuing till his forty-second year; while the occasion of the fearful strife, being no other than a struggle for FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE, was calculated to engage his warmest sympathy, and may probably have stimulated and strengthened that CONSCIENTIOUS RESISTANCE TO ALL COMPULSION in religious matters, by which his latter years were distinguished.

What university was the nursing mother of GERHARDT'S talents we know not; but manuscript evidence is not wanting, that his years there were not idly spent. Equally unknown is the course of his life, from the completion of his studies until the year 1643 or 1644; when, it is supposed, he turned his steps toward Berlin. At least we soon after find him established as private tutor in the family of the Chancery-advocate, Andreas Bertholdt, who was highly esteemed for his ability as a lawyer, and noted, in common with his pious wife Elizabeth, for the strict discipline of his house, and for "training up his children

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in the way they should go." In such efforts GERHARDT'S aid could not be otherwise than cordially given, and thankfully received. In Berlin, too, the blessing of social quiet was enjoyed; for, although the evil effects of the hostilities still carried on in Silesia, Moravia, and Austria, as well as on the banks of the Rhine, were painfully felt in every part of Germany, still the Margravate of Brandenburg was far removed from the actual seat of war.

Frederick William, the Great Elector, had, at the early age of twenty, succeeded his father in the government of Brandenburg and its dependencies. Young as he was, he soon showed himself capable of forming extensive plans for the improvement of his dominions, which he afterwards executed with as much vigor as prudence. Nor was it a small effort of wise policy to contrive the gradual removal of actual hostilities from the heart of his own territory; and by winning over, now the Imperial, and now the Swedish arms to his side, to procure for his own subjects comparative tranquillity, and at all events intervals of breathing time, amid the fierce conflicts of the day.

When GERHARDT began to look upon the margravate as his permanent abode, his warm and energetic character naturally induced him to take a deep interest in the course of public events, and to mark with feelings of joyful anticipation the courageous and prudent conduct of the youthful sovereign in matters of worldly policy. But the Church was still dearer to him than any temporal advantages; and no considerations for the state lay so near his heart as the security of his Lutheran faith, which he, in common with the majority of the inhabitants of the electorate, regarded as but too likely to be endangered by Frederick William, who not only by inheritance and education, but still more, perhaps, by a four years' residence in Holland, was supposed to have become strongly prejudiced in favor of the Reformed church.

But though hasty and even harsh at times, the Elector's mind was of too noble a cast not to be open to remonstrance; and he willingly listened to such from the lovely and beloved Electress, Louise Henrietta, whose character is one of rare excellence among the high-born of the earth.

In the electoral dominions, no less than in every part of Germany, the dissensions of the Lutherans and Reformed had long assumed a determined, and even violent character; and when the former, who formed the majority of his subjects, perceived the undisguised preference enjoyed by the Reformed at the Elector's court, as well as the aid afforded towards the establishment of every new congregation professing the Reformed faith, the Lutherans employed all legal means to check such a course of affairs.

It cannot be denied that Frederick William was strongly attached to his own creed, and sought, as much as possible, both to protect and promote it. But the fearful results of confessional animosity were too recent to have been forgotten; and the dissensions which arose between two classes of Protestants were hateful in his eyes. As a statesman, therefore, he felt called upon to attempt a reconciliation of the contending parties within his own dominions, and to bring about such an external union, at least, as would put an end to the contests, which had too long disturbed and disfigured both confessions. Accordingly, when in 1644, Ladislaus VI., of Poland, invited learned men from all parts to a conference in Thorn, for the purpose of attempting an amicable compromise between Catholics and Protestants, Frederick William permitted several professors, and even his own court-chaplain, to take part in the deliberations, expressing without reserve his earnest desire that the opportunity might be found available for bringing about a reconciliation between the two Protestant parties.

The attempt failed, as many similar ones have done; and the Elector, pressed upon by heavy government cares, left the question for some time in abeyance. But the Lutheran clergy had already taken alarm at the idea, that a religious amalgamation was secretly planned by their prince. This opinion was shared by GERHARDT with all the conscientiousness and warmth of his character; and there is every reason to conclude that, even previous to his attaining any official place in the Lutheran church, he had made up his mind as to the course which every Lutheran pastor should pursue, if what they feared came upon them. Nor is it improbable that the expectation of heavy trials awaiting his cherished confession, even stimulated the wish no longer to remain in comparative inactivity, but to become a more publicly efficient laborer in the Lord's vineyard, than his modest though useful calling had hitherto permitted. These ideas can only be gathered from his numerous spiritual songs; but they form so clear an index to his thoughts and feelings, his outward as well as inward experience, that flowing "warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires," it might throw considerable light on his spiritual progress, were we to quote the hymns, and the known or conjectured occasions of their composition. First lines, however, would convey little to the English reader; and the translation of his poems does not come within the compass of a preface.

We hasten, therefore, to remark, that with a heart so alive to every tender emotion, it must have been no small trial to GERHARDT, to find himself alone in the world. Parents, brothers, and sisters, all removed by death; and yet necessitated to repress every thought of forming new ties, by the state of de-

pendence, as to worldly circumstances, in which, up to his forty-fourth year, the Lord was pleased to keep him. In March, 1654, he received a call to the pastoral charge of Mittenwalde, a small town about twenty miles from Berlin, where his conscientious activity in his Master's service won him the respect and cordial affection of his parishioners, as well as the esteem of his brethren in office. His fame as a sweet singer of Israel began now also to be more spread abroad; and some of his most approved productions appear to have been composed before this period. In February, 1655, the foundation of his domestic happiness was laid by his marriage with Anna Maria Bertholdt, the daughter of his patron, and the sweet, interesting pupil, whose exemplary attendance for years on a sick mother's couch must have added esteem to the admiration which her many engaging qualities of mind and person had created in GERHARDT'S heart. How fondly her young affections clung to one so much her senior, as well as the unwavering constancy of their mutual love, will abundantly appear in the following pages. And with these few and scanty notices, serving more as attestations than additions to the interesting sketch, we commend the memoirs of this distinguished minister of Christ, this truly gospel poet, and conscientious sufferer in the cause of religious liberty, to the sympathy and imitation of the Christian reader, at the same time, impressing upon his mind the important fact that GERHARDT'S firm stand for FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE AND LIBERTY OF SPEECH, places him among the *world's great forerunners* in proclaiming CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY to all peoples.

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PAUL GERHARDT.

CHAPTER I.

THE INN NEAR THE LONG BRIDGE.

"These are the things that ye shall do. Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbor; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates: and let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his neighbor; and love no false oath: for all these are things that I hate, saith the Lord."—ZECH. viii. 16, 17.

DURING the reign of the great Elector, there stood, in the city of Berlin, near the long bridge, on which his equestrian statue has since been erected, an Inn, which for many years had served as a place of general resort and social meeting for the more opulent among the burghers of Cologne and Berlin, and where, after the heat and burden of the day had been borne, entered and departed, usually about the same hour, the same guests. Near the middle of February, 1666, a large company, seated, at the customary evening hour, around the big table near the stove (the place of honor of those who resorted thither) were engaged in a conversation louder and more animated than usual.

"If this state of things continue," remarked one, whose age might have been fifty, and who was distinguished from the rest by his intelligent look, "If

this state of things continue, the little Lutheranism still existing among us will soon be destroyed. Before long we will have no ministers at all, and will be obliged to lock up our churches."

"Things have not yet come to such a sad condition, Mr. Young," replied another man, from whose small, benevolent eyes shone the most genuine good nature. "Thus far the church of St. Nicolai has lost only one of her ministers, the Arch-deacon Reinhart; the rest will doubtless be permitted to remain among us."

"You are more sanguine in your hopes than I, Mr. Ebeling," rejoined Mr. Young, in an almost angry tone. "You should bear in mind that our old Provost, Lilius, has already been dismissed; GERHARDT may look for his dismissal every hour, and the rest of our ministers—Lubath, Lorenz, and Hellwig—have to expect nothing better; Ranke has declined the call to Reinhart's place; even Provost Fromm, of St. Peter's, who hitherto stood in special favor with the Reformed, has suddenly found an embittered enemy in the court-chaplain, Stosch, who, as far as I know him, will now do all in his power to ruin him. What, therefore, I pray you, is there to hope?"

"O, a great deal," replied Ebeling, with imperturbable calmness. "If you understood music, my dear friend, I would tell you that all this appears to me like an artistically-arranged fugue, where all the notes run confusedly through one another, each one obstinately pursuing its own way, threatening to throw everything into confusion. But after this has continued for some time, they all at once become harmonious, and just as much as the one was at first at variance with the other,

so much do they now join hands, forming a compact of melody with each other, and all discord is at an end."

"If you attempt to illustrate your idea by a reference to music," remarked the other, "I am equally entitled to do the same by a reference to my trade. When, with us, the thread becomes tangled and torn, the cloth will be of but a very poor texture; and you, Mr. Ebeling, would be very far from taking it off our hands. I am a friend of order and justice, but an enemy to all injustice, especially in matters of religion."

"I too hope, Mr. Young," here joined in a third, "that all this will yet be brought to an amicable issue. I have received the most positive assurance that our reverend Provost, Lilius, was finally induced, several weeks ago, to sign the Reversal, and that he will consequently soon again be reinstated in his office."

"This is to me anything but agreeable intelligence, Mr. Liebrecht," replied Young. "He who has for seventy years been a good Lutheran, ought not to apostatize in his old age. Only think of what will be said about his having submitted! He should not have done it. He is no criminal, no traitor, and would, accordingly, have done nothing but his duty, if he had remained true to his faith to the end; for to suffer for conscience sake is an honor."

"But only consider, Mr. Young," said Ebeling, in a conciliatory manner, "Provost Lilius may, as you say, be at least seventy years of age. Ought then an old man like him, tottering, as he does, on the very brink of the grave, to be blamed so very much for desiring to end his declining days in peace and quiet? You know how it has fared with the old gentleman for

years, and with what violence he was urged, on all sides, for his signature. He has long struggled against it, and that he has remained loyal to his faith is evident from the fact of his having, during the past year, been dismissed from his office! Our great Elector is indeed a kind and gracious sovereign, but in matters concerning religion, he is rigid and inexorable; for he desires to have peace in the Church. Now, when suddenly deprived of his office, what is an old man like Lilius to do, who has not where to lay his head and his dying body? In the event of his refusal, the Elector would have denied him a gratuity."

"The Elector!" quickly replied Mr. Young. "But do you suppose that the citizens would have permitted their old and faithful minister to suffer want? I, myself, would have given up part of my house to him, and even welcomed him most willingly to a place at my table, if he would have been satisfied with such fare as I am able to provide."

"Yes, if things had taken such a course," continued Ebeling. "But how was it with poor Reinhart? Was he not banished, both from the city and country? Had he not to leave Berlin under cover of night? And why? Had he been guilty of any crime? No; he had only refused to sign the Reversal."

"And does Reinhart, in consequence, now suffer want?" asked Young. "Was he not received in Leipzig with open arms? Was he not, to the evident chagrin of his enemies, appointed pastor of St. Nicolai, but a few months after his arrival, and after he had here in Berlin been declared unworthy to act as archdeacon of St. Nicolai?"

"You are once and forever an old friend and defender of Reinhart," remarked Mr. Liebrecht.

"No, neighbor," replied Mr. Young, earnestly, "If you had said that I was an old friend and defender of my Lutheran faith, you would have been perfectly correct. My principle is, to be faithful to the truth to the end; but he who with his faith essays, like a weaver's shuttle, to run through wherever there is an opening, may in the end succeed in weaving for himself, with his faith, a garment for his body, but his soul will remain naked."

"You are too severe, Mr. Young," said Ebeling, good naturedly. "I know you allude to our provost, Lilius. But what great wrong has he, after all, committed, that you should judge him so harshly? He has done nothing but sign the Reversal. And, pray, what does that document contain? Nothing more than that all ministers are required to abstain from denouncing and inveighing against the Reformed faith, and are commanded to love each other as brethren in Christ. Is this something wrong? And shall a man like Lilius, who cannot hate any one, and who in reality loves the Reformed as brethren, not endorse this sentiment of his heart by the signature of his name?"

"O, dear Mr. Ebeling!" exclaimed Young in astonishment; "I have all due respect for you when in your position as music-director you lead the choir of St. Nicolai or St. Mary's. *Then*, it affords me real pleasure to look at you and listen to you; and there scarcely passes a day that my daughter, Dorothea, does not sing to me one of those beautiful hymns of Mr. GERHARDT, which you have set to just as beautiful music. For

these, your musical performances, I have all due respect, Mr. Ebeling; and your fugues, which you compose, and which you just now explained to us, may all be exquisite, and in exact accordance with the science of music; but, if I may be permitted the expression, in the fugues of faith which are now being played, you are not exactly a master. It is true, ministers bind themselves in the Reversal that they will live in Christian harmony, and promote the peace of the Church; but this same document also requires Lutheran ministers to *approve* of all the doctrines of the Reformed, and to appeal no more to the Form of Concord, which is the chief symbol of the Lutheran Church. It requires Lutherans to obey, to the letter, all the edicts published by the Elector in reference to controverted points concerning the faith. And do you know what these edicts command?"

"The same that you have already mentioned," quietly replied Ebeling.

"The same!" repeated Young, in astonishment, and then continued more calmly: "It may seem to you almost as if I wished to make an exhibition of my knowledge; but you know that in my youth I purposed to study for the ministry, and that nothing but the death of my father, which occurred just as I was preparing to go to Wittenberg, frustrated my design, and induced me to comply with the urgent request of my mother that I should work at the loom of my sainted father. But anything for which we have contracted a liking in the days of our youth is not easily laid aside in our old age, especially if it concern the acquisition of knowledge. Thus it has happened that

I have retained my interest in matters connected with theology, and kept up with this entire church controversy, even whilst engaged at my loom in my shop. And I can therefore assure you, that all this trouble comes from our Elector. It is alone his fault, that quiet does not reign within the borders of Brandenburg."

At this declaration nearly all present started with affright, and looked anxiously about the room, to see whether there were not a Reformed present, who might report the language just used. The host himself pushed his cap to one side, and said to Mr. Young, though in a manner the most conciliatory: "I do not apprehend that you intended, by what you have said, to cast censure upon our most serene Elector. I have always maintained the principle that, in matters of this kind, it is best to commit one's self to no party, and that especially an inn-keeper should stand aloof from all parties; and since he, with his opinions, is in a manner responsible for whatever transpires in his house, I would take the liberty of——"

"Compose yourself, Mr. Matthias," hastily remarked Young, with a smile. "Whatever I say or do here shall not in the least diminish your custom, or injure you in life or property. If there be a good and faithful citizen, then I am he. But in matters concerning the faith, the question is not about being a good citizen, but rather about being a good Christian. Moreover, in saying that this entire trouble comes from the Elector, I do indeed utter a complaint, but do not indulge in a reproach. Nor do I at all allude to our present gracious Sovereign, but to his grandfather,

Johann Sigismund. If he, as you are aware, could not hope to be saved by his Lutheran faith, and therefore passed over to the Reformed on Christmas, in 1613, who could prevent him? What the humblest subject is free to do, must surely be permitted to the Elector."

"You must not forget, however," here remarked, in a soft and courteous tone, a young man with a pale and sallow countenance, who had hitherto listened to the conversation in silence, whilst seated at a table by himself, but who had gradually moved closer and closer to the large table near the stove, "You must, however, not forget that the Elector, Johann Sigismund himself, published a Reversal three different times, to the effect that he would remain faithful to the Lutheran Church during life; and that notwithstanding, after he had gone over to the Reformed, he was accused of having done so merely to curry favor with the Dutch Reformed, through whose assistance he hoped to become Duke of Inlich, Cleves, and Berg; precisely as his rival, Count Palatin, of Merseberg, had, from the same motive, gone over to the Catholic Church, to secure the assistance of Catholic Spain."

All eyes were turned upon the speaker who, in so bold a manner, presumed to sit in judgment on the Electors of Brandenburg, but whom, as the countenance of every one present plainly showed, no one knew. Hurried inquiries, directed to the host in whispers, were only answered by grave and mysterious shakes of the head. But the stranger seemed not to notice all this; he met, with the most quiet good nature, every gaze directed toward him; and yet there seemed, in the tone of his voice, and indeed, in his

whole appearance, a something which unfavorably affected every one regarding him. Mr. Young seemed to be the only one uninfluenced by it. He turned toward the young man, and said: "You show yourself just as well informed concerning the history of our fatherland as you are strange and unknown to me, and indeed to all here present. Since, however, what you have said appears to reflect on our Electors, I feel bound to say to you, in reply, that what you have stated touching the Reversal of John Sigismund is indeed true, yet that he went over to the Reformed Church to curry favor with the Hollanders is an assertion which remains still to be proven. Sigismund held a just claim to that dukedom; for his wife was the oldest and nearest relative; and he who holds a just claim need not resort to subterfuges. No, Sigismund was far too conscientious a sovereign to barter his faith for temporal possessions. I am much more inclined to believe that some few members of the Reformed Church, who held positions near his person, moved by enmity toward our Church, represented to him our Lutheran faith in a light so false, and mixed up with such ridiculous errors, that the Elector's conscience became disquieted. If, at such a time, a man like our PAUL GERHARDT had been at his side, it would never have turned out as it did. However, it is useless to dispute about that now. It was not to be so, and the Bible says, 'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.' It is for this reason that I have always so greatly admired the reply of the Elector Sigismund, when the States took him to task for having broken his Reversal: namely, *that in things pertaining to God, no Reversal is*

valid; and it is just in accordance with this declaration of his Electoral Highness, that I would like to see our present controversy touching the faith adjudged. That Sigismund was influenced by his conscience to go over from the Lutheran to the Reformed faith, against this no reasonable man can utter a word of disapprobation; yet we must, withal, be permitted to say that this very change proved a misfortune to the country, especially as no one can regard the present condition of our Church in this our land as at all prosperous."

"And why not?" asked Ebeling.

"Why not?" repeated Young, in a somewhat angry tone. "How do you like the ordinance of the year 61, according to which the Lutheran magistracy of our city is compelled to receive Reformed members into its council? How do you like our having, in addition to the Elector's body-guard, another regiment to support, making an army of three thousand strong, who look for better living than falls to the lot of burghers? How do you like the oppressive taxation which has now been in existence for twenty-five years, affecting every bite of bread we put into our mouths? How do you like to see one fine house after another, and one desirable property after another, pass out of the hands of Lutheran into those of Reformed citizens? How do you like all fugitive Hollanders and Frenchmen, who have been driven out of their countries, received here with open arms, and admitted to court-favors and privileges such as fall to the lot of no Lutheran; and all because they happen to be Reformed? Am I, therefore, not right in saying that the

apostasy of the Elector Sigismund is the cause of all this ? "

" Certainly, you are right," courteously replied the stranger. " But you are doubtless better acquainted with the fact than I am, that Sigismund's wife, the Electoress Anna, remained true to her Lutheran faith, and that the Elector gave a solemn promise that the Lutheran Church should always enjoy full protection in her immunities. But, that the Lutherans were filled with sorrow and uneasy apprehension in consequence of the apostasy of their Elector to a faith odious to them, is quite natural; and that the Electoral edict forbade, on pain of severe punishment, all attacks on the Reformed doctrines, must just be as naturally productive of rebellion and confusion. Of course, the Calvinists can only be the gainers by having the Elector on their side."

" Sir," exclaimed the host, with forced politeness, " I would beg of you not to make use of such names as Calvinist here; the edict forbids it. And besides, I maintain the principle that it is always best not to belong to any party. For, since an innkeeper is, with his opinions, to a certain extent responsible for what transpires in his house—"

" You would therefore take the liberty," smilingly remarked the stranger, interrupting him, " of begging me to do so no more. You are perfectly right, my dear Matthias, and I assure you that I intended no harm. For, since the Lutherans do not take it amiss when called after their head, I cannot see any good reason why the Reformed should take offence at being called Calvinists; for Luther and Calvin are the ac-

knowledged leaders of these respective parties. However, I beg you again to pardon my indiscretion," saying which the stranger returned to his former place, whence he continued to regard those seated near the stove with the same complacent look as before.

This episode had produced some embarrassment among those present—a certain uneasiness for which no one seemed able to account, so that conversation flagged for some time, until Mr. Young again resumed the subject by saying: "As long as we have such men as GERHARDT arrayed on the side of the Lutheran Church, so long will we have nothing to fear; and it is therefore so much the more to be regretted that the report is current that GERHARDT will soon have no other choice left than to sign the Reversal or be dismissed from his office."

"I have no fears for GERHARDT," now remarked Ebeling, "for the Elector will surely not carry his rigor so far as to dismiss from office a man who is so universally beloved throughout the whole city as this pious poet, who has done nothing but his duty, and out of whose mouth not one among us has ever heard a solitary word of abuse against the Reformed."

"Pardon me, Mr. Music-director," said the host, amid the most obsequious bowings, "though standing, as inn-keeper, aloof from all parties, my Lutheran ideas will nevertheless, at times, gain the upper hand. I mean to say that it is just for Mr. GERHARDT that I fear most. One like myself, of course, cannot repeat everything that my honored guests communicate confidentially to one another; but this much I dare say, that there must be certain individuals who carry to

the Elector everything Mr. GERHARDT has ever, either in his sermons or in private conversation, said in opposition to the Reformed. Standing, as I do, aloof from all parties, I am enabled to know that it is just Mr. GERHARDT who is regarded as the most violent and dangerous opponent of the Reformed."

"I am not at all surprised," replied the Music-director, with more warmth than usual, "to hear you repeating such things, since you have doubtless heard them from other sources. But this much I can tell you, that Mr. GERHARDT is entirely guiltless of whatever blame is falsely attached to him. A man like him, who fears God from his innermost soul, cannot take pleasure in disputes and wranglings. You should only hear from his own lips what he thinks about this whole affair."

"God knows that you are right," said Mr. Young. "But if you expect that, on account of his being universally beloved, no harm will come to Mr. GERHARDT, you will find yourself very much mistaken, Mr. Ebeling, and you give evidence that you have not yet acquired a proper knowledge of human nature. It would be far better for GERHARDT, personally, if no one attended his preaching, or sung his hymns, or expressed kindly wishes in regard to him; for, in such an event, no eye would look upon him with envy; but a man to whom the people are attached, is continually treading on thorns and thistles, and walks over concealed pits. And I make no secret of it, that by those who dig these pits I mean the Reformed, and among these especially some who are intimate at court."

"Aye, aye, neighbor," exclaimed Mr. Liebrecht.

"Be careful that you do not say too much;" at the same time whispering in his ear: "Are you sure that there is no spy among us?"

But Young paid no attention to this, and continued: "Dear neighbor, you should rather advise me to the contrary, for I still speak and do too little for our faith. I would I could proclaim the glorious treasure of our Lutheran faith in the presence of thousands, and call upon every minister, in the language of Holy Writ: 'Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.' Would not our great Elector himself have reason to be ashamed of his Lutheran subjects, if they held their faith in so low estimation as to be afraid to defend it?"

"But," cautiously remarked the host, "you certainly know, Mr. Young, that the edict prohibits everything calculated to engender or keep up strife and dissension. Does not our great Elector, also, stand aloof from all parties?"

"Surely not in the sense in which you stand aloof from them," was Young's quick and sharp rejoinder. "I would like to see the man who, unless he, like yourself, Mr. Matthias, uses his faith like a plaything, can stand aloof from parties. All mixture of creeds is an abomination to me. I want a man to be either Lutheran, or Reformed, or Catholic, and not one who takes a piece from each, to cut himself a garment for his soul, which nowhere covers its nakedness. You need not, however, apply this to yourself, Mr. Matthias, for I assure you that there is no one whom it suits less."

"O no!" replied the host, with all possible affa-

bility. "I am sure I do not know in what way I could have offended you. I am a man of peace and order, and maintain the principle, 'Live and let live.'"

"You wanted to tell us, a little while ago, neighbor," now remarked Liebrecht, addressing himself to Young, "what other particulars are commanded in the edicts."

"Verily, so far as the Lutherans are concerned, not much that is edifying," replied Young. "It is, of course, unmistakably certain that the Elector is honestly desirous of promoting peace; yet he prescribes to Lutheran ministers both WHAT and HOW they are to believe and teach, and what NOT, and especially how they are to view and judge of the Reformed doctrines. This is doing violence to religious liberty, and oppressing the conscience; for if I, in accordance with my faith, hold anything to be erroneous, I must also be left free to say so, if for no other reason than that of being set right, if wrong. But, as the case now stands, any one who manfully and boldly defends his faith, is forced by the edict to leave the country; and that this applies to Lutherans only is evident from the fact that no one of the Reformed has, as yet, been molested by reason of his belief or teaching. The Lutheran ministers are to enter into a written agreement that they will quietly permit their faith to be assailed and denounced, and just as quietly suffer themselves to be driven out of the country, if it should ever occur to them to utter a word in defense of their faith. Is this justice? Can a Lutheran minister sign such a Reversal with a good conscience?"

"Pardon me, dear friend," said Ebeling, "but it

seems to me that you have not given us a fair statement of the case. For the edict also affects the Reformed ministers. They too are prohibited, on pain of the same penalty, from assailing our Lutheran faith. You are certainly aware of how frequently ministers have abused one another from their pulpits. How, then, can any blame be attached to our Elector, for endeavoring to put a stop to this, and for insisting that these disputings should give way to edifying sermons?"

"My dear Mr. Ebeling," replied Mr. Young, "I am sorry that I must always oppose you. I, too, wish to have no bickerings and disputings, where the Gospel of peace ought to be preached. But you leave entirely out of view the main point at issue, namely, the Form of Concord, which is, properly speaking, the book in which are set forth the teachings of the Lutheran Church. But it is just to this that our ministers are no longer to appeal; and why? Simply because the Reformed doctrines are therein estimated and commented upon as they deserve to be. Yea, according to the edict, even the other Symbolical Books are to be permitted only so far as they agree with the teachings of the Reformed. Now, I ask, is this anything else than an utter destruction of our Church? And where can you find a Lutheran minister who, by his signature, will bind himself to tear down the foundation-stone of his own Church?"

"This cannot be the intention of our gracious Elector," remarked Ebeling.

"No, certainly not *his* intention," continued Young, "but the intention of others, who are the Elector's advisers; and among these, more especially of one, the

court-chaplain, Stosch, who would like to make all of us Reformed, if he could. Yet, however just a man the President of the High Consistory may be, he too is a Reformed. And, whilst I grant that every one is privileged to do all that lies in his power in support of his faith, I, at the same time, maintain that he has no right to undermine the faith of another. But this was begun by the edicts, and is to be completed by the Reversal. Therefore I say that no Lutheran minister can sign the Reversal; and the fact that Provost Lilius has, nevertheless, finally signed it, causes me as much pain, as the firm conviction that GERHARDT will never sign it, is to me a source of peace and joy."

The entrance at this time, of several guests, who took seats in different parts of the room, caused some little interruption in the conversation among those seated around the large table near the stove, and nothing was heard for a time but some low whisperings; for it must be confessed that Mr. Young's candor had caused all present to feel somewhat uneasy and apprehensive. At length Mr. Liebrecht whispered to his next neighbor: "The stranger has just now stolen out of the room. I confess that I am glad of it; for I felt rather uneasy all the time he was casting glances with his little eyes toward us. I would like to know who he is."

"Do you mean that slender young man who has just passed out at the door?" asked one of the newcomers, who had heard Liebrecht's half-suppressed inquiry.

"Certainly," replied Liebrecht; "that pale, dried-up little man, who, whilst sitting here, had all the time

such a sweet smile upon his face, as if he cherished sincere love to everybody."

"I can tell you," continued the other. "That was Mr. Stolpe. About three months ago, he became private secretary to the President of the Consistory, who, it is said, already regards him with great favor. But I believe he is not altogether to be trusted."

"Is he Reformed?" asked the innkeeper anxiously.

"Of course," answered the one addressed. "Our President is too good a Reformed to take a Lutheran into his service."

"Alas, I am an unhappy man!" now exclaimed the innkeeper, in real terror. "I am lost. What is to become of my wife and children, for I shall be ruined! I have always told you, Mr. Young, that you should be cautious about what you say. Who but myself will now get the blame! Will it not be expected of an innkeeper, that he will prevent all seditious language from being indulged in in his house? Ah, Mr. Young, you are the cause of my misfortune."

"Don't be uneasy!" said Young, with a quiet smile. "You are too well known in Berlin and Cologne to be misjudged; and no one will take you for any other than a man who weighs everything with a view to personal gain, and who, as you have already repeatedly assured us, stands aloof from all parties. When this Mr. Stolpe, as he is called, repeats my incendiary language, as you are pleased to term it, to the President, it will be most likely myself who shall be called to account for it, and not you, Mr. Matthias; and I should indeed rejoice to have an opportunity afforded me to show these gentlemen how a Lutheran

burgher thinks. And if such an opportunity should be afforded me, I shall not fail to establish the fact that you, dearly beloved Mr. Innkeeper, are perfectly innocent, and in your doctrinal views so exceedingly mild and liberal as to agree with everybody, and that too, not for the sake of the few pennies which you might lose by having an opinion of your own, but purely for the sake of humanity."

This somewhat sarcastic reply was received by the innkeeper with a most courteous bow, and that too not for the sake of the few pennies he might lose, if Mr. Young in future should avoid his house, but purely for the sake of humanity; for he replied by saying in a beseeching tone: "You are very kind, Mr. Young, and I should certainly be greatly obliged to you if you would interest yourself for me, in the event of this matter being noticed by the higher authorities."

"What a mean soul!" said Mr. Young, to himself.

"But who would believe it!" here exclaimed Mr. Liebrecht, "to what an extent some men can dissemble? Did not that man act as if he were a Lutheran? Did he not even say something about the Elector Sigismund, which some other honest men would scarcely have ventured to think? Did he not himself call the Reformed Calvinists? Only bring this up against him, Mr. Young, in case the matter be inquired into by the authorities, and he will have cause to be heartily ashamed of himself."

"Ashamed of himself?" repeated Young, with a smile. "Only honest people are ashamed. However, this will suffice for the present; otherwise a word or so might yet escape me, by which our honest host here

might get into trouble. Therefore, good-night, dear neighbors and friends."

With this he rose, and prepared to leave, but the innkeeper hastily followed him, and said: "I hope, dear Mr. Young, you are not offended! you have known me for many years, and we have all along been good friends and neighbors. My principle is, Live and let live."

"Give yourself no uneasiness," replied Young. "I shall be your guest again to-morrow evening."

Thus fully re-assured, Mr. Matthias wished him a good-night and an undisturbed rest.

CHAPTER II.

THE REVERSAL.

"Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men."—Acts xxiv. 16.

ON the following day we find in the audience-chamber of Baron von Schwerin, the President of the High-Consistory of Brandenburg, two men, who had repaired thither in compliance with an invitation, and were now awaiting the entrance of his Excellency. These two men were Court-chaplain Stosch, and the licentiate Fromm, Provost of St. Peter's, in Cologne. Judging from the intimacy they displayed, by their friendly conversation, as they were pacing arm in arm up and down the room, no one would have ever supposed that they belonged to two different Confessions, which at that time were at open war with each other. Stosch and Fromm had been friends for many years, had kept up, notwithstanding the close proximity of their respective dwellings, a lively correspondence, and, by so doing, showed that Lutherans and Reformed can live peaceably together. Of course, the intimacy with a Reformed, on the part of Fromm, tended greatly to impair the confidence of his brethren, who looked upon him as not a good Lutheran shepherd for his flock; and it was even whispered among them, that he was secretly Reformed. Stosch, on the other hand,

seemed to have taken entire possession of the Provost's heart, and to exercise over it that controlling influence which he, as Electoral Court-chaplain, occupying a position superior to all Lutheran ministers, appeared only too anxious to make felt. Others, again, were of the opinion that Stosch's designs in regard to Fromm were far from honest, and that he was secretly laboring just as much for his ruin as for that of the United Lutheran Ministerium of Saint Nicolai and Saint Mary. Fromm himself appeared unsuspicious of evil, and was therefore in greater danger of readily falling into the snare, if any such had been laid for him.

As the door now opened, and the President, a man of advanced age but mentally and physically unimpaired, entered, both ministers bowed with becoming respect, and then took the respective seats offered them.

"I have summoned you to appear here, Provost Fromm," said the Baron, turning toward him, "with a good intention, and with the view of promoting the peace of the Church, because I hope that the respect to which your position among your colleagues entitles you, will enable you to co-operate with me in bringing this unhappy affair to a speedy and more desirable end; that is, provided you have not changed your former views."

"Your Excellency reposes greater confidence in me than I deserve," replied the Provost. "I may be permitted, however, to say for myself that a peaceful adjustment of this unhappy controversy lies very near my heart; and I certainly entertain the joyful confi-

dence that, aided by those whose views coincide with my own, I shall yet succeed in re-establishing ancient, purely biblical Christianity, as the most conciliatory doctrines, between Lutherans and Reformed; an end for the accomplishment of which I have most conscientiously, and to the best of my ability, labored during the sixteen years of my present position, by the religious instruction which I voluntarily imparted to the classes in the Cologne Gymnasium, as well as in the weekly Bible classes, in which I have, for some time, explained the Bible to my congregation."

"This I can fully confirm," added the Court-chaplain, bowing to the President; then turning to the Provost, he continued, with a doubtful smile, "Only this one thing I would remark, my dear friend, that you seem to have been less successful in this in your Bible lessons than in your other religious instructions. For you surely remember that our gracious Elector advised you, ten years ago, to discontinue your Bible lessons."

This somewhat malicious remark (for the Elector had really not merely advised the discontinuance of these Bible lessons, but actually interdicted them), caused the face of the Provost to redden with mingled anger and shame; yet the Court-chaplain occupied over against him so high a position that he did not venture to betray his sensitiveness in presence of the President. To make up for this, however, the Baron seemed to take his part; for he remarked, in a conciliatory tone: "This must be ascribed to other than personal reasons, Mr. Stosch. For I dare not conceal from you, Mr. Fromm, the fact that our gracious Elec-

tor counts greatly on you in the final settlement of this controversy. You, indeed, as a Lutheran minister, doubtless covet the reputation of being a good Lutheran; only not, I hope, in the sense of your colleagues, who understand by this a good Wittenberger. What, for instance, are your views respecting the Form of Concord, which the Wittenberg theologians, and among these especially that contentious Abraham Calov, seem to hold in higher estimation than even the Bible?"

"Your Excellency," replied the Provost, "I have never concealed it from any one that I regard the document as a most unfortunate wall of partition between the two principal portions of the Evangelical Church; and I do not conceal it now, much as my colleagues may denounce me for it. Just as little can I justify the violent and passionate language employed in private conversation and public harangues against the Reformed, since the Reformed Church contains much which approximates nearer to primitive genuine Christianity than to individual doctrines of our Church."

"So, only nearer?" asked the President, with a smile. "Well, Mr. Fromm, if only all Lutherans were at least of your mind, the wall of partition between the two Confessions would soon fall."

"I can confirm your Excellency in this opinion of my dear friend," added the Court-chaplain, in the same affable manner as before. "Provost Fromm, who esteems me worthy of his special friendship and confidence, has by letter expressly declared to me, that, according to his private sentiments, he is a Reformed, and has assured me that nothing but considerations of

duty to his colleagues prevented him from making a public avowal of the fact. If I relate this here so frankly," added Stosch, checking himself when he saw how greatly he had alarmed the Provost, "you must not, on that account, be offended at me. I mean it all for the best, and it will assuredly tend to preserve to you, and increase, the confidence of our President."

But in spite of this apparently kind explanation, the Provost did not feel altogether at ease. For, however earnestly he labored for the restoration of peace in the Church, and however much he might secretly incline toward the Reformed, he yet felt that this inconsiderate and spiteful revelation of a declaration which he had most unguardedly made in a letter to the Court-chaplain, was far from consistent with his position as a Lutheran minister; and it may therefore easily be conceived how much anger and shame the pretended kindness of his "dear friend" caused him. He therefore replied: "I can, of course, not deny having made a declaration like this to you. Yet you seem to put a different construction upon it from what I do. I intended merely to say that the moderation with which the Reformed, at least so far, have publicly appeared against us, might determine me to stand by that party rather than by my own."

"It seems, at all events," remarked the President to the Provost, "that there are still certain points which you cannot reconcile, either with your conscience or your official position. But instead of reproaching you for this, I rather honor your conscientious scruples, because I am firmly convinced that a man of your learning and varied experience can arrive at no other

conclusion than that which is so sincerely desired by our serene Elector; and therefore I repeat it, that I place great confidence in your ability to induce eventually the four deacons of St. Nicolai to sign the Reversal, and thus to put an end to all further offense."

The Court-chaplain, who, as it seemed, could not bear to hear the President uttering anything in praise of the Provost, nodded his head at this last declaration, and with a smirk, and an affability manifestly assumed, added: "Certainly, your Excellency, though my dear friend, Provost Fromm, according to his own acknowledgment, is regarded by his colleagues with distrust, yet there must be conceded to him a degree of clearness which is equaled by but few. And," turning to Fromm, and reaching out his hand to him, with a friendly smile, "I myself bow most willingly and cheerfully to your superiority."

"I was delighted," now continued the President, "when I found that Provost Lilius had at last consented to sign the Reversal; and I am in daily expectation of an order from his Electoral Highness to solemnly re-instate the venerable man in his office. I hope, too, that the deacons may soon manifest an equal willingness to be prevailed upon to do the same thing, and thus save our gracious Elector the necessity of resorting to more stringent measures."

"It is not probable that such a necessity will arise," asserted the Court-chaplain. "If the head has once yielded, the members can but follow. I, for my part, cannot comprehend the tenderness of a conscience that refuses to sign the Reversal, which rests partly upon the general principles of Christian love and truth, and partly on the command of our gracious Elector."

"I do not consider it quite so easy as that," replied the Provost, "especially in cases where conscience is biased by strong prejudice. And this is just as far from being an act of unchristian intolerance as an open resistance against his Electoral commands; for it concerns faith, peace of conscience, and responsibility to the Church and to God, each of which requires mature deliberation."

"But, my dear friend," the Court-chaplain courteously interrupted him, "do you not, by your own conduct, furnish a proof that one can change in matters of faith? and that that which one has been successful in accomplishing, another may effect just as well? However, I perceive, my dear Mr. Fromm, that I have the misfortune to-day to wound your feelings, just where I mean to be most kind to you; and I feel constrained to repeat to your Grace my assurance that with the most particular pleasure I call the Provost here my friend."

"Which of the deacons," asked the Baron, purposely paying no attention to the last remark, "expect to sign the Reversal?"

"They all finally will follow the example of their head, the Provost Lilius," replied the Court-chaplain; "but the greatest obstacle to the restoration of the peace of the Church will, I fear, be represented by Deacon GERHARDT. For your Excellency will remember how this Mr. GERHARDT was the very one who, next to the deposed archdeacon Reinhart, signalized himself most in our religious conferences by the boldness of his opposition. I have, moreover, also been informed that, in regard to the Reversal, GERHARDT

insisted on having the opinion of the Wittenberg theologians, whom our gracious Elector justly hates; in which opinion, as your Grace is aware, it is made the conscientious duty of every minister in Berlin to oppose, with might and main, the pacific overture of our most serene Sovereign. Hence I think that the most stringent measures should be adopted with regard to GERHARDT, for he commands among the people the greatest respect."

Stosch was here interrupted by a low knock at the door. The President seemed anything but disturbed by this circumstance, but, on the contrary, cast an indifferent glance toward the point whence the sound proceeded, as if aware of what that sign meant, or rather as if it happened in obedience to his command. And soon after a thin, pale countenance, arrayed in an humble smile, was seen peeping through the partly open door. "Step in, step in, Mr. Stolpe," called the President. "What do you bring me?"

The private secretary entered, bowed with the politeness of a man of refinement, and then said: "Your Grace, the summoned clergyman awaits your commands."

"It is the Rev. Mr. Müller, from Ribbeck," remarked the President, in explanation to the two gentlemen present. "The good pastor has fallen into some difficulty with his congregation about his salary, and has been cited to appear before us to-day, with the view, as we hope, of an amicable arrangement. Tell me, Stolpe, has the gentleman intimated that he is in haste? If not, request him to wait a little."

"If your Excellency will allow me," said Stolpe,

humbly, "the minister does not appear to be in any very great haste; neither does he stand in need of bodily nourishment, for it has been told me that he first paid a visit to the inn near the long bridge, probably because he lacked the courage to appear before your Grace."

"Whence have you learned this?" inquired the President, smiling.

"He informed me of it himself, without any particular questioning on my part," replied the private secretary. "He is also a near relative of Mr. Young, the weaver—a piece of information obtained by me equally accidentally."

"What Young is that?" asked the Baron.

"The same," replied Stolpe, "concerning whom I had only yesterday the honor to communicate some matters to your Excellency."

"Ah, yes," exclaimed the President; and turning to Stosch and Fromm, he continued: "I would not have believed that so many of the citizens of this place had taken so firm and decided a stand against the edicts of the Elector. There is, especially, a Mr. Young, who is said to have indulged, yesterday evening, in remarks which must not be permitted to go unpunished. Some decided steps are necessary. How do you, dear Stolpe, know that pastor Müller is related to this Mr. Young?"

"He told me so himself," replied the secretary.

"But is this minister so very communicative that he imparts his family secrets to the first best man he meets?" asked the Baron, half in anger.

Stolpe appeared, for the moment, somewhat embar-

rassed, for he cast down his little eyes and made a low bow. Perhaps he felt somewhat nettled at the idea that the President, by using the term, "the first best man," who in this sense is, of course, not always the best, should mean him; and he might, on that account, have considered it necessary to justify himself somewhat, and put things in a better light. "I, of course, cannot deny," he now began, in his usual agreeable manner, "that I induced him to speak about it; but this I did only because I knew of his having frequently been in company with Mr. Young; a circumstance, moreover, which might possibly throw some light on the character of this pastor Müller."

"Do you know this Mr. Young intimately?" asked the President, further.

"To some extent," replied Stolpe, "though I have reason to believe that he does not know me. I shall, at some other time, have the honor to communicate to your Grace some additional facts."

"Very good, dear Stolpe," said the President. "Tell pastor Müller to wait a little yet. But stop; this opportunity might be better improved. Tell him to come in."

"Since he is here, he may also sign the Reversal," remarked the President to the two clergymen, when Stolpe had retired, and in a careless manner, as though it were a matter of no consequence. Then he continued, in a more energetic tone: "From what we have just heard, it appears that this Ribbeck minister is a zealous Wittenberger, like his cousin, Mr. Young, and it is just men like these who ought, most of all, to sign it."

"I admire, honored Mr. President," said Stosch, "the wisdom with which your Excellency is promoting the work of peace."

The door now opened, and the poor Ribbeck minister, who little knew what a trial of his faith awaited him, entered with a low bow, and an audible beating of his heart, as his simple and quiet country life had allowed him no opportunity to acquire the self-possession of a man of the world.

"Draw nearer, Mr. Müller," said the President, with unassumed kindness, when he saw that the timid, nervous man remained standing near the door. "First of all, I can impart to you the pleasing intelligence that the difficulty existing between yourself and congregation will be decided in your favor, if you are at all disposed to be reasonable."

"O! with all my heart," replied the minister. "I am willing and ready to do anything, for the length to which this matter has been carried has caused me many sleepless nights."

"But why did you let it go so far?" asked the President, in surprise.

"Pardon me, your Excellency," replied the minister. "I am not the accuser, but the accused; and although I have already yielded much, and indeed more than many another would have yielded, yet I am sorry that I have not yielded still more. Your Grace may believe that a country clergyman, who is confined to his congregation alone, finds it exceedingly painful and mortifying to be obliged to have any dispute with them. I am certain at any rate they would not have let me starve, and it therefore pains me that I permitted matters to go as far as they have gone."

"Well, well, all will be right again," answered the President. "You seem, my dear pastor, a very peaceable and peace-loving man, and such men are ever welcome to me. I have, therefore," and rising from his chair, the President went to his desk, and laid a written document upon it, "I have therefore wished not to deprive you of the opportunity of signing the Reversal whilst here. It is, as you may convince yourself, word for word, the same document with which you are doubtless already familiar. You have nothing to do but sign your name."

At these words the poor minister was so terrified that his face turned pale as death, and he stood as if rooted to the spot, unable to utter a single word in reply.

"Draw nearer," said the President, encouragingly. "I hope that the same pacific spirit which you manifest toward your congregation will also characterize your conduct toward our most serene Elector.'

"Your Grace will pardon me," now spoke up the minister, with a trembling voice, "but I cannot do it."

"What! you cannot do it?" exclaimed the President, repeating the words in a less cordial tone than before. "How am I to understand this? A trifling dispute with your congregation, as you assure me, has caused you many sleepless nights, whilst living at variance with your most gracious sovereign does not seem to disturb you at all."

"Your Grace," replied the minister, "may God preserve me from cherishing the most distant thought savoring of a disposition to disobey or contend against my most gracious sovereign. But here the case is al-

together different. The question in my congregation only concerns the necessaries of this temporal life, but here it concerns peace of conscience."

"What a nice distinction you can draw!" said the President. "You certainly exhibit far more cleverness than the rustic simplicity with which you first entered seemed to indicate. Tell me, Mr. Müller, is disobedience to the Electoral edict something so very trifling that it does not disturb the peace and quiet of your conscience?"

"In matters of faith we must obey God rather than man," now calmly replied the minister.

As the President appeared, for the moment, disarmed by this remark, or, it may be that his rising anger prevented him from immediately finding a suitable rejoinder, the Court-chaplain undertook the defence, by saying: "Dear Mr. Müller, you have surely not duly considered this declaration. In asserting that in matters of faith we must obey God rather than man, you are in reality uttering a charge of heresy against our most serene Elector."

The poor minister was terror-stricken at this reproach, and regarded, almost with a stare, the Court-chaplain, who continued: "If the obedience required by a sovereign is really in conflict with the obedience we owe to God, it must necessarily follow that the sovereign is himself an adversary of God. For you know as well as I do that the Scripture declares, 'The friendship of the world is enmity with God; whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God.' Hence, in refusing to acknowledge the Electoral edict, and to subscribe the Reversal, on

the ground that you must obey God rather than man, by so doing you accuse our most serene sovereign of being an enemy of God, because he demands of his subjects that obedience which forces them to sin against God. Do you not think, my dear colleague, that our most gracious Elector is just as honest in his belief as you are in yours? Must not he, too, give an account of every word and deed, and of the manner in which he has governed his people, just as strict as you will have to render concerning what you say and do, and the manner in which you feed your flock? Therefore, in refusing to sign the Reversal, you appear as an accuser of my and your sovereign."

This unexpected deduction from that Scriptural passage only increased the confusion of the minister still more. He dropped his eyes in deep mortification, and after some hesitation replied: "God is my witness that I did not intend to make such an impression. I am now nearly sixty years old, and more than thirty in the ministry; but my whole congregation, old and young, will bear me witness on oath, that I have never, during all that time, uttered a single syllable indicating disobedience on my part to my most gracious Elector."

"So much the worse," replied the Court-chaplain, "that you should begin, in your old age, to resist the Electoral edicts. In signing the Reversal, you merely obligate yourself to aid in promoting the peace of the Church; since, however, you refuse to sign it, you give us to understand that you take pleasure in contention and discord; that you do not acknowledge us, the Reformed, as Christian brethren in the faith; that

you, like your Abraham Calov, in Wittenberg, regard the Lutheran as the only saving doctrine, and even refuse to receive us, the Reformed, as standing with you on the Augsburg Confession; thus depriving us of the rights secured to the Protestants by the peace of Westphalia. Is not this open rebellion against the whole Reformed Church, rebellion against our sovereign, who, as well as you, hopes, in the end, to be saved by his faith?"

"I can only again call God to witness," replied the poor and hard-pressed minister, "that nothing of all this ever entered my mind, and that there is no one who can more sincerely and fervently pray for the welfare of our most serene Elector, and of all mankind, than I; and this I do daily."

"If that be so," said Stosch, "then you can also sign the Reversal; otherwise your actions do not accord with your words."

These arguments appeared to have quieted the scruples of Mr. Müller, who approached a few paces nearer to the desk, and extended his hand to take up a pen; but just as he was about to write, he began to tremble violently, his countenance grew pale, and he laid down his pen, exclaiming, in a tone of deep anguish: "So help me God, I cannot do it!"

"In that case, you may hold yourself in readiness, in a few days, to lay down your office," remarked the President, in a harsh voice, as he paced rapidly to and fro. "I have no use for rebellious ministers."

"Your Grace," implored the unhappy man, "I am sixty years old, with a wife and five children, and, in consequence of the smallness of my salary, have been

unable to lay by anything. Am I, in my old age, with my wife and children, to go begging?"

"That is your concern," coldly replied the President. "He who is left free to choose between prosperity and adversity can surely not complain of injustice, if, with an obstinate heart, he rushes into the latter. You are cousin to the weaver, Young, of this city; and it is therefore not to be wondered at, that, like him, you should present opposition and rebellion against both Church and sovereign. You may go now, and hold yourself in readiness to lay down your office in three days from this."

Provost Fromm, who had hitherto been a silent, but by no means an indifferent witness to this colloquy, now rose from his chair, and said: "Pardon me, gracious sir, but are you not a little too severe with my colleague? Ought he not, at least, be allowed a few days' time for consideration, in view of the fact of his having come here altogether unprepared, and without knowing that he would be asked to sign the Reversal?"

The President cast an ungracious look of surprise at the speaker, his lips quivering with rage, which wanted suitable words for utterance. At length he said, with forced calmness and indifference: "You, Mr. Fromm, might remove this difficulty at once, and show by your example that the performance of our obligation to the Elector requires no preparation."

"I would, under the circumstances, request a similar favor, namely, a few days' time for consideration," replied the Provost, with imperturbable coolness.

"Is this your pacific disposition, of which you have so much boasted?" asked the President. "Are these

the evidences of your Christian charity, which you so loudly profess, toward the Reformed?"

"Your Excellency," replied the Provost, "my pacific professions are no pretence; but it is just that Christian charity which we owe to each other which commands the exercise of forbearance and compassion, at least so far as to give the conscience time to confer with its God."

"I am astonished, my dear friend," broke in Court-chaplain Stosch, "to hear you talk thus, after what you have heretofore communicated to me, orally and in writing; and, painful as it is to me, the opinion which only a few moments since you have expressed here, causes me some serious doubts about you. I am almost afraid that you have two consciences, one for the Lutherans, and one for the Reformed; or one for the world, and one for yourself."

"Mr. Court-chaplain," replied Fromm, "we are not now sitting in judgment on the faith, but we are talking only about what is just, and what common charity requires. I regard the forcing of a man by threats to an act which his conscience does not approve, as oppressive to his conscience."

"So, then, you too talk about oppressing conscience?" asked Stosch, with a bitter smile. "Truly, you are a very reliable man, and our President will have great cause for joy, that the hopes he built on you in reference to the restoration of the peace of the Church are already being realized! Even though you should have had no conscientious scruples in amusing me with fair hopes, the respect due to our President might have induced you to throw aside the mask."

"I repeat again," said the Provost, with ill-concealed anger, "the question does not concern a judicial inquiry into the faith, but common Christian charity; the question is about the rights which the Lutheran Church possesses over against the Reformed, and which have been solemnly secured to her, on oath, by three Electors; the question is about liberty of faith, which can suffer no external constraint; the question is about liberty of conscience, which no power on earth dare lay in chains; but what I have here seen with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears, is—yes, I neither fear nor hesitate to confess it—*our Lutheran Church suffers violence.*"

"Violence?" repeated the President, his eyes casting fierce and angry glances at the Provost. "Violence, you say; and pray who commits it?"

"The Reformed throughout the entire Electorate."

As here the Court-chaplain again attempted to speak, the President called to him: "I pray you, not another word! This affair has come to a determination. Mr. Provost, you are dismissed, and till further orders, deprived of your seat in the Consistorium."

The Provost, without a word of reply, bowed and moved toward the door, where, finding Mr. Müller, who during this last conversation, had gradually retreated, as if about to run away from the battle-field, he said: "Follow me, colleague. For the present, at least, you are safe!" Upon which the pastor hastened quickly, with the Provost, out of the room.

The President then remarked to the Court-chaplain: "Hold yourself in readiness to accompany me within an hour to the Elector."

CHAPTER III.

THE POET AND THE SONGSTER.

"The Lord was ready to save me; therefore will we sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the days of our life in the house of the Lord."—Isaiah xxxviii: 20.

WE repair to the dwelling of PAUL GERHARDT, and enter the sitting-room of the good wife, Anna Maria, the daughter of Andreas Bertholdt, Electoral Counsellor of the Supreme Court, where on a certain afternoon a maiden is seen entering, whose reception showed, at once, that she was a favorite visitor.

"Good day, my dear godmother," said the maiden, addressing the hostess, who, seated in a large arm chair, and engaged with a small four-year-old boy, received her with a pleasant smile and a cordial return of her greeting.

"God bless you, dear Dorothea!" said the housewife. "How glad I am that you have come. I feel so oppressed by all sorts of gloomy thoughts, that a friendly visit is doubly welcome."

"Are you sick, dear godmother?" asked Dorothea sympathizingly. A question for which there seemed to be abundant reason. For the pale face of Mrs. Gerhardt, the languid and dull expression of her eyes, the visible attenuation and wasting away of her body, the difficulty of her respiration, all indicated that she was a woman in very delicate health; and to a stranger

her sickly appearance contrasted strangely with that of the young maiden, who was the very picture of perfect health and youthful freshness. "Are you ill?" asked Dorothea, "or rather, as you have already been ailing for some time, has any new misfortune befallen you?"

"No!" replied Mrs. Gerhardt, with a painful smile, "I could scarcely bear an additional burden; the old one, dear Dorothea, is already sufficiently heavy."

"Good, dear godmother," said Dorothea, consolingly, "you know how God has hitherto sustained you in many severe trials; have patience and hope all at once forsaken you?"

"No, no!" she quickly replied. "God will relieve me of this trial also. Besides, you must not think that I murmur or complain; but the sorrow of a mother's heart may well be pardoned. It is five months to-day since my dear little Christian closed his eyes in death; and the memory which this calls up of my other three children, whom before him the Lord took away from me, and one of whom sleeps far away from here, and my having, in the mean time, followed my father and mother to their graves, all this causes pain and sorrow. If one wound breaks open, the rest bleed along with it; and the tears of a mother moisten, at one and the same time, the graves of all her children."

"Good, dear, much-afflicted woman," said Dorothea, "did I not know that your faith carries you joyfully and triumphantly beyond death and the grave, I would feel uneasy about you. But yet, you will pardon me if I entreat you to consider also what God has still left you. Think of your dear Fritz, who is looking

at you as if to say: Don't you love me any more, my good mother?' Think of your husband, who is your partner not only in the same sorrows, but also in the same peace in God. Think, above all, of yourself, your health. Tears of sorrow dry up the fountain of life. How unhappy would Mr. GERHARDT feel, and how lamentably miserable and forlorn would your little son be, if the wife and mother were to leave them! Oh! my dear, good god-mother, I beseech you, moderate your grief over the dead, for the sake of the living."

"I know you mean it well, dear Dorothea," said the mother, adding, with a gentle smile, "I will follow your advice, for you are right. It was only a melancholy feeling that momentarily overcame me. I know full well, that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

"I like to hear you speak thus," pleasantly remarked the maiden. "This is the dear old utterance of a submissive heart, which has so often already penetrated my very soul, and which is more especially welcome to me to-day, because I need it."

"You, my Dorothea?" asked Mrs. Gerhardt, in surprise. "How is it possible that *your* bright and sunny sky should be overcast with dark and threatening clouds?"

Dorothea seemed painfully affected by this question, for her eyes became suddenly suffused with tears, which, as if ashamed of them, she endeavored to conceal by hastily taking up little Fritz, and covering his face with kisses. "Something very painful must have happened to you," remarked Mrs. Gerhardt, "will you not tell me what it is?"

"Alas! I must," replied the maiden. "If I had a mother, I would pour my griefs into her bosom; but now I stand alone."

"You alarm me, dear child," exclaimed Mrs. Gerhardt. "What has happened?"

"This morning," now began Dorothea, after some little hesitation, "my father was summoned to appear before the municipal court, where he was examined about some expressions which, as some say, contained insulting language against our Elector."

"That is a slander," quickly exclaimed the good wife. "How could your father, such a quiet and peacable citizen, utter an insult against the Elector."

"That is just the trouble," continued the maiden, "my father, as he told me, did really indulge in some expressions upon which some evil-disposed person put a wrong construction. It is all about the present Church controversy. And as my father is a zealous Lutheran, I am forced to believe that he must have let fall some words calculated to wound the feelings of the Reformed."

"If that be all," said Mrs. Gerhardt, encouragingly, "you need not be so uneasy, my dear child. The Reformed do not hesitate to wound the feelings of us Lutherans. Only look at my poor, good husband, who for years has been obliged to endure the bitterest insults and abuse from them."

"I know," replied Dorothea, "and this is not the only thing that troubles me, especially as my father feels altogether unconcerned about it, and the court has already discharged him, with the admonition to be more guarded in his remarks hereafter. My fears

refer more to the future ; and the fact of my being the cause, is what most grieves me."

"I do not understand you, Dorothea," said the housewife.

"Alas ! I must tell you everything, my dear godmother," exclaimed the maiden, amid renewed tears. "My father has learned that some one has betrayed him, and that that some one is the private secretary of the President, a Mr. Stolpe, whose only motive is revenge, and who will consequently continue to persist in persecuting my father ; and it is this that troubles me."

"I still do not understand you," again remarked Mrs. Gerhardt. "What has this Mr. Stolpe, who is altogether unknown to me, to do with you and your father ? "

"Well, then, let me tell you," replied the maiden. "For some time this Mr. Stolpe has been my evil genius. Two months ago he addressed a letter to me, in which he made professions of love and friendship, which I, knowing neither him nor his name, nor ever having seen or spoken to him, could regard only as an insult. The better way, of course, would have been to have at once handed this letter to my father; but an uncontrollable feeling of shame prevented me from doing so. The very thought of being addressed under such circumstances cost me many bitter tears in secret, and I carefully examined my words and actions, whether by either I had given any cause for such conduct on his part. I destroyed the letter, and buried the whole affair within my own breast. But when, some days after, in the dusk of the evening, I was

paying a visit to my aged aunt, a pale, spare man suddenly approached me, and with a familiarity which terrified me, introduced himself as the individual who had written that letter. As I looked at his sallow countenance, and into his small, piercing eyes, I shuddered as if a serpent was gazing at me. I uttered a loud scream, and ran away as fast as I could. Since that time, this hateful man follows me wherever I go. He even comes to our church, although a member of the Reformed, and always taking a seat directly opposite to me, disturbs me in my devotions. A few days ago, he addressed me a second letter; but recognizing the handwriting in the direction, I returned it to the messenger unopened, and, in the excitement of the moment, told him that, in the event of another coming from the same source, I would have to inform my father of it. Do you now understand, dear godmother, how it is that this horrid man, whom I loathe from the bottom of my soul, is my evil genius? This pale spectre, with his snake-like eyes, rises up before me during my most peaceful hours, in the midst of all my joys and sorrows, and torments me day and night. As yet I have said nothing to my father about it, because the idea of such a man attempting to pay his addresses to me is so humiliating that I feel ashamed of myself. However, I would most willingly bear it all; but the thought that this dreadful man seeks to revenge himself on my father makes me unhappy. Advise me, dear godmother, what to do."

"Tell your father at once," replied Mrs. Gerhardt. "It is not right that you have kept it from him so long."

"Alas!" exclaimed Dorothea, weeping, "if my good, sainted mother were still living, matters would not have gone so far. I am an unhappy girl. How deeply must I have fallen in the estimation of my companions, when a man like this Stolpe may venture to address me on the public street!"

"Let not that distress you, my child," consoled Mrs. Gerhardt. "If the character of a young maiden were to be estimated by the remarks that are addressed to her by frivolous and unprincipled men, our whole sex would be in a pitiful plight indeed. As long as a wicked world does not hesitate to revile things most holy, a poor, weak woman need not look for anything better! No, dear Dorothea, let not that distress you; when this Mr. Stolpe sees that you treat all his impudent advances with merited contempt, he will by and by grow weary and desist."

"But the revenge which he will take on my dear father," suggested the maiden.

"Neither let that distress you," said Mrs. Gerhardt. "We are in God's hand. No matter what evil men may bring upon us, God will cause it always to work for our good. But I hear my good husband coming; he will know better than I how to comfort you."

"For pity's sake!" entreated Dorothea, "don't, dear, good godmother, don't breathe a syllable to him about it. If he knew it, I could not look him in the face for shame. I would sooner that all the rest of the world should know it than he."

The maiden blushed deeply, and hid her face on the little boy's breast. In the meantime GERHARDT approached his wife, impressed a kiss upon her brow,

took her kindly by the hand, and asked: "How is it with you now, my good wife?"

"Well, my dear husband," replied she, pleasantly. "What should I be wanting, as long as I have you two and know that you love me. Fritz has already often inquired after you. You must have stayed away a little too long for him to-day, and I feel almost inclined to agree with him."

"O, you dear souls," exclaimed GERHARDT. "May God preserve you to me! See, Dorothea," he continued, turning to the maiden, "the people in town always look upon me as being poor; but say, am I not a rich, a very rich man? How is your father, dear child?"

"I thank you, dear godfather," replied Dorothea, in visible embarrassment. "He spoke of visiting you to-day or to-morrow. He has had some little trouble."

"I am aware of it," replied Mr. GERHARDT. "Mr. Liebrecht was to see me a little while ago, and communicated the occurrence to me. I do not think that the affair will be attended with any further consequences, notwithstanding that the Reformed are just now setting all their sails in order to terrify us Lutherans. The joy one experiences from being persecuted on account of his faith is peculiar and blessed, and a full realization of the promise of our Lord: 'Blessed are those that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' For they are not merely blessed when they are comforted, but already so even when still mourning. Only he who puts his trust in the consolation and favor of men, stands upon a very weak and frail foundation."

"May I here be permitted to dissent from you, dear husband?" asked the housewife, with a smile. "I build a great deal upon the favor of man, even my entire earthly happiness. I am sure that you love me and my Fritz, and both of us are happy in the enjoyment of your favor and love. Ought we not, therefore, to rely on it with our whole hearts?"

"Mary," replied GERHARDT, smiling, "you intend in this way to gain an easy victory over me! But," he continued, and one might have read in his looks that he meant to carry on the controversy in a playful manner, "have you, then, so thoroughly tested me that you could not think me capable of any weakness? Am not I too a man, liable to change my mind, and stumble and fall? Suppose, Mary, I should some day consider it rather too inconvenient to care for you, and more desirable to abandon you? What could hinder me? My solemn oath at the altar, perhaps? Ah, that alone does not do it, my dear wife, nor yet our children, whom men are wont to call a strong bond of love between the hearts of parents. For do we not find a great deal of strife and discord in families, and many wives and mothers perfidiously deserted in spite of the oath before the altar, and the children whom God gave the parents? Now if the human heart in general is capable of such inconstancy, why not mine also?"

"No, GERHARDT, you could never do anything like that," said the wife with deep earnestness.

"Well," continued the husband, pleasantly, "may God in mercy preserve me from such sins, and pardon me the unseemly jest with which I have grieved you,

my good wife. But tell me, what may be the reason why neither of us can esteem such infidelity in the other possible? Only this, dear Mary: because we have a third Person for our friend, who keeps our hearts united in love, namely, our dear Lord. If, therefore, we mutually rely on each other's love, it means simply that, in so doing, we confide in the help of the Lord, who is with us, in us, and round about us. But whosoever confides in the favor of man, as the Holy Scriptures express it, considers but little, if at all, that he, and all others in whom he trusts, will build and labor in vain, as long as the Lord does not aid them. The favor of man is a good foundation only in the event of the human heart being sanctified, nourished, and sustained by the Spirit of God. Now, Mary, tell me, do you still dissent from me?"

"I knew from the first, my dear husband, that you would terminate our controversy in this manner," replied the wife pleasantly, while laying her husband's hand upon her heart.

At this point unusually firm steps were suddenly heard in the hall and on the stairs. "Here comes our dear friend, Mr. Ebeling," quickly exclaimed GERHARDT, in a joyful tone. "No one has a walk like his." And as the door was now opened, and a man of middle size, and about the age of thirty-five, somewhat corpulent, and with a countenance rubicund with health, entered, Mr. GERHARDT called out to him: "I knew it must be you, dear Mr. Music-director. You will never be able to deny your walk," he added, laughing, as he pressed the proffered hand.

"First of all, good evening, my most obedient, my

highly honored friends, and Miss Dorothea;" said the new-comer, with solemn seriousness; "and then my most earnest entreaty that you will kindly pardon the lateness of my visit; and now, thirdly, my reverend friend and patron, my reply to your remark. The steps of a Music-director are always measured by time, because a respectable musician likes best to compose while walking, for then the measure comes of itself. Therefore you are perfectly in the right, reverend sir; for to deny my step would be to deny that I am Music-director of the principal church of Berlin."

"You are a very happy man, Mr. Ebeling," pleasantly remarked the housewife. "I believe I have never seen you in a sad and melancholy mood; and I think, too, that you would scarcely bear misfortune quietly and submissively, like other Christian people, but rather endeavor to laugh it away."

"Well, I would at least play it away," replied Ebeling, "precisely as your husband would sing it away. Is it not so, my old friend? musicians and poets are free, bold, and mighty men, whom misfortune does not even venture to assail, because it can do nothing with them?"

"Do not challenge misfortune!" replied GERHARDT, laughing, "else it might assail us at a point where it would be as hard for you to play it away as it would be for me to sing it away."

"Think you so?" asked the Music-director, with an incredulous look. "The power of song, as experience teaches, can withstand the severest trials. You know that even in the fiery furnace, the three men lifted up their voices and sung a joyful hymn of praise to the

Lord. It is just in the fiery furnace of affliction where musicians and poets sing most affectingly, because they are themselves most affected."

"I will rather at once acknowledge that you are right," said GERHARDT, smiling, "for I know you will not rest till you have cornered me. However, what brings you to us, my friend?"

"Joy and gratitude together," replied Ebeling, "or rather dear sinful vanity;" saying which he drew from the pocket of his long-tailed coat a large roll of paper, and unrolling it, he continued: "Here I have just finished setting one of your hymns to music, and the melody is so lovely, and I was so pleased with it, that I could not retire to rest for the night till I had played and sung it for you."

"What hymn?" asked Mrs. Gerhardt.

"It is a hymn in praise of womankind in general," replied the Music-director, with a polite bow, "and first of all, of yourself, honored madam, and after that of my dear pupil, Miss Dorothea, in particular, which shall be performed by me, without fail, on her wedding-day."

"Is, then, that day so near at hand?" asked Mrs. Gerhardt; and then, seeing that the Music-director's jest had painfully embarrassed Dorothea, she added: "You should not indulge in jest to-day, Mr. Ebeling. Dorothea has cause for sadness. Her father stands accused of having insulted our Elector."

"I know it, I know it!" quickly rejoined Mr. Ebeling. "I was present myself"—and turning to Dorothea, he continued: "Let not that cause you any uneasiness, dear child. No one in the whole city believes

that the President is in earnest. Your dear good old father is deservedly too much respected by high and by low, for our President to inflict on us such a great sorrow. Therefore be of good cheer, and let your sad looks be lighted up by the sun of a joyful hope. You, as my pupil in music, must know that we call such a thing a delusive cadenza, which means an ingenious and unexpected finale with a disturbed triad. It does not, however, last long, only till harmony is again gradually restored; and the aria then continues, for a time, so much more passionately and vigorously, till it reaches its predetermined conclusion. You understand, dear child, what I mean?" And with this he laid his hand upon the head of the young maiden, with almost paternal familiarity, and added: "Now open again your sparkling eyes, and do not be offended at your old preceptor."

The cheerful, comforting words of the Music-director had such an agreeable effect upon Dorothea, that her sad expression of countenance changed into one of hope, and she exclaimed: "Dear Mrs. Gerhardt is right; you are a happy man, Mr. Ebeling."

"And still more happy when I no longer see you look so sad," he politely added. "And now let me come back to my beautiful hymn in praise of womankind, which I may call a true picture of the life of this domestic circle. For, if Mr. GERHARDT had not found in you, honored madam, the pattern, he most assuredly could not have sung so sweetly. The hymn is entitled, THE WONDERFUL MARRIAGE STATE."

"Aye, aye, Mr. Ebeling," interposed Mrs. Gerhardt, with a pleasant smile, which on her pale and fading

countenance had a shade of sadness, "if that be so, then you are condemned by your own words. If it be true that my husband has been able to depict married life so beautifully only because his happens to be one of happiness, how could you, a cross old bachelor, compose such a beautiful melody to it?"

"You are mistaken, dear madam," replied Ebeling quickly, continuing the jest. "I have been married these many, many years, and lead an unusually happy life with my spouse, from whom even death shall not separate me. Her name is DAME MUSIC, and I believe that she will accompany me up to heaven, if God in his mercy will permit me, finally, to sing his praise in company with the holy angels, before the throne of His glory."

Having seated himself before the piano, he began a short and simple prelude, and then sang, in a pleasing bass voice:

"Full of wonder, full of skill,
Full of wisdom, full of power,
Soother of each earthly ill,
Lightener of each heavy hour;
Heightener of our purest joy,
Is the holy marriage tie!

"Those whose eyes have never met,
Each to each by name unknown,
Circled with a viewless net,
Yield to impulse not their own;
Till God binds them heart and hand,
In His holy marriage band."

"Now tell me candidly, my dear friend," exclaimed Ebeling, rising from the instrument and turning to

GERHARDT, "how do you like the melody to this, the most lovely hymn you have ever composed?"

"The melody is indeed very pretty," replied PAUL GERHARDT, "and very suitable to the text. But, my dear friend, you do my poor poetry too much honor."

"You are wonderfully mistaken," replied Ebeling, quickly, "for everything you compose is so natural that anybody can at once set it to music. Only listen to this verse:

"Part not those whom God hath joined,
He knows best what best should be;
We are fallible and blind;
He is from all failing free.
What he builds shall stand for aye,
Though all else shall fall away."

"I ask you whether all this is not full of power. Every word is so precise, the contrast always so clearly marked, and throughout so melodious, that one cannot repeat the verse without making music to it in the heart. For only listen further," continued the enthusiastic musician, who seemed altogether to forget that a poet does not need to be made acquainted by others with his own productions. "Only listen to this glorious verse:

"Does a cloud obscure your day?
Love can gild it with a smile!
Do sharp thorns impede your way?
Think it is your Father's will!
Love can put all fear to flight,
Love makes every burden light!"

"Is not all this just as it should be, in order to affect heart and soul? If there is a human heart into

which this hymn does not insinuate itself—not indeed on account of my melody, for I have already told you that to such a hymn any one able to sing can compose a melody—but on account of its exceedingly beautiful language, I boldly declare that such a heart must be made of stone! You should, my dear friend, have called this hymn 'THE BRIDAL HYMN,' and dedicated it to our dear Miss Dorothea. This would have been its proper title, and also, at the same time, its proper recommendation. However, what you have not done, the people will do for you."*

These pleasant remarks of Ebeling made quite different impressions upon his hearers. Whilst the wife regarded the speaker with an approving smile, as much as to say that she most heartily agreed with him in the eulogy he had pronounced upon her husband, GERHARDT seemed troubled, like one who is conscious of not meriting the praise so lavishly bestowed. Dorothea, on the other hand, turned quietly toward the window, and covered her face with her handkerchief. It may have been a source of satisfaction to the distressed maiden, whose heart appeared to be agitated by a thousand conflicting emotions, that no one noticed her silent tears, and that GERHARDT, occupied with his little son, whom he had just taken on his arm, remarked to Ebeling: "You do me, indeed, too much honor, my old friend, and I must earnestly guard

* Otto Schulz, in his edition of Paul Gerhardt's Spiritual Devotions (Berlin, 1847), assures us that this hymn, consisting of seventeen verses, was formerly sung in many places at weddings, either within doors, at table, or whilst the wedding-party was on its way to church There is certainly no hymn more appropriate.

myself against your praises. For if the hymn is really as beautiful as you suppose, it must be remembered that the words are not my own, notwithstanding my hand has written them down, but they are the language of my heart, filled with joy and gratitude to God for having given me such a faithful, dear, and pious wife as my Mary. Yes, my good wife," (and with these words he handed little Frederic, who was reaching out his little hands toward his mother, back to her, and imprinted a kiss upon her brow) "this hymn is an offering of gratitude to God for you and our dear child, and is the expression of my sweetest hope, with which I think of that blessed life which awaits me and mine in heaven. Therefore, Mr. Ebeling, be kind enough to sing the last verse, for it pleases me most of all"

"Yes, I will sing it," replied the Music-director, in a tender voice, "asking only that you will count me among the pious children of whom you speak in this verse. For when I shall once enter *there* alone, and not like you, with wife and children, I may at least approach the throne of God led by a father's and a mother's hand. However, you want to hear the verse." And with a voice filled with emotion, the Music-director began to sing, to the accompaniment of the piano:

"When his children's task is done,
All appointed trials past,
God recalls each chosen one
To his heavenly home at last;
Clasps them to his Father-heart,
Gives them in his bliss a part."

As Ebeling here ceased, and the accompaniment

had died away, Mrs. Gerhardt turned to him and said: "Dear sir, you are such a kind, good man, that you doubtless would have made a wife happy; tell me, then, why is it that you spend your days so solitary and alone, and do not seek some heart which you can love, and which in turn may confide in you?"

"Think you," replied Ebeling, with more seriousness than hitherto, "that I do not feel my loneliness, my solitariness? I have already suffered enough for supposing that God had marked out only one way for me to secure my life's happiness, and for not trying with His help to find another. Now I am too old to seek another heart, willing to confide itself to me, and bear with my infirmities. Besides, I do not know of any, or rather, I know of but one, whose name I neither can, nor will ever breathe. However, all this talk is not to the purpose."

"I do not understand what you mean," remarked the good wife.

"You theologians are to blame for it all," exclaimed Ebeling warmly, with droll earnestness, whilst some painful recollection gave a sad expression to his countenance. "Yes, the ministry is to blame for it all."

"Aye, aye, my dear friend!" exclaimed GERHARDT. "This is a serious charge against us poor ministers, who have already enough to bear. But as it belongs to the duties of our office to unite hearts in holy wedlock, I cannot understand how we can be blamed for preventing such a union."

"Yes, yes, I must nevertheless maintain it, even at the risk of incurring your displeasure. Yes, I insist, that during my hours of solitude, I occasionally live

even in a state of disagreement with my Madam Musica, and feel altogether averse to singing Psalms of praise and gratitude to the ministry. For if you had not put your own construction upon the Word of God I would to-day have a wife and children, and would not be obliged, every time I enter my room, to look into a mirror in order to behold a human face."

"I know that you do not mean to wound my feelings," said GERHARDT, mildly, "for I am at a loss to comprehend how either myself or any of my colleagues could possibly have been guilty of treating you unjustly. Meanwhile you will allow me," he added with a smile, "to strip you of the victory which a little while ago you gained over me. I told you that you could be placed in a situation where you would find it as difficult to make music as I would to make poetry. This you refused to acknowledge, and you vanquished me by citing the song of the three men in the fiery furnace. Now, however, you have admitted that you do live in discord even with your Madam Musica."

"Yes, but only on account of the ministers," stubbornly insisted Ebeling, half in jest. "Tell me, is it not lamentable, that those who are sent to preach peace, engender dissension instead?"

"Solve the riddle for me," interposed Mrs. Gerhardt, beseechingly. "For your remarks seem directed partly against marriage and partly against the ministry. And in either case you would be my opponent; for I thank God just as sincerely that I am the wife of a good husband, and the happy mother of my child, as I do that my husband is a minister of the gospel."

"As you insist upon it, I must needs do it," replied Ebeling. "You are aware that I came to this city a stranger, but was received and welcomed as a friend and brother. After the city council had appointed me Music-director of the two principal churches, I thought the time had come that I should select for myself a wife. In this I was soon successful, and that mainly by the aid of my Madam Musica. But my misfortune would have it, that the beloved of my heart, though reciprocating my affection—as I then thought—did not belong to the same faith. However, when I had obtained her consent, I broached the subject to her father, and asked him for his blessing, which I did not succeed in obtaining. The difficulty consisted in our unhappy difference in point of religion. The father of my intended being a Calvinist, was not satisfied with me on account of my being a Lutheran. Instead, therefore, of replying to my suit with YES or NO, he gravely asked me whether, like the rest of the Lutherans, I believed that we truly partake in the Lord's Supper, of the body and blood of Christ; that in Christ the two natures are united, or that the human has been changed into the divine; that Christ had died for ALL; that the unconverted also participate in the forgiveness of sin and eternal life, and that man's actions proceed only from the divine election? And as I replied that I was not a mingler in matters pertaining to religion, but tried to be a good Lutheran, and as my church, for instance, regarded the doctrine concerning election, that it was just this doctrine that made me happy, in as much as in accordance with it I was forced to believe that my marriage had been

determined in heaven; he firmly declared that he could not intrust his daughter's soul's salvation to my keeping, for she held just as firmly and steadfastly as he did to the doctrine that God has from all eternity destined one part of mankind to eternal damnation, irrespective of their sins, impenitence, and unbelief, and that Christ has by no means died for all. Now as he insisted so very strenuously on these points, and as my intended did not display any great zeal in espousing my cause, I thought that it was not to be, and relinquished my hopes, or rather, took my departure as a rejected suitor. Later I discovered that I had wronged my intended; for it turned out that the withdrawal of my suit caused her great pain, and her marriage a few years afterwards took place only in obedience to her father's command. This, at times, troubles my conscience! And now I pray you, my reverend friend, tell me whether it is not the fault of the ministers that I must lead such a lonely and desolate life? Ought not love to be stronger than faith? Is it not even written in God's Word that of these three—faith, love, hope—*love* is the greatest? And is not the difference existing between the Lutherans and the Reformed the work of men, and more particularly that of the ministers?"

"You wrong us," replied GERHARDT, mildly. "It is true, Luther and Zwingle, and, some time later, especially Calvin, have caused this rupture among the Protestants; not however in a spirit of selfishness or from a love of contention, but because their comprehension of the gospel did not permit them to do otherwise. Moreover, those three men could never

have succeeded in producing such a division among millions of Christians, if these very millions had not, from their own personal convictions, united with them This is no compulsion from without, and the change of our electoral house, from the Lutheran to the Reformed Church, is a new proof that not the ministers, but the conscientiousness of every individual member of the church, holds fast to the distinction. All this is matter of faith, dear Ebeling; and if faith, as it is comprehended in words, is not simply an empty form, but an image and expression of the whole inner man, and if all the actions and hopes of the Christian regulate themselves according to it, then of course it is the duty of every honest Christian to live and die by his faith, and for its sake make the greatest sacrifices. 'For whatsoever is not of faith is sin,' says Paul."

"I am far too little of a theologian," replied Ebeling, "or rather I am no theologian at all, and can therefore not argue the point with you, especially as I mean to live and die a good Lutheran Christian. Still the thought sometimes forces itself upon me that our great Elector's intention and desire, to establish peace and union between the two parties, is very praiseworthy, and that he will doubtless succeed in its accomplishment."

"Believe it not, my dear friend," said GERHARDT, with a grave shake of his head; "the Elector will never succeed, especially if he continue his severe treatment of Lutheran ministers. The application of external force in matters of this kind operates injuriously just where it is designed to be beneficial. If a

union takes place, of which no one can be more sincerely desirous than I am, it will not come in obedience to human laws, or princely mandates, but solely and alone through the blessed influence of the Word of God. And that time neither the power of kings nor of emperors can bring about, but the Lord alone."

"Are you then determined," asked Ebeling, "to encounter every danger, and expose yourself to all kinds of suffering, rather than yield one jot or tittle of your faith?"

"As I hope to be saved, yes!" replied GERHARDT firmly and with dignity. I declare with that man of God, our Luther:

> "'If they take from us life,
> Goods, honour, child, and wife,
> So let them have their way!
> They cannot win the day,
> God's kingdom must be ours!"'

"I fear we have fallen on evil times," remarked Ebeling, after a short pause, during which GERHARDT was playing with his boy. "May God overrule all for good."

"Evil times?" repeated GERHARDT, smiling; "I know only of one evil time, and that is the time of general apostasy from the faith, the time of entire unbelief, from which may God in mercy preserve us; for that would be a time of real misery, of most terrible immorality. But he who encounters danger and endures sufferings for the sake of his faith, is not unhappy; for he knows that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God. Is it not so, dear Dorothea?"

"You do not know how very comforting to my heart your words are," replied the maiden, with a sad smile. "I did not believe that there could be trials productive of happiness, even before they have been overcome." And with this she reached out her hand to the pious man, in acknowledgment of her gratitude.

Ebeling, who, during the last remarks of GERHARDT, had assumed an earnest and thoughtful look, being suddenly roused from his reverie, said: "My reverend friend, you say all this in such a joyful manner that I am heartily ashamed of myself for having indulged in reproaches and complaints, even though not meant in sober seriousness; and I herewith humbly crave your pardon. This time," he added, smiling, "the poet has gained the victory over the musician. And now tell me, are not those who desire to establish peace between the Lutherans and the Reformed called Syncretists?"

"Of course," assented GERHARDT, "and particularly those who, in their writings, attempt to prove that all the doctrines in which the Lutherans differ from the Reformed do not belong to the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel: a perfidiousness and, at the same time, an ignorance, in matters pertaining to the faith, that should not proceed even from laymen, and far less from ministers."

"Well," continued Ebeling, smiling, "how would it be, my dear friend, if both of us would nevertheless turn Syncretists? You look surprised, and no doubt class me among the perfidious and ignorant; but I mean a Syncretist not in matters pertaining to the faith, but in those pertaining to the sacred art. Though

as poet you stand above me so far that I am not worthy to unloose the latchets of your shoes, I have still become so passionately fond of your hymns that they turn within me, of their own accord, into melodies, and I frequently fancy myself their composer, because they so entirely express the innermost feelings of my heart. And since a good, clever hymn with a pleasing and well arranged melody forms, as it were, a twofold cord, by which the devotion or zeal of the inner man may be so much better and more firmly united, I would kindly request you to furnish me, in addition to those already in my possession, with a copy of all your hymns as you compose them, so that I may set them to music, and afterwards give them in print to the world at large."

"With all my heart," replied PAUL GERHARDT, "provided you think that my humble efforts will prove an acceptable offering. But," he continued, laughing, "if you intend in this way to establish a Syncretism, then you must neither entertain too humble an opinion of yourself, nor one too exalted of me, but accord to each whatever is just. Both of us sing to the glory of God, according to the measure of strength God, in His mercy, has imparted to us. If this is the kind of Syncretism you want, then I am heartily agreed, and offer you my hand in token thereof."

"You always know how to touch the heart," said Ebeling, warmly pressing the proffered hand. "And now permit me to bid you good night."

"One thing more, dear Mr. Music-director," Mrs. Gerhardt called out after him in a pleasant tone.

"You said a little while ago that you had not been altogether in earnest in your complaints. Are we to understand by this that you were not in earnest in your love affair, and your repentance over your too hasty retreat?"

"How severe and attentive you ladies are in these matters," replied Ebeling with a smile. "Ought you not rather to sympathize with an old bachelor, who is only too happy to be able to jest away the misery of his solitary life, even though it should be but a delusion with which he endeavors to deceive himself and others."

"Well, now, this pleases me better," remarked Mrs. Gerhardt, kindly. "You gentlemen were talking a great deal about Syncretism a while ago, by which, as far as I could understand, you mean an intimate union between poetry and music. Do you know that this requires still a *third*, or rather pre-supposes a *first* requisite, and without which all your poetizing and music-making will be in vain? You still want *love*, namely, love both to God and our Lord, as well as to those among men whose hearts and souls God has himself united. Or if you object to call it love in every instance, call it at least a sincere regard for woman's heart, which for man's sake endures a great deal of secret sorrow. Do you know what I mean, my dear sir?"

Ebeling kissed the good wife's hand, and said, "Yes certainly, and now you will doubtless no longer say to me: 'Ebeling, you are a happy man.'"

Scarcely had the Music-director taken his leave, when a low knock was heard at the door, and no

sooner had the usual "Come in" been pronounced, when a sallow, simpering face, at the sight of which Dorothea uttered a scream of terror, pushed itself through the partly-opened door. It was that of the private secretary, Stolpe, who glided in as silently as a snake, and whilst doing it, said with affected politeness, "I beg a thousand pardons, if, by my entrance, I should be interrupting you in your social intercourse; and I, on that account, regret the painful duty my office and mission impose on me, and which compel me to intrude myself on your quiet, happy home. Reverend sir, I have the honor to be commissioned by his Grace, the President of the Consistory, Baron Von Schwerin, to invite you to appear before that right reverend body to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

"And for what purpose?" asked GERHARDT calmly.

Stolpe bowed politely, and replied: "I am far too humble a servant of my gracious Master to expect from him any communication of official secrets, as I am altogether far too unworthy to lay claim to even the least favor. I might, reverend sir, have imparted to you the purport of my commission in writing, but I was constrained, partly by my sincere esteem for you, not to permit this favorable opportunity to pay my respects to you in person to pass by unimproved, and partly because I have been taught by recent bitter experience, that even the kindest letters emanating from me have met with a very unkind reception."

Thus saying, his piercing glance fell upon Dorothea, who, as if seeking for shelter, had retreated to the side of her god-mother, who also seemed unable to hide her uneasiness. When GERHARDT noticed the alarm of

both the ladies, and justly concluded that the presence of Stolpe was the cause, he turned to him, and said: "Have you anything to communicate to me, Mr. Stolpe?"

"Nothing more," replied he courteously, "except a repetition of my request, that you will kindly excuse me for my intrusion upon you, and that you will permit me to commend myself to your favor." And then, smiling and bowing, he left the room, and relieved those present of an uncomfortable burden.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DISMISSION FROM OFFICE.

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses."—1 Tim. vi. 12.

WITHIN the session chamber of the Electoral Consistory, in Cologne, were assembled the President and Counsellors, presenting at least an external union of both contending confessions, inasmuch as the one half of the Counsellors of the Consistory belonged to the Reformed, and the other half to the Lutheran Church. An unusually deep earnestness pervaded this august, influential and powerful body, from whose decisions no appeal was possible, except to the Sovereign of the principality, in case the Assembly of the States failed to exert an influence. After the prothonotary, Schardius, had prepared the necessary official documents, and apprised the President of the fact by a significant inclination of the head, his Excellency seized the large bell, and caused its clear sound to noise throughout the arched hall. Thereupon, the pale, smirking countenance of the private secretary, Stolpe, appeared.

"The two clergymen," the President called to him, and Stolpe again disappeared.

Soon after, the main door was thrown open, and two ministers, clad in their official robes, presented them-

selves before this ecclesiastical court—the one, an infirm old man of seventy, with a bowed head, whose tottering gait might have proceeded partly from the feebleness of age, and partly from the deep anxiety caused by the conflicting emotions of his disquieted mind. This was the reverend Provost of St. Nicolai, M. George Lilius, a man who had the sad misfortune, in the declining days of his life, to be drawn into a controversy which far surpassed his strength. The other minister entered the chamber with a dignified tread, and the bow with which he saluted the assembly was as sincerely humble as the calm expression of his eyes bore witness to the peace and consoling assurance of a good conscience. This was PAUL GERHARDT, a man who, though nearly sixty years of age, walked still erect, and fully maintained the character of a good champion and hero in the great conflict concerning the faith. After the two ministers had taken the seats assigned them, the President turned first to Lilius, and said:

"Reverend Provost, your presence among us this day is esteemed by all of us a joyful event, a guarantee of that peace which our most serene Elector and sovereign has graciously resolved to establish in the churches of his realm. If the unpleasant memory of that day, which imposed upon us the painful duty of suspending you from an office which you have ever conducted in the most faithful manner, because the suggestions of ill-disposed persons prevented you from properly understanding the wishes of our most gracious sovereign, has not yet escaped from your mind, as it has also not from ours, your presence here

to-day obliterates it all, and our joy is now as great as was then our sorrow. Yet, before I proceed any further in delivering the commission with which I have been charged, the Reversal, which you have drawn up, a month ago, will be read to you once more, that you may here publicly and solemnly confirm it."

Thereupon the President made a sign to the prothonotary, Schardius, who rose and began to read from a written document, as follows:

"Since the most serene Elector and sovereign, Prince Frederic William, Margrave of Brandenburg, our most gracious master, being actuated by the most praiseworthy Christian motives, desires to establish peace and Christian toleration between the Evangelical Churches of his realm, I therefore, in humble obedience to my most gracious master, his Electoral Highness, declare that I will always fervently pray to God for the promotion of the genuine peace of the Church, not neglecting anything that may be calculated to promote, on all sides, such a spirit of Christian toleration as may be acceptable to God; neither will impute to the Reformed any extraneous, and by them unacknowledged articles of faith, or any doctrines that may be deduced from them; and wherever called upon by necessity to treat of such disputed articles, or controvert opposing views, I will continue to study Christian moderation and discretion, the more especially since the same course of conduct is also made obligatory upon the Reformed; and I, in every other respect, will honestly endeavor to be faithful and submissive to his Electoral Highness. Wherefore, I hereby witness, by

my own writing and signature, that, as in duty bound, I will obey the edicts literally, according to the instruction of his Electoral Highness, as set forth in the printed explanation of his gracious design and assurance, without disadvantage or hurt or offence to any one, and not wilfully act in opposition to the same; yet, by the help of God, until my blessed end, I will continue to adhere to the acknowledged and confessed doctrines of the Lutheran Church.

"BERLIN, Jan. 3, 1666.

"M. GEORGE LILIUS, Sen."

When the prothonotary had finished reading, the President turned to Lilius and said: "Mr. Provost, do you acknowledge what has just now been read to you, word for word, as the same document which, on the third of January of this year, you wrote and signed with your own hand?"

When Lilius had confirmed this with a scarcely audible "Yes," the President continued: "And are you prepared to declare again, before the Electoral Consistory, that you will abide by the sentiments and good wishes expressed in this your Reversal?"

The old man hesitated; his head sank wearily upon his breast, and his painful features indicated plainly the severe conflict that was going on within, between his Lutheran faith and the vow of submission to the Electoral command. PAUL GERHARDT turned his gaze full and fixedly upon the Provost, in order to express to him by signs what he was prevented from expressing to him in words; but the poor old man either did not notice it, or tried, intentionally, to avoid catching the eye of his colleague, because he well knew that he

would never approve of his submission. At length the Provost repeated his half audible "Yes," and bowed to the assembly.

"We feel rejoiced," said the President, "that you have not disappointed the confidence reposed in you by our sovereign, and I am now at liberty to inform you that his Electoral Highness regarded you, during the entire term of your suspension, with undiminished favor, on account of your age as well as on account of the faithful discharge of your official duties. On this account, his Electoral Highness also cheerfully consents to overlook several defects in your Reversal. Thus, for instance, it might properly have been expected that, in preparing your Reversal, you would have followed the prescribed formula, instead of executing the same in language of your own. Further, you should not have spoken of edicts in general, but of those which appeared in reference to the peace of the Church in 1614, 1662 and 1664, and you should have given, moreover, the assurance that you would not impute extraneous doctrines to the Reformed in general, instead of merely confining yourself to the Reformed of this place. However, his Electoral Highness is fully cognizant of the fact that you, reverend sir, exercised to the Reformed, even before the publication of the edicts in question, all possible moderation, to which his Electoral Highness attaches even greater importance than to the Reversal itself, and is therefore pleased to be satisfied with it as it stands. I hope, reverend sir, that you accept such favor with gratitude."

After some hesitation, the Provost rose, and, as if

suddenly aroused by a spirit of courage, like a dying taper flickering once more in its socket before it becomes entirely extinguished, he said: "Right reverend and gracious sirs, my days on earth will not be many, and I shall soon appear before Him who needs no words from our lips in order to know and understand the thoughts and intents of the heart, and who requires no Reversal, oral or written, to the vow of fidelity and submission to His holy law, but knows by our fruits whether we love or hate Him. I could never have believed that, at the close of my life, after faithfully and conscientiously discharging for fifty years my duties as a steward of the mysteries of God, I should be required to give a written promise of fidelity to God and my sovereign, especially since, during a life of seventy years, I have, to the best of my knowledge, never intentionally sinned against it. But the Lord's ways are wonderful. Our serene Elector, in his wisdom, has, for the sake of the Church's peace, considered such an act necessary, and as a subject of that power, which has received authority from God over me, I am bound to obey. On this account, I have signed the Reversal; but I do here openly and freely declare that I must not be so understood, as if I had, in the least, become unfaithful to the Lutheran Church, or regarded the controverted doctrines between the Lutheran and Reformed Churches, as indifferent parts of our Christian faith. I declare, before God, and this right reverend Consistory, that I mean to live and die a faithful Lutheran Christian, and this I do with the same confidence as I have submitted myself fully and humbly, and without mental reserva-

tion, to the commands of my gracious sovereign. I therefore acknowledge, with the most humble gratitude, the goodness his Electoral Highness has shown in restoring me, an insignificant and unworthy servant, to his favor, though I have reason to fear that I shall lose among my colleagues in love and esteem, what I have gained from his Electoral Highness in kindness. But God's will be done. I am a poor, sinful servant; let it be done unto me, even as it seemeth good in his sight. Amen."

When the aged Provost here concluded, his former weakness again overcame him, and completely exhausted, he resumed his seat. But the President replied: "Reverend sir, I rejoice at the confession you have just now made. It is the confession of a faithful servant of the Church, who gives unto God the things that are God's, and unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. I sincerely pray to God that he may grant to every minister of the Divine Word in the Church, the same measure of fidelity and devotion to divine and secular authority, so that the fears you entertain in regard to the loss of the esteem of your colleagues may not be realized. Should, however, such be the case, and you may be assailed in any way on account of the step you have this day taken, I give you my assurance that I shall know how to protect you. On this you may rely the more confidently, because his Electoral Highness has commissioned me to say to you, that his gracious acquiescence in the Reversal which you have drawn up, faulty as it is, is confined to yourself only, and does not in the least affect others, who have thus far failed in drawing up a Reversal.

Let this, reverend sir, assure you of the favorable regard of our serene Elector for you personally. And now, all difficulties having been removed, I declare, in the name and upon the authority of our most serene Elector, that your suspension from office is removed, that the act ordering the same is null and void, and that you are fully and unconditionally reinstated as Provost and Inspector of the Ministerium of Saint Nicolai, restored to all the rights, honors, and dignities therewith connected, and I charge you to inform your colleagues of the same by circular. May God spare your life for a long time to come, and abundantly bless your co-laborers in the restoration of the peace of the Church."

The old man received the announcement of his reinstatement, as well as the good wishes accompanying it, in silence, and with his head bowed low. It was plain that the honor which was now being conferred upon him by *men* caused him pain instead of pleasure. A deep shade of sorrow overspread his countenance, and he looked rather as one who was being exposed to ignominy and shame. Poor man! perhaps he had a presentiment, that by his signature he had, as it were, signed his death-warrant.

The first item of business being ended, the President proceeded to the one next in order. He turned to GERHARDT, and said: "Mr. GERHARDT, from what has just transpired between ourselves and your reverend Provost, doubtless you have already learned the reason why you also have been required to appear before the Electoral Consistory. The highly-favorable testimony which your people have borne in your behalf,

the love you so universally enjoy, and the confidence which is everywhere reposed in you, all this leads us to hope that you are not only a faithful servant of your Church, but also a faithful subject of our serene Elector. If I compare the bitter and passionate language employed by your former colleague, Reinhardt, in reference to our church affairs, with your behavior in word and deed, I cannot but bear honorable testimony that, notwithstanding your steadfast adherence to the Lutheran confession, you have always treated in a spirit of moderation and Christian toleration the points of doctrine on which the Reformed and Lutherans disagree, and in the pulpit especially have carefully refrained from giving offence. Ministers who perform the duties of their office with equal fidelity to the Church and their Sovereign are just the men whom our most gracious Elector loves and welcomes; and you, sir, are one of those to whose efforts, in the restoration of the peace of the Church, his Highness attaches no little importance. Considering the respect you enjoy, not only in your congregation, but also among your brethren in the ministry, much depends upon you in the accomplishment of this gracious design, and your example will greatly influence others in the determination of their conduct. I therefore confidently hope that you will improve the opportunity now afforded you of showing yourself a faithful and obedient subject; and I herewith call upon you to sign the Reversal."

"Right reverend and gracious sir," replied PAUL GERHARDT, calmly, and with all due respect, as he rose from the chair. "Inasmuch as hitherto I have

so conducted myself in my office and life that I have given my gracious Elector and Sovereign no cause for displeasure, and this too without signing the Reversal, I may be permitted to indulge the hope that his Electoral Highness will also, in future, continue to repose in me the same confidence, with the same understanding?"

"Certainly," replied the President, "my confidence, at least, in you is such that I believe you will not consider yourself more firmly pledged to obedience with than you would without your signature; for which reason it is to be required less as an additional guarantee for your compliance in general than as a means to maintain the peace of the Church. The signing of the Reversal is commanded by the Elector, and it is therefore your duty to obey."

"Your right reverend Grace has himself borne me witness," said GERHARDT, "that I have never been guilty of any violent attacks on the doctrines of the Reformed; should not, therefore, a sincere and solemn promise that in future I will abstain from such attacks be sufficient?"

"Yes, certainly," assured the President, "and it is just by signing the Reversal that you are to make this promise."

"In that case," replied GERHARDT, "I am very sorry to say that my conscience does not allow me to sign the Reversal; not out of disobedience to my most gracious Sovereign, but out of fidelity to my Church."

This declaration caused a thrill of astonishment through the entire assembly, GERHARDT maintaining the calmness of a man who felt conscious that his

cause was just. As the President himself maintained silence, and cast inquiring looks around the assembly, Mr. Stosch, who was present in his capacity as counsellor of the Consistory, took up the word, and said: "Mr. GERHARDT, with this declaration you are casting a stone of condemnation at your worthy Provost, inasmuch as you are thereby charging him with infidelity to the Church."

"This I must leave to the conscience of my colleague," replied GERHARDT. "In matters of faith there is, apart from the Word of God, no authority save one's own heart and conscience."

"We are by no means strangers to this sort of language," continued Stosch, with ill-concealed bitterness. "During all the discussions on religious topics here engaged in for nearly four years, you have shown yourself far from friendly to a peace between the Reformed and Lutherans."

"Permit me, Mr. Court-chaplain," replied GERHARDT, "to remind you of the remarks made by our President, who was graciously pleased to bear more favorable testimony concerning me."

"You say right, that our President was graciously pleased," continued Stosch, "which means that he had the goodness to trust you. For though, in your official capacity and in the pulpit, you have used moderation toward our Church, yet the Electoral Consistory can bring many proofs that here in this chamber you have somewhat departed from your usual moderation. I take the liberty to remind you of that session in which here in this Electoral Consistory, where your former colleague, Reinhardt, was deservedly charged

with opposition to the commands of his Electoral Highness. Do you remember your reply to this charge?"

"Yes, Mr. Court-chaplain," replied GERHARDT, calmly. "I said that this was not so; I declared, in accordance with the truth, that, as far as my experience went, the reverse was the case. I said that on occasions, when Reinhardt, overcome by momentary weakness, showed signs of wavering, I myself had urged him to remain steadfast to his Lutheran Confession. A different testimony I could not bear. I was not only his senior in years, but also in the ministry; and it would therefore have been exceedingly painful for me to have followed my junior in that which is right before God. On the contrary, I regarded it my duty to go before him."

"Truly," exclaimed the Court-chaplain, with a sneer, "one must really admire the courage with which you advocate your cause."

"You cannot intend this seriously, reverend sir," replied GERHARDT, calmly; "for to speak the truth requires nothing but love for the truth."

"You said," here joined in the President, "*What is right before God.* Now, if it be here demanded of you to sign the Reversal, do you mean to say by that, that we, in so doing, would require of you something that would *not* be right before God?"

"Right reverend and gracious sir," replied PAUL GERHARDT, "God is my witness that my heart is free from everything that might be taken as an accusation or a complaint against the Electoral Consistory. I am far too humble a man even to attempt such a thing.

But the question here is not about obedience or disobedience to secular laws and authority, but solely and alone about matters of faith, which have nothing in common with secular authority. Our Lord says: The kingdom of God cometh not with observation, but is within you. Hence every one must reconcile it to his own heart and conscience, whether, in matters of faith, aught may be allowable or not. Now, right reverend and gracious sir, if my conscience forbids me to sign the Reversal, ought I to commit a sin against God by signing it? Would not this Electoral Consistory have reason to despise me, if I would voluntarily and designedly do the very thing my conscience forbids? Would not my congregation, whose ordained pastor and teacher I am, justly mistrust every word I should address to them from the sacred desk?"

"You will find it difficult to justify yourself," remarked the President, frowning. "If you thought and did all this for yourself alone, then there might be at least the shadow of an excuse. But are you not guilty of the very same thing whereof, notwithstanding your caution, you have accused us? We have been credibly informed that about two years ago, when, owing to sickness, you were prevented from being present at one of our religious discussions, you sent for your colleagues, and earnestly admonished them against signing the Reversal. Do you not know the divine injunction which says that we are not to engage in doubtful disputations? Now, if your colleagues do not feel themselves bound in their consciences not to sign the Reversal, are you not perplexing them about such things as may be considered doubtful, by inciting them to opposition?"

GERHARDT replied calmly and with dignity: "The information your right reverend grace obtained concerning what transpired during my sickness, is perfectly true. I esteemed it my duty to bear witness to my faith, at least, from a distance, since I was not able to do it nearer at hand. And as, moreover, my gracious President reminds me of what Paul says in reference to doubtful disputations, I beg leave to say, that these words are preceded by another injunction, namely: 'Him that is weak in the faith receive ye.' It was just because I noticed that some of my brethren were somewhat at variance with their hearts and consciences, and in danger of doing something of which they might afterwards bitterly repent, that I remembered our Saviour's command, 'Strengthen thy brethren,' and I am sincerely thankful to God for accompanying my admonition with his blessing."

"What further need have we of witnesses?" here exclaimed the Court-chaplain, Stosch, in the language of our Lord's accusers, with evident rage. "Mr. GERHARDT, you have just now acknowledged that you incited your colleagues to opposition against our most serene Elector. You have plainly enough declared that you regard obedience to our most gracious Elector as sinful. You have—"

"Permit me, right reverend Court-chaplain," said GERHARDT firmly, interrupting him; "I have not declared obedience to my gracious sovereign sinful: I only said that my faith forbade me to comply in this one particular with the wishes of his Electoral Highness, which certainly is quite another thing; for you know as well as I do that whatever does not proceed from faith is sin."

"We are not here, I imagine," replied Stosch, "to explain passages of Scripture; and if I am permitted to make a motion before this Electoral Consistory, I would declare it as my opinion that the time for carrying the further command of his Electoral Highness into effect has fully come."

The President cast a look of disapproval at the Court-chaplain. It may have been that the Baron, in the undeniable honesty of his character, wanted to do justice to GERHARDT'S candor and fidelity to the faith; or it may have been fear lest the employment of stringent measures, in the case of a man who was not only the soul of the Ministerium, but of the whole congregation of St. Nicolai, might only still further delay the consummation of the peace meditated between the two Confessions, that prevented him from resorting to the final expedient; or it may have been the recollection of the unpleasant scene with Provost Fromm and Pastor Müller that induced him to greater caution in this instance—at all events, the President seemed determined once more to try the milder way of kindness. He therefore said:

"Mr. GERHARDT, you have on former occasions, and also to-day, given utterance to expressions which ill-disposed individuals might interpret to your disadvantage. Yet *we* are far from doing this. I bear you the most willing testimony that you mean to be honest and upright, both towards your Church and our gracious Elector—nay, I feel perfectly assured that you are a sincere friend of peace in the Church, and that you would, to the best of your ability, aid in its promotion. But I hope that you will not question the right of his

Electoral Highness to employ the authority with which God has clothed him in the establishment of this peace; and that you will not doubt that his Electoral Highness seeks the establishment of this peace, not in a spirit of partiality, but rather in that spirit of love which embraces all his subjects alike; and you will not presume to deny, unless biased by narrow-mindedness, that such a peace is highly possible. And whatever is not only possible, but actually necessary to the welfare of the whole country, *must* be accomplished. Only think of what your colleague, Provost Lilius, has done! surely he must be able to reconcile it to his conscience, and justify himself in the sight of God. Why not you too? Therefore, I think that you may not be altogether free from prejudice. We are aware that you are on very intimate terms with the Wittenberg Professôr Calov, and that you have solicited his advice in this matter.

"All of us know that this Abraham Calov is indeed a valiant defender of his Church, but also a stubborn opponent of our most gracious Sovereign and his peace project in general. Human opinions are liable to change, and that which to-day may seem right and good to us, to-morrow, on maturer reflection, may appear an error. How now, Mr. GERHARDT, if such was your situation? How, if you were regarding this entire peace project with a prejudiced mind—if, under the impression of its being impossible or unnecessary, you had been so much prejudiced against it, that you have not even subjected it to a serious and thorough investigation? You surely do not claim infallibility, and threfore concede the possibility of being

in error; and consequently you may change your views. Hence, if your conscience for the present should not allow you to sign the Reversal, do not now determine the matter finally, but take time for consideration. I will give you eight days' respite, during which time you may confer with your conscience. And if in this time—as I hope you will go earnestly to work—if you will take seriously to heart the lamentable condition of the Church as it has hitherto existed, and if you then find that, as long as this state of things continues, peace cannot come to the Church and the country, you will willingly lend us your assistance. As a servant of Christ, you are called to promote peace among the members of his Church; and your joy and reward would not be small, if to the love which you already enjoy in your congregation would be added the gratitude and confidence of our congregation, and especially of our most gracious Elector. Therefore I ask you, will you accept the respite of eight days which I propose to give you?"

GERHARDT cast down his eyes in silence. The unusually mild and kindly tone in which the President had addressed him had won his heart. "Yes," he replied, at length, "I will accept this respite, and take counsel with my God."

"Well, then," said the President, "I request you to appear again in eight days before this Electoral Consistory, assured that you will not disappoint our hopes in you."

Having said this, the President bowed slightly to the two ministers, in token of their being dismissed. The aged Provost Lilius rose quickly; but GERHARDT

continued to retain his seat. There he sat with his head bowed low; earnest and weighty thoughts were agitating his soul. His hands lay folded in his lap. Suddenly he raised his head, rose up, and said: "Right reverend and gracious sirs, I have made a promise which I am unable to keep. I cannot and dare not accept the eight days' respite, for I know that I cannot change my opinion. The witness which I have borne to-day I shall, with the help of God, bear till my dying hour. Mr. President, I can never sign the Reversal. Let this Electoral Consistory do with me as they are commanded. I am a servant of my Master; to my Lord I stand or fall."

These words fell upon the assembly like a clap of thunder; a mixture of impatience, anger, rage and amazement, showed itself upon the countenances of the members of the Consistory. The Court-chaplain shot fiery glances at the bold speaker; he rose in order to give vent to his feelings by making a denunciatory address; but the President motioned to him to be silent, whilst he turned to PAUL GERHARDT with the question, "Is this your fixed and unalterable determination?"

"Yes," replied GERHARDT, in a voice loud and firm. "I have sinned against my Lord and God. I should not have promised to reconsider. I have long since considered, and shall never change my mind."

"Well," continued the President sternly and coldly, "so let it be to you as you will." And upon a sign all the members of the Consistory rose, and the President said: "In the name of our most serene Elector and sovereign, Prince Frederick William, Margrave of

Brandenburg, our gracious Master, I hereby inform you that you are from this day forth dismissed from your office as deacon of St. Nicolai, that you are forbidden to preach the Gospel and administer the Sacraments, and are to hold yourself in readiness to obey further orders to leave the city and State."

PAUL GERHARDT received this sentence silently and composedly. He bowed respectfully to the President and members, and accompanied by Provost Lilius, passed out of the chamber.

CHAPTER V.

THE CITIZENS' MEETING.

"Not slothful in business, continuing instant in prayer; given to hospitality; be of the same mind one toward another. If it be possible, as far as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."—Rom. xii. 11, 12, 13, 16, 18.

WE repair a second time to the inn near the long bridge, where, on the evening of the same day on which PAUL GERHARDT'S deposal from office had been pronounced before the High Consistory, an unusually large number of visitors were assembled. Spacious, however, as the guest-chamber was, the throng on this occasion was so large that even the regular visitors found it for once impossible to retain their accustomed places, and the host was kept busy in making excuses to one and another. From the confusion produced by the loud and promiscuous talking of the guests, it was impossible to gather the subject of conversation: yet this much was clear, that an unusual event was engaging the minds of the people, and that they were swayed equally by fear and indignation.

At length a clear, sharp, shrill tone was heard above the confused din of the many voices, and an instantaneous silence ensued. Then Matthias, the host, said in a loud voice: "My most highly respected fellow-citizens, neighbors, friends, and respective kinsfolk,

pardon me for having resorted to an artifice in order to gain the attention of this respectable assembly. You are doubtless aware that I am, in my innermost soul, a good citizen and Lutheran Christian, and that I consequently unite with you in deeply regretting what this morning has happened to our reverend deacon and pastor, Mr. PAUL GERHARDT. But because I must strive to be a good citizen, and inasmuch as my position as host makes it incumbent upon me to stand aloof from all parties; and whereas, in these hard times, a poor father of a family would surely deserve greatly to be pitied, if either by his own fault, or the fault of others, he should suddenly be deprived of his livelihood; and whereas an inn-keeper, who by virtue of the high magisterial and highest Electoral consent and favor is an individual who, in return for the honor and confidence reposed in him, gives, in a manner, security that whatever is said in his house—"

But the poor man could proceed no further in order to be understood. Already at the words, "I am a good citizen and Lutheran Christian," low murmurings were heard from a number of voices, which could not again be silenced, however energetically the distressed man waved his cap. They, on the contrary, increased so rapidly in volume that they soon rose to a boisterous storm, above which now and then might be heard an occasional sound like the roar of thunder. When the inn-keeper saw his efforts to gain a hearing entirely baffled, he looked about him with a painful glance, as if in search of some kindly-disposed and sympathizing friend, who might bear him witness that,

with the best intention, he had failed to make himself heard.

Then suddenly a deep, strong voice was heard amid the assembly; but, as at some of the tables, conversation still continued, calls arose simultaneously from different parts of the room: "Silence, silence, Mr. Young wishes to speak." Thereupon, our old acquaintance rose, and said: "Beloved fellow citizens and friends: Mr. Matthias, our esteemed host, who, as we have just been informed, as also on a former occasion, is such a good citizen and Lutheran Christian, that he stands aloof from all parties, of course cannot be blamed for not wishing to be deprived of his livelihood, on account of what others may say. Since we, however, are somewhat situated like the Apostles, so that we must needs say with them, and cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard, I think it best for us to adjourn to another inn, the Black Bear, for instance. What, by such an arrangement, Mr. Matthias would lose in pocket, he would gain by being a good citizen and Lutheran Christian."

"Yes, yes, we will," roared the guests vociferously, at the same time rising from their seats. When the host saw this, he turned pale with fear at the threatened loss. Not being able to make himself heard amid the uproar, he hastened, in his alarm, towards Young, seized him by the hand, and said: "For pity's sake, my dear neighbor and friend, what are you going to do? No, no, I did not mean that; though I do, of course, stand aloof from all parties, I nevertheless know how to draw a distinction. Therefore I entreat you, dear Mr. Young, do not disgrace me by leaving my house."

Mr. Young, who had not really been in earnest in proposing a general emigration, but who intended by this threat only to put a stop to any further interference on the part of the host, rose again, which, when the guests noticed, they remained silent. Then Mr. Young said: "Our esteemed host has just now assured me that he meant yet to add to his address, in which he was of course somewhat ruthlessly interrupted, an extraordinary exception to his otherwise praiseworthy principle, by allowing his guests perfect liberty of speech. Accordingly, I am of opinion that we had better remain, and attend to the business for which we have met, as it becomes faithful Lutheran citizens. Therefore I would request you, beloved fellow citizens and friends, to say what you have to suggest, not in a confused and disorderly manner, but by giving every one who wishes, an opportunity to express his opinion. Will you do this?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Young," was the tumultuous response from every part of the room, whilst all again resumed their respective seats, and some rewarded the landlord's compliance by ordering their mugs to be replenished with a fresh supply. After quiet had been fully restored, and all were regarding Mr. Young with a look of expectation, he began by saying: "That we must do something, admits of no doubt. What we feared has at length come to pass. Our beloved pastor, PAUL GERHARDT, was this morning deposed from his office. And why? Has he led an immoral life? No! There is not an individual in the whole congregation who can lay the least impropriety to his charge. Or has he neglected the duties of his office? No!

He has preached the Gospel like a faithful servant of Christ and steward of the mysteries of God; he has administered the sacraments to all the weary and heavy laden; he has carried the consolations of the gospel to the humblest abodes of poverty, and is the sincere and familiar friend of the whole congregation. In his hymns he has left to us and to our children after us a rich fountain of piety and devotion, from which every soul in the Kingdom of God, thirsting after righteousness, may at all times be filled. Or has he, by using insidious and inflammatory language in the pulpit, caused contention between the government and the people, between the Sovereign and his subjects? No! We can all bear witness before God and man, that not one word of abuse, not one denunciatory expression against the Reformed and their doctrines, has fallen from his lips; we know that even many, very many of the Reformed Church, are most devotedly attached to our PAUL GERHARDT, listening to his preaching, and singing his hymns. Why then has he been deposed from his office? Because he has remained true to his Evangelical faith; because he intends to live and die a real good Lutheran Christian; because he refuses to act the part of a hireling, who fleeth when he seeth the wolf coming. For these reasons has he been deprived of his ecclesiastical authority; for these reasons are we made orphans; for these reasons is our pulpit deserted, our confessional closed, and our altar laid waste; for these reasons have we become a stricken flock without a shepherd. Do we intend to remain in this orphaned, stricken and scattered condition? Do we intend to remain quiet

after our shepherd has been taken from us? No, as long as a grateful heart throbs within us, and ceaseless fidelity to our Confession is esteemed an honor to Christians! Therefore I say, something must be done."

When Young here concluded, the deathlike silence that hitherto prevailed was changed into the wild roar of an angry sea, to the evident grief of the landlord. He at first closed his ears; then, as if it had suddenly occurred to him that there might still be some security if passers-by could be prevented from hearing what was going on within, he hastened to the door and windows, carefully examining whether these were all securely fastened. As, however, this uproarious noise continued to grow louder and louder, Mr. Young raised his hand, and immediately the angry waves subsided.

"What are you doing, fellow-citizens?" he exclaimed. "This is not the proper way to conduct our affairs. The Bible says, avoid the very appearance of evil. However great and just our consternation and pain may be, let us not thereby be incited to say or do anything in opposition to the laws of our government. Let not your zeal for your Lutheran faith cause you to forget your duties as Christian citizens. Let each one separately and in order present what he has to say."

Thereupon a corpulent and strong-built individual rose and said: "What you have just said in honor of our pastor, the reverend PAUL GERHARDT, is the voice of the whole congregation; and there is not one, from the most opulent merchant down to the meanest beggar, who does not perfectly agree with you. Honor to

whom honor is due, and therefore I also add: Shame to whom shame is due. At the same time, whilst one of our pastors was deposed from his office on account of his fidelity, the other was reinstated on account of his infidelity. The apostasy of our Provost from the faith is not the work of a faithful shepherd. What are the sheep to do, if the shepherd flee? We cannot view the apostasy with indifference. If we pass it by in silence, we may justly be charged with approving what has been done. Nay; we would have to submit if the Reformed should charge our whole congregation with having made shipwreck of its faith. Therefore I move that we draw up a paper, in which we testify openly and boldly how painfully we have been affected in consequence of the first among our ministers, the reverend Provost Lilius, having obeyed man rather than God, and apostatized from the faith."

As the speaker here concluded, the loud and boisterous applause that followed evidenced the favor with which his motion had been received. But Mr. Young again commanded silence, and just as he was about to speak, another of our old friends, Ebeling, took the floor and said: "Dear Mr. Starke, you are known to all of us as a true Lutheran Christian, and we deeply regret with you that Provost Lilius, after having so long and stoutly resisted, has at last resolved to sign the Reversal. But, my dear friend, your motion nevertheless goes a little too far: you should remember that the Provost did not sign the Reversal without a great deal of hesitation; he, too, had been removed from his office because he refused his signature, just as is the case now with Mr. Paul Gerhardt. And if he

has nevertheless finally consented to draw up a Reversal, you should remember that that document, with whose contents I have been made acquainted, is very different from the one prescribed by law, and does not at all contain the principal points of objection. Still, his Electoral Highness has, by special favor, overlooked this. Then, again, you should remember that our reverend Provost is a worn-out and feeble man of seventy, whose peaceful disposition is far from fitting him for contention and disputes. Do you not think it pardonable, if an old man, who, by reason of his infirmity, may momentarily look for his dissolution, endeavor to secure to himself some rest and peace during his few remaining days by drawing up a Reversal? From all I can hear, I have reason to apprehend that the frail old man will have to suffer enough as it is, from the reproaches of his colleagues. How truly miserable, therefore, would it make him if the congregation too should turn against him! Therefore, I think best, Mr. Starke, that you should withdraw your motion."

"Yes, this is my opinion also," added Mr. Young; "and I thank you, dear Mr. Ebeling, for having so fully expressed my views. For, though I cannot deny that it is exceedingly painful to me that our Provost has at length yielded, especially as he need not have given himself any concern about his future maintenance, we are yet not called to sit in judgment upon him, but it rather becomes us to consider the declaration of Holy Writ: 'Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth; yea, he shall be holden up, for God is able to make him stand.'"

These remarks were followed by a general murmur of approval, a proof how easily the multitude may be swayed from one side to the other. Only Mr. Starke, head-master of the butcher guild, could not altogether conceal his vexation at being so suddenly deserted by the assembly. He resumed his chair, drained his mug, and had it refilled, to the evident delight of mine host, who, though greatly rejoiced at the discomfiture of his honored guest, had nevertheless feared he might quit the field altogether.

The somewhat weak voice of a small, sickly man, who was more particularly distinguished from among the rest by the neatness of his dress, was heard issuing from the opposite side of the room. "I, too," began th s individual, "am for the drawing up of a paper, as an open and bold testimony of our Lutheran faith; but not against Provost Lilius, but in behalf of Mr. GERHARDT, a man upon whom too much praise cannot be bestowed. Just as in one of his beautiful hymns he calls on others to act, so has he acted, and shown how faith conquers. He says:

"'Rejoice then, ye sad-hearted,
Who sit in deepest gloom,
Who mourn o'er joys departed,
And tremble at your doom;
He who alone can cheer you
Is standing at the door;
He brings His pity near you,
And bids you weep no more.'

"I therefore think it would be well if we were to draw up some resolutions expressive of our gratitude to him, and our esteem for him, and transmit the same to his reverence through a select committee."

"To what purpose, Mr. Seyffard?" asked Mr. Liebrecht, another of our old acquaintances, who had, on this occasion, also succeeded in securing his place of honor near the stove. "For what purpose make such a public parade? Moreover, if I am a correct judge of Mr. GERHARDT'S character, I doubt very much whether such public praise would be acceptable to him, especially when we consider that my highly honored cousin is a very modest man, and has always lived in the most commendable retirement. Besides, we must carefully avoid any action that might meet with the disapprobation of our public authorities, though I believe that the magistracy of the city of Berlin is as sincerely sorry as we are. No, Mr. Seyffard, if you have taken your motion from Mr. GERHARDT'S hymns, then can I also from the same source oppose it. He says:

"'Peace, my froward soul, be still!
Lo! the Highest is thy strength,
He whose counsel and whose will
Help shall bring to thee at length!

"'He my fortress and defence,
Safe within His walls I stand!
Let the raging foe advance:
None shall pluck me from His hand!'"

"I must agree with you, Mr. Liebrecht," said Young, "in opposing the motion of our friend Seyffard, though for reasons altogether different from your own. I hold that such an address, even in the event of its being acceptable to Mr. GERHARDT, would be far from being sufficient to meet the case. We must bear a bold and public testimony."

"Yes, that is my opinion," exclaimed another, with some warmth, interrupting the speaker. "We must show openly and before the whole world that we have been assailed in our deepest and dearest interests; that we have been deprived of what is of infinitely greater value than our daily bread, namely, the bread of life, the nourishment for our souls. I, for my part, declare that I will go to church no more if Mr. GERHARDT is not again restored to his office. Moreover, what good does going to church do under such circumstances? If I enter the house of God and behold the place where Mr. GERHARDT preached to us the word of God, and the altar where he administered the holy sacrament, I cannot but call to mind that he has been driven from pulpit and altar, as if he were a traitor to our holy religion. How can I receive instruction and edification in the house of God, as long as my heart is rent by alternate feelings of pain and anger? And is a congregation to sit quietly by when it is being deprived of its best and dearest minister? No; if the house of God is closed to the minister, the congregation, too, can no longer enter. Therefore we must loudly and publicly testify that the deepest and dearest interests of our souls are endangered, and that the Church of St. Nicolai is to stand deserted till Mr. GERHARDT shall be again permitted to preach the Word of God within its walls. And we will vow it to each other with our lips and hands, that our wives and our children, our journeymen and apprentices, like ourselves, shall not pass beyond the threshhold of St. Nicolai till the flock shall have received back its shepherd."

"This is right—yes, this will we do," was shouted

from all sides, and in wild confusion. But Mr. Young rose from his chair, waved his hand, and said: "Dear Mr. Schumann, I honor your zeal, because I know that you have always sustained the character of an honest Lutheran Christian. But you will pardon me for telling you that you remind me of what Paul says concerning the Jews in Rome: 'They have a zeal, but not according to knowledge.' No, my friend, this kind of zeal would only make matters worse, instead of better. This would be a regular conspiracy against the Word of God and the remaining servants of the church. For though I grant you that not one of them is equal to him as a preacher, or can move the heart with the Word of God as he can, the rest of our ministers are nevertheless, all of them, faithful servants and conscientious preachers. Nay, whilst granting that we should find it irksome to listen to a testimony of our Lutheran faith from the lips of our aged Provost, I ask you, what objection have you against the other deacons? Is Martin Lubath not also a faithful servant of the Lord? Does Mr. Samuel Lorentz, too, not know how to explain the Scriptures aright? And has not this same Lorentz shown himself in the pulpit a man who, in things pertaining to God, is no respecter of persons? Has not Mr. Hellwig frequently fired our hearts with love for the kingdom of God? Yea, and more than all, have not all these men hitherto stoutly refused to sign the Reversal? Would it not, therefore, be an act of ingratitude on our part should we undervalue the honorable testimony of these men? And who would, after all, sustain the greater loss and suffer the greater punishment? Ourselves, of course.

For who among us could all at once so fully disavow his need of religious consolation and instruction as no longer to seek after the house of God? Are the bells of St. Nicolai henceforth to peal out the summons to the worship of God in vain? Would not, in that case, our enemies and opposers be forced to believe that we had sought this disturbance? No, my dear Mr. Schumann, you have made a proposition which you will not be able to carry out. For if you should on any day hear the sound of the bells of St. Nicolai, you would find it impossible to remain quietly seated at your bench, but would throw awl and knee-strap away, and don your Sunday clothes, and hasten to church. I know you well enough to feel assured that you do not hold your pew so very cheap."

This argument was too well directed to fall short of its aim. And however heartily the majority had before expressed their approval of Mr. Schumann's proposition, they nevertheless sided again with the last speaker, and shouted as before: "Yes, that is true, this is right." Even Mr. Schumann appeared to regret what he had said; he cast down his eyes abashed, and at length said: "You are right, Mr. Young; that would not be productive of good, but rather of evil, and we would in the end be the greater sufferers. The last error would be worse than the first. Yet *something* must be done. We dare not keep silent; we must bear an emphatic testimony of some kind."

"Yes, that we will," exclaimed another. "I am of opinion that we should not only bear an emphatic testimony to our Lutheran faith, but also take measures to have Mr. GERHARDT again restored to his

office. Our serene Elector is a gracious and condescending Sovereign. I believe that if we present the matter to him in a proper light, and rightly explain to him our spiritual need, he will not refuse to grant our petition and restore to us our beloved teacher and pastor. Therefore I think we would do well to address a petition to our most gracious Elector, and present it to him in all due submission. I am far from being a hero or a man of courage, yet in this grave and holy cause I would have sufficient boldness to appear before his Electoral Highness."

"You would find this a difficult undertaking, Mr. Kunze," suggested another citizen, an aged and gray-haired man, who sat next to Mr. Young. "You are indeed perfectly correct in saying that our great Elector is a condescending gentleman, but we citizens are but seldom or never admitted into the presence of our Sovereign. And even in case we should find it possible, it would be necessary first to secure the favor of another, without whom it seems his Electoral Highness does not choose to act in this church affair. I mean the President of the Consistory, to whom the management of this whole matter has been committed. If he be not for us, all our petitioning will be of no avail."

"Very good, Mr. Oertel," exclaimed another voice. "In that case we will present a petition to the President. That gentleman is not so severe and ungracious as he is represented. I had no later than yesterday, in delivering to his wife a dozen plates, manufactured out of the finest pewter that has ever been melted in my furnace, the special honor of conversing with the gra-

cious gentleman. If we can succeed in interesting him in our cause, we will have gained the day, and I volunteer to speak to him on the subject."

"I am willing to agree to this, Mr. Hassler," replied the former. "You are a man who has traveled a good deal, and you know better than any among us how to deport yourself in the presence of great men. At all events, we can gain access to our serene Elector only through the President."

'Pardon me, my dear friend," here interrupted Mr. Young, "that I cannot fully agree with your proposition. I am one with you, as far as the drawing up of a petition is concerned, provided it be presented to the right place. These high and noble gentlemen, as a general thing, do not like it very well when they are directly addressed by plain citizens, such as we are. We are citizens, and have our rulers, and God be thanked, such rulers as have hitherto dealt honestly and faithfully with the church and the Word of God. To these rulers we are directed, and we may confidently commit our cause to them with the assurance that they will do all for the best. Hence I propose that we draw up a petition somewhat to this effect, namely: That whilst greatly rejoiced at the re-instatement of our Provost Lilius, a fresh wound has been inflicted upon us, more painful than the first, by the threatened deposition from office of our beloved pastor, GERHARDT, the pillar and prop of our Lutheran faith. We will testify in the same, that Mr. GERHARDT, to our knowledge, has always conducted himself in word and deed in such a manner that the least complaint could never be breathed against him, and

we will pray our magistracy to interest themselves with his Electoral Highness on behalf of Mr. GERHARDT. In this way we act like peace-loving citizens. Does this meet with your acceptance?"

A unanimous assent followed in reply to this question, and every countenance gave evidence that Young had gained all present for his proposition. Even Mr. Matthias, the host, indulged in a smile of satisfaction, and rubbed his hands in very glee; yea, he could not forego offering his individual thanks to Mr. Young for his proposition. "By my faith," he said, "you are always the right man, dear Mr. Young, and one may know by every word you speak that you are half and half a scholar. Yes, thus it is right, orderly and peaceable, just as it becomes citizens to act. Yes, by my faith, you have exceeded yourself; for though I cannot give up my principle in regard to standing aloof from all parties, I must nevertheless confess that I perfectly agree with you."

"Let that pass," replied Young, "we have known each other a long time; I would rather have you fill my mug again."

This won him Mr. Matthias' heart completely, and he hurried off to comply with the request. But Young continued, "The Bible says: 'That thou doest, do quickly;' therefore, dear friends and fellow-citizens, it is my opinion that we should proceed at once to draw up the proposed petition, and not separate till we have signed it. And I would suggest that the work cannot be confided to an abler man than our music-director, Ebeling."

"To me?" asked Ebeling in surprise. "What are

you thinking about, my dear Mr. Young? Musicians are scarcely ever good letter-writers. Yes, if our wishes could be set to music, then I would get up a fitting symphony with a good deal of harmony in the principal parts, and a few fugues in the introduction; but as to composing letters, I know but little. The proper man for that is no one but yourself."

"Yes, Mr. Young shall draw up the petition," was heard from all sides. "No one but Mr. Young."

"Well, I will try," replied he frankly and cordially, and without the least appearance of gratified expectation. The landlord furnished him with paper, pen and ink. Whilst Young was thus engaged in drawing up the petition, deep silence reigned through the entire company, no one venturing beyond an occasional whisper. This was owing partly to the profound respect with which Mr. Young was regarded among his fellow citizens, partly to the sincere love cherished for their pastor, GERHARDT, and partly also to the consternation called forth by the unexpected intelligence of his removal from his office. When Mr. Young had finished the proposed document, he rose and said: "I will now read to you what I have written. If there should be anything you do not approve, please to be frank and say so." And with this he began to read as follows:

"To the right honorable, worshipful, wise, and especially benignant, and highly respected Burgomaster and Members of the Council:

"You are doubtless, like ourselves, familiar with the fact that our Lutheran Church has of late been in great distress. Now, although we have from time to

time cherished the hope that she would be delivered, and that quiet would be restored, a hope which was strengthened by the restoration of our Provost Lilius to his former office; our church has nevertheless again been greatly afflicted by the intelligence that the Rev. PAUL GERHARDT, our beloved minister and pastor, is to be taken from us, he having been removed from his office in consequence of his refusal to sign the Electoral edict.

"But it is known to the right honorable Council, no less than to the cities of Berlin and Cologne, that this man has never said anything in opposition to the faith of his Electoral Highness, or those like-minded with him, much less has he indulged in abusive and objectionable language; but, on the contrary, he has confined himself to directing all, by precept and example, to true Christianity, without attacking any one, either by word or deed.

"What will ultimately become of us and our city, if pious men are not to be retained among us, and if those who with their prayers have hitherto stood between the wrath of God and ourselves are to be silenced? If, according to the sacred Scriptures, no country or city is preserved, though a Noah, or a Daniel, or a Job, be present therein, how much more intolerable will be our condition, if pious and godly men are altogether expelled from among us?

"Therefore, we do most submissively and most urgently request the right honorable Council to earnestly interest itself for us, our Church, and our minister, by interceding with his Electoral Highness for the same, and by its earnest solicitations, especially in

behalf of Mr. GERHARDT, bring it about that this pious, upright, and widely-celebrated man may be permitted to remain among us, and on account of his conscientious scruples, be graciously excused from signing the Reversal.

"We remain, in the hope of a favorable answer, our benignant and right honorable Council's humble servants, THE JOINT COMMISSIONERS

Of the Citizens of Berlin."

"Yes, this is right, this is good," was vociferated from all sides, when Mr. Young had finished reading. "This we will all sign. This is just to our mind."

"It will be sufficient," remarked Young, "if the head master of every guild affixes his signature; that is, if you, dear friends and fellow-citizens, give them authority to that effect."

"Yes, this they have already," they exclaimed, and "This we give them, and may God add his blessing to our prayer," was heard from others.

And thus was signed the declaration to the magistracy by the citizens and handicraftsmen of Berlin, the original of which is still to be found in the royal ministerial-archives of Berlin, containing the following signatures:

In the name of the united weavers and woolen drapers, subscribe we,

LORENTZ OERTTEL AND ANDREW YOUNG,

Both master-tradesmen.

By authority of the joint shoemakers in Berlin, subscribe I, GABRIEL SCHUMANN.

By authority of the joint bakers in Berlin, subscribe I, JOACHIM LIEBRECHT.

By authority of the joint butchers in Berlin, subscribe I, WOLF STARKE.

By authority of the joint furriers,
CHRISTIAN KUNZE

By authority of the joint tailors, subscribe I,
JONAS SEYFFARD.

By authority of the joint trade of honest tinners, subscribe I,
JONAS CHRISTOPHER HASSLER, Tinner.

After the petition had been signed, and Mr. Young had consented to present it to the Council, the citizens quietly and peaceably left the inn. We shall see hereafter with what success this petition met.

CHAPTER VI.

AN INFORMAL SERVICE.

"I will declare thy name unto my brethren; in the midst of the church will I sing praise unto thee."—Hebrews ii. 12.

OUR story conducts us to the dwelling of PAUL GERHARDT, whose sudden dismission from his office had directed toward him the attention of the capital, and, indeed, of the whole principality. In the sitting-room we find the mother with her little son, the not yet quite four-year-old Paul Fredric, who, with all his childish gleefulness, could not cheer his mother's sad and gloomy countenance.

"Why are you so sad, dear mother?" asked the boy. "Have I been naughty?"

"No, no, my good Fritz," replied she; "I am sad only because we will soon be obliged to leave our house."

"And whither are we going?" further asked the boy, gayly.

"That God alone knows!" replied the mother; "perhaps into misery."

"And is it nice there?" Fritz continued to ask, in the same gay tone.

"You dear, good, innocent child!" exclaimed the mother, kissing the boy, amid her tears; "misery is a large, empty and desolate house, where none but poor and unfortunate people dwell, and whither even beg-

gars will not follow us, because there is nothing there for them."

"But God lives there, too, don't he, dear mother?" asked the boy.

"Yes, yes!" she replied; and her pale countenance lighted up with a ray of heavenly peace. "This is the only consolation of the poor, that a loving, good and gracious God is with them, even in their misery. He is chiefly the only friend who does not forsake them; therefore, will we put our trust in him, and pray to our heavenly Father, that he will not forsake us."

"Nor will he, dear godmother," added Miss Dorothea, who just at that moment entered; "for I am already the bearer of good tidings."

"Of such we stand greatly in need, dear Dorothea," said the mother. "Are you, in our distress, to play the part of the dove with the olive-branch?"

"Put away every sorrow from your heart," continued Dorothea; "for just as deep as the severity of the Elector is calculated to cast your husband down, just so high does the love of his congregation lift him up. You may believe me, there is no one in our city who would not gladly receive you into his dwelling, if, which may God avert, it should come so far that you should be obliged to leave this house. The citizens, as a body, have sent a petition to the City Council, to interest themselves on behalf of your husband with the Elector. His Honor, Burgomaster Tieffenbach, has assured my father that the petition has already been presented, and that the right honorable Council has laid the subject before the Elector in the most favorable light."

"And you think this will help us?" asked Mrs. Gerhardt, with a forced smile and a look of doubt.

"Certainly," answered the maiden: "only consider that the refusal to grant such a petition would be an act of the most unchristian severity against your husband, and of the greatest cruelty toward our poor forsaken congregation. What, I ask, has Mr. GERHARDT done? He has refused to sign the Reversal; not, however, in a spirit of disobedience to men, but out of obedience to God, who speaks to him through his conscience. Is Mr. GERHARDT then to be blamed, if, in this matter, human and divine law fail to agree? In the Reversal, as my father explained to me, Lutheran ministers must promise that they will not indulge in reproachful and abusive language against the Reformed. Now, is it not a grievous insult to Mr. GERHARDT to ask him to obligate himself in writing to forbear doing something in the future, from which he has hitherto carefully abstained *without* a written obligation to that effect? Does not the whole congrgation bear him witness that in his sermons he has never so much as alluded to the Reformed faith? Should not I, who have never missed one of Mr. GERHARDT'S sermons at St. Nicolai, know this as well as any of them? Does not his whole life afford an unbroken chain of testimony that he lives in peace and love with everybody? Is there even one in the congregation who has ever taken the least offense at him? Therefore, I say, it is impossible that the Elector should persist in his severe treatment of your husband."

"My dear child," said the good wife, "your consolation proceeds from a Christian heart. But in this

unhappy church controversy, human power, unfortunately, exerts a greater influence than the power of the Word of God. Besides, the Elector is otherwise very unfavorably inclined towards my husband—"

"Do not believe this," hastily rejoined Dorothea. "When some eight years ago the Elector caused the Margravian hymn-book to be published, did he not have nearly all of Mr. GERHARDT'S sacred hymns inserted? Nay, did he not remark that Mr. GERHARDT'S hymns were truly an ornament to the hymn-book? I am indeed only a very inexperienced and simple maiden, and possess but very little knowledge of the ways of the world; yet, nevertheless, I think it impossible that any one who loves Mr. GERHARDT'S hymns can hate Mr. GERHARDT. Why then, dear madam, will you throw away every comfort? Why anticipate nothing but sorrow and gloom from the future; why not also some light and joy?"

"You mistake me, Dorothea. If I fail to take the same hopeful view of things that you wish me to do, it is only because I feel assured, notwithstanding all you have said or may say to the contrary, that our most serene Elector is not favorably disposed towards my husband. He has been represented to the Elector as an implacable enemy or opponent of his so-called peace project; I am well aware that it is just my GERHARDT who is to suffer the severity of the law, because it is he, who, since Reinhardt's banishment and Provost Lilius' submission to the Electoral command, is regarded as the head and front of the Lutheran church in Berlin. As great as my joy is at being the wife of a man who is just as much endeared to his congregation

on account of his fidelity to his faith as he is feared and hated by his enemies, so great and well grounded, on the other hand, are my doubts in regard to a happy issue of this most unfortunate rupture. You also do me injustice, Dorothea, in believing me destitute of all consolation. No, my child, I have experienced the mercy and faithfulness of my God in too many severe trials ever to waver in my trust and confidence in Him whose hand is not shortened that it cannot save, and whose grace is without limit. When my husband returned from the meeting of the Consistory, and communicated to me the fact of his having been deposed from his office, my fortitude almost forsook me, because the blow came so much sooner than I had feared; but GERHARDT laid his hand upon my brow, and said:

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure Truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands;
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way."

"Then I felt ashamed of my weak and wavering faith. These were after all only temporal anxieties, which are never acceptable to God, unless endured and overcome by faith. Moreover, it will not be much longer that I shall have to trouble myself with this world's care. I feel that death has marked me, and my deliverance is not far off."

"Do not say so," entreated the maiden. "Did you not just now tell me, that the arm of the Lord is not

shortened that he cannot save? Why then should help be impossible in your case?"

"Impossible?" repeated Mrs. Gerhardt interrogatively. "With God nothing is impossible! But it would be an act of forgetfulness of God, were we to close our eyes to those unmistakable signs of bodily dissolution, which, according to divine arrangements, come upon us. However, I perceive, Dorothea, that this makes you sad, and, therefore, let us not speak any more about it. I hear some one in the hall, and, if I mistake not, it is Mr. Ebeling, an old bachelor, with whom you must be on your guard, Dorothea. For as far as I have seen, I feel convinced he loves you just as devotedly as he is anxious to conceal it from every one—you most of all."

Dorothea blushed deeply, and quickly took little Fritz upon her lap in order to conceal her embarrassment. Meanwhile the door opened, and Ebeling entered. He bowed politely to the ladies, and then drew from his capacious pocket two small books, saying as he did so: "I am particularly fortunate in finding just those two ladies here together, to whom first, among all the women on earth, I desire to present, in person, the first dozen of the sacred hymns of my highly honored and valued friend, PAUL GERHARDT, which your most humble and unworthy servant has set to carefully-composed melodies; namely, to yourself, Mrs. Gerhardt, because next to the poet, your honored husband, you have the best right to them, and then to you, Miss Dorothea, because you sing them so beautifully and refreshingly."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Gerhardt, as she took the

little volume designed for her. "Although at a time when the heart is sick, in consequence of tribulation from without, one feels less inclined to sing than to sigh and pray, I still know what a treasure I possess in these hymns, and, therefore, shall be delighted with them."

When Mrs. Gerhardt here ceased speaking and Dorothea saw herself obliged to make some acknowledgement, she said: "You do me too much honor, Mr. Ebeling. You have for years had a great deal of trouble with me, and I am still a very unapt scholar."

"You are far too modest, my dear miss," replied the music director. "For as the Most High in heaven has given to woman, in addition to other noble qualities, also a peculiarly agreeable and dulcet voice, by means of which she not only can make herself heard by man, and thereby delight his heart even when she is not in his presence, but which she is also to employ in singing praises to God for the grace bestowed on mankind; you, therefore, respected maiden, who, with your charming voice, captivate the sterner sex, can surely bring to our God no better daily offering than singing here on earth, as the angels do in heaven, sometimes hymns of praise and thanksgiving, and sometimes songs of lamentation and consolation, that thus God's will may be done as in heaven, so on earth."

"Take care, my friend," said Mrs. Gerhardt, when she perceived Dorothea was unable to utter a reply. "Take care that you do not exalt us poor women too highly. You might find it difficult to get all men to join in your eulogy."

"Unfortunately, this is but too true, honored maiden," said Ebeling; "for there is a disposition manifested on the part of many to speak ill of womankind in general, on account of our common mother Eve having caused Adam to sin. But all such forget that our God and Lord has conferred greater honors and distinctions upon women than upon us men. Was it not Eve to whom the promise was given, in the fulfillment of which, through the Virgin Mary, the whole world has been blessed? Did not our Saviour, after His resurrection, show Himself first to women? From that time forth, were not women the most eager among those who embraced the gospel? Was it not through the instrumentality of women, that, in the times of the Apostles and the primitive Christian church, the knowledge of God and His Christ was first spread abroad and everywhere zealously promoted? Even in our day we find women more devout in prayer, more diligent in serving God, and also more inclined to humility and forbearance, than men. Therefore, I say, that it is woman, who, imitating the adoring angels, celebrates most sweetly, in spiritual songs, the praises of our God."

Mr. Ebeling felt the more sure of having gained a complete victory over the ladies by this eulogy, because the entrance of PAUL GERHARDT just at that moment prevented his fair antagonists from offering a reply. "Those are the truest friends," exclaimed GERHARDT, with a smile, "who do not forsake the unfortunate, but visit them in their exile."

"In exile?" asked Ebeling, "in banishment, Mr. GERHARDT?"

"Well, it is not much else," replied GERHARDT. "True, I am not yet banished from the city, and am even permitted to remain in the parsonage; but am I not banished from the house of God? Am I not expelled from the pulpit and the altar? Am I not expelled from the sick-beds of my people, whom I may indeed visit in the character of a friend, and as such address to them a word of comfort, but whose hungry souls I dare not feed with the body and blood of the Lord in the holy communion? The punishment is far more severe than the members of the Consistory suppose."

"And you must suffer for us, my dear godfather," said Dorothea; "but I comfort myself with the thought that perhaps by to-morrow all will be right again. Do you not hope so, too, dear godfather?"

"I wish, with all my heart, that it might be so," replied GERHARDT, "but, unhappily, I can not hope it; and for this my friends are far more to blame than my enemies."

"How so?" asked all present simultaneously.

"It was to be feared," continued GERHARDT, "that our Provost Lilius, whilst gaining favor with the Elector and the Reformed party generally, in consequence of his having signed the Reversal, would not be able to gain the approbation of the Lutheran ministry and congregations. These fears have been fully realized. Though there may be a few who congratulate the old gentleman on his restoration to office, the great majority view his conduct as an act of treachery against the Lutheran faith, and the bitter expressions that have already been indulged in, must be deeply wound-

ing to the Provost. Now if this circumstance is not calculated to induce the Elector to regard our church with increased favor, he will be still less inclined to do so in consequence of the deep sympathy expressed in my behalf, in so extraordinary a manner, both on the part of the citizens and magistracy. God forbid that, in saying this, I should be considered as bringing charges against our gracious Sovereign; but it is a part of the natural weakness of the human heart to misinterpret the words and actions of others. In the eyes of the Elector, I am nothing but a disobedient subject, who, in his deposal from office, suffers only the well-merited punishment of his disobedience. Now if the community at large had considered this sentence against me just, it would also meet with its general approval; but such is not the case, and my friends, by their adherence to me, and by taking unusual steps in my behalf, have arrayed themselves in opposition to the law of our Sovereign. It would have been better for me if the congregation had left me to my fate; for then the Elector would, perhaps, have granted me as a favor, what, in obedience to the law, he must of necessity deny me."

"What?" asked Dorothea in astonishment, "would you accept as a favor what you can demand as a right?"

"Why not, Dorothea?" replied GERHARDT. "I know that the Elector can grant me only as a favor what can benefit me. The law has been enacted, and must be obeyed. I feel even convinced that the Elector has made this law with the sincere and honest intention of promoting the welfare of both church and state, and in the confident expectation of establishing

harmony and peace between the two churches within his realm. For these reasons, all hope of being again legally restored to my office is cut off. But if his Electoral Highness believes that even without signing the Reversal I will refrain from acting as an enemy and opponent of the Reformed church, and will graciously grant me this favor, why should I not accept it, restoring to me, as it would, the very life of my soul, namely, my work in the service of our Saviour?"

"Are you then not provoked at the Elector?" asked Dorothea.

"God forbid that I should be," replied GERHARDT. "If I were provoked at him, it would only be because I regarded him as an unjust Sovereign, or because, in opposition to the will of my Redeemer, I feared those who have indeed power to kill the body, but who cannot kill the soul. No, Dorothea, every servant standeth or falleth to his own master. The Elector, too, is the Lord's servant. He, appointed by the grace of God shepherd of a whole nation, knows well that he must give an account of his stewardship to the King of kings. The Elector cannot act otherwise according to his conscience, nor I according to mine. To him has been given the power to take from me my office and send me into exile; if his conscience suffer him to do this, then I must humbly submit to his will, and commit all to Him who judgeth righteously."

As GERHARDT uttered these last words, he was interrupted by a noise in the hall, which grew louder and louder, and appeared to indicate the approach of a large number of visitors. Some one now gave a low knock at the door, and on its being opened, Mr, Schu-

mann, the shoemaker, entered and said: "Reverend sir, I appear before you as a deputy of some thirty honest master-tradesmen and citizens of our city, all of whom are present in the hall below. We, however, have not come to offer you our condolence on account of the heavy misfortune that has befallen you; for he who, with such fidelity to his faith as you have shown, prefers reproach, where by apostatizing from the faith he might have gained honor and distinction before the world, needs no condolence. Only the unfortunate claim and need sympathy. And such are we, reverend sir. We are the smitten flock without a shepherd; whilst his Electoral Highness has exposed you to bodily want, we have been brought to spiritual want."

"No one regrets this more than I do," replied GERHARDT. "But, dear Mr. Schumann, it is not in my power to alter it."

"And yet," quickly rejoined the citizen, 'if the Consistory had not deposed you from office, you would this morning have preached us a sermon. But the pulpit stands deserted! Are we therefore to be deprived of the Word of God? Reverend sir, we are so accustomed to the day and hour when, in the sanctuary, you testify of Christ, that we look upon that day as lost on which such testimony is not heard. It seems as if our labor would not prosper, as if the divine blessing was wanting in the house. Therefore we have come to you as did the disciples of old to the Lord, and ask with them: 'To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. Give us your blessing, that we may be able to work.'"

"I am not worthy of such entreaty," replied GER-

HARDT. "Do not forget that I am a poor, sinful man, upon whom rests the displeasure of the Elector! Nay, remember that, being deposed from my office, I must, for the time being, cease to be your preacher and pastor, and that—"

"Sir," interposed Mr. Schumann quickly, "do not be offended at my language, but we are of the opinion that his Electoral Highness may indeed exclude you from the pulpit and altar, but he has no right to command you to keep silent about God and his Word. Temporal power may indeed dissolve the external bond that unites shepherd and flock, but not the bond that unites their souls. Worldly power may smite the shepherd and banish him, but it cannot prevent the flock from following the shepherd, and again gathering around him. If you are forbidden to preach the gospel to us in the house of God, you are still in possession of this house; and so we come to you, reverend sir, with the request that you will not send us away comfortless and unblessed."

"You are right, Mr. Schumann," replied GERHARDT, after some hesitation. "I deserve your reproof! It was nothing but an undue fear of man that caused me to refuse you. Let your friends come in."

And when he opened the door, there entered, with measured and solemn tread, the expectant men, in such numbers that the room was not large enough to contain them all, so that the door had to be left open for the accommodation of those who could not find room within. Then GERHARDT turned to Ebeling and said: "It was so ordered, dear friend, that you should

be present. So take your seat at the piano, sing and play a sacred hymn, that our hearts may be prepared for devotion."

Ebeling hastened at once to comply. He glanced at the two ladies, and said: "It was also just ordered that I should just at this time bring you those little books, so that we may all praise the Lord Jesus Christ. Come and unite with me in singing."

And without any ill-timed excuses or mock modesty, the two ladies did as requested, and after Ebeling had played a short prelude, they began:

"All hail to Thee, my Saviour and my God,
My soul's best portion, and my only trust!
Hail to Thee! bearer of our sin's sad load;
Thee! the Redeemer of our sleeping dust:
Thee! solace of the heavy-laden breast;
Thee! giver to the weary of Thy rest!

"Let me, O Jesus! on Thy bosom lean!
Until the flame of love burn bright and clear,
Consuming worldly sorrow, care, and sin,
And leaving naught but pure devotion there!
That heart and soul may find their comfort still
In questionless submission to Thy will!

"Oh! may Thy heart-blood's pure and precious tide,
And the bright image of Thy love divine,
To cleanse my sinful heart be still applied—
Reflected in my bosom, warm and shine,
Till the rich treasures of Thy grace and love
Have drawn my groveling soul to Thee above!"

Before the three had sung thus far, several of the men had already united with them; but now, as if in obedience to a pre-arranged sign, all united and sang:

"Oh! bosom of our dead and risen Lord!
Thou inexhaustless source of holy love!
Well-spring of wisdom, and of truth the guard,
Whose praises swell the choral hymn above!
Lo! every blessing of this nether sphere
Is but the purchase of thy sorrows here!

"In Thee the Godhead bodily is found!
In Thee our hopes and wishes centre all
Thou of God's temple corner-stone and ground,
When we are called to leave this earthly ball,
Oh! take us to thyself, that we may be
Forever and forever, Christ, with Thee!"

When the singing had ended, and the most profound and solemn silence reigned throughout the assembly, PAUL GERHARDT began by saying: "Dear friends, you have come to me with the request that I should give you counsel, strength and comfort. How rich would I, a poor mortal man, be, if I could divide these gifts among you in an acceptable manner. I can only unite with you in beseeching him, the Fountain of all light and consolation, to refresh and strengthen us amid the sufferings of this world. Therefore, let us commit all our sorrow and trouble, and whatever causes the heart to grow sick and faint, to him who alone is able to counsel, help and comfort us, who, as long as the world has stood, and as long as the weary and heavy-laden have looked up to him, has never forgotten to be faithful to us poor mortals. Say not our afflictions are great and severe: God is always greater than our hearts, with all their cares and anxieties. See how God from the beginning has kept the sun, and moon, and stars, in their several courses, and preserved to them their splendor; how he commands

the clouds to carry their fountains of water, their lightning and thunder, over the whole earth! Are not the winds his messengers, and flames of fire his servants? Now, where, in obedience to the will of the Almighty, a whole creation pursues its way, and the time even of the worm in the dust is appointed, there, too, will be found room for the foot of man also.

"But, when man feels wretched and miserable—when the slightest affliction crushes him to the earth—when hope, inspired by Christianity, falls as a light seed into his heart, so that it may be blown away again by every breath that stirs—then we may conclude that trust in God has been put to shame. He who would endure the heat and burden of the day, and secure his lasting welfare, must consider how God, from the beginning, has governed and judged the world, and he will be comforted. Where the Holy Spirit does not bring about a union between the work of man and the work of God, *there* all is labor and sorrow, *there* are cares, but no rest; *there* are afflictions and anxieties, but neither joy nor peace; *there* are pains and tormentings, but never any confidence and abiding hope! Even the bitterest anguish and deepest grief have accomplished nothing with God, where a believing and trusting heart has not added its cries and its supplications.

"It is foolish to undertake to recount to God the necessities and anxieties of this life, and still more foolish to attempt to prescribe to him how to manage this or that. Has not the Lord, from the beginning, regulated the world and all that is therein? And his wisdom, his grace, and his truth, are they not from

all eternity? Does he not know what is good or hurtful for us mortal men? Has he not numbered our days, when as yet there was none of them? And what he has from all eternity determined in regard to us, that he will also execute. He sends affliction, but he also gives strength; and if the Lord chooses to deliver us, he can come to us in a thousand different ways, and none dare ask: 'Lord, what doest thou?' Man in his pride is indeed prone to ask this question, and the mighty men of the earth have at all times set themselves against the Lord and his anointed, and have acted as if they wanted to turn God aside from his ways; but he that sitteth in the heavens laughs at them, and the Lord hath held them in derision. And he will speak to all in his wrath who resist him, and will vex them in his sore displeasure. For what God wills, *must* be, and no man can hinder it.

"Therefore, be not discouraged; let not your hope and confidence fail you; stand fast and immovable. Though you may have been cast down into the lowermost depth of misery, the Lord's arm is still long and strong enough to raise you up again. And he will do it; for he has promised that he will not forsake, with his grace, those who are faithful to him. Ye have need of patience, says the Scripture; but patience comes by faith, and depends on the word of God! Drive then all sadness from your hearts; the Lord, our God, who cannot suffer any evil or unrighteousness in the human heart, can also not abide sadness and gloom! And though our afflictions should not come to an end to-day or yet to-morrow, and we, in the weakness of our faith, be tempted to think that

God has forgotten us, the time and the hour will come to all, when we shall sing: 'The Lord has done all things well.'

"Till then cast all your cares upon the Lord Jesus, in whom the prayers and supplications of all the Christians on earth unite. For as the Father upholds the worlds in his hand, so does the Son uphold all mankind, with all their cares and burdens. But take heed that to these cares and burdens be not added words and deeds which are not in accordance with the will of God and his gospel. He who loves the Saviour from his heart, daily purifies his heart and mind more and more, so that the Lord may have less shame in coming in unto him. Pray the Lord to grant us the privilege enjoyed by John, who was permitted to recline, to rest himself upon his Master's breast. For *here* is the true house of God, and whoever has entered *herein* dwells in peace for evermore! Amen."

When GERHARDT had concluded his address to his hearers, who continued standing in an attitude of attention, as if still expecting something more, Ebeling began to play and sing:

"God is my joy, my refuge sure
In danger's dark and trying hour;
He drives no suppliant from his throne,
Contemns no lowly sufferer's moan!

"The pangs of death assailed me round;
The host of hell combined to wound;
My heart was breaking with my grief,
When God appeared for my relief!"

Scarcely had the music-director commenced, when all present who, as it appeared, were perfectly familiar

with GERHARDT's hymns, united with him in clear and joyful tones. Then GERHARDT pronounced the blessing, after which all passed out quietly and in silence.

As Mr. Schumann was stepping out of the front door, he unexpectedly met a thin, small, and exceedingly affable man, who accosted him by saying: "You have doubtless held divine service here in the house of the former deacon, PAUL GERHARDT. This is laudable and Christian! You had very fine, loud singing, during which I distinguished some very good female voices. True, the right-reverend Electoral Consistory have forbidden Mr. PAUL GERHARDT to instruct and preach; but what will not one do for the sake of such hungry souls as desire so anxiously to be fed?"

"I am much obliged to you for your good opinion," replied Mr. Schumann, with a spice of sarcasm in his tone. "Yet, should you, my honorable Mr. Stolpe, consider yourself at any time called upon to relate what has here transpired, and should you for this purpose wish to have a list of the names of those who have participated, then know first of all, that I am Mr. Schumann, head-master of the worthy shoemakers' guild, and reside in the corner house of Heiligengeist street. If desired, I can also give you the names of all whom you have seen passing out of this door, and with all of whom you are most likely not acquainted. I commend myself personally to the special favor of the private secretary." Thus saying, Mr. Schumann went his way.

But Mr. Stolpe looked after him, and with a quiet chuckle said to himself: "Clever people, these Lutheran citizens! Verily, it would be a pity for them if anything unpleasant should grow out of this."

CHAPTER VII.

THE ELECTORAL RESCRIPT.

"Wo unto them! for their day is come, the time of their visitation."—Jer. l. 27.

THE course pursued by our narrative takes us once more to the inn near the long bridge, where we are again introduced to an assembly, whom we find in a high, and as it seemed, not a very happy state of excitement. Mr. Matthias, the host, was all activity; and however far he stood aloof from all parties in matters of faith, he was, as we have already seen, still somewhat of a party man in matters pertaining to town gossip, at least in so far as his curiosity led him to inquire into whatever was going on. This time, however, the gathering was too large and boisterous to leave him any hope of obtaining a hearing. He therefore waited on his guests with all diligence, carefully treating each with like courtesy, in order thus to show that the position he occupied was one above all parties. Only at times, when he believed himself unobserved, the light of a very peculiar smile would flit across his countenance, just as if his inner self were saying: "Well, these church difficulties have, after all, some good things about them. War consumes more than peace."

From these humane reflections Mr. Matthias was

suddenly aroused by a unanimous call from the guests: "Read the rescript, Mr. Young! Read it!" was re-echoed from every part of the room. After a time, profound silence ensued, and the individual thus called upon rose and said: "Dear friends and fellow citizens, permit me first to say a few words. For the transcript of this Electoral reply to our right honorable Council, in reference to PAUL GERHARDT, I am indebted to our burgomaster, Mr. Tieffenbach, my esteemed friend and patron. The communication of this document to others has neither been expressly allowed nor forbidden. Hence, if I communicate it to you, it is done with the assurance that you will not only listen to it with becoming composure and propriety, but also refrain from any such remarks as might, in any way, be in violation of your obedience, and of the respect due to his Electoral Highness, or might show a want of brotherly love to the Reformed—apart from that consideration for our host, who, as you are aware, will be held responsible for every word spoken in his house. It is true, we are the sufferers; we are the injured ones, and the worm that is trodden upon writhes in the dust. But it shall not be said of Lutheran subjects, that they are less loyal and less peace-loving than the Reformed. We will not grow weary in our prayers and appeals, but at the same time we will not cowardly and tamely submit to what is manifestly unjust. We will defend our faithful pastors and our Church with words and actions, but no one shall ever be able to say of Lutheran citizens, that they are rebellious subjects. And now listen to the reply to our and the right honorable Council's petition.

"'FREDERIC WILLIAM, ELECTOR.

"'ESTEEMED AND LOYAL SUBJECTS: Your most humble supplication of the 13th of February has been duly presented to us, and we have learned from the same what the citizens requested of you, and you in turn requested of us, touching the restoration to his office of PAUL GERHARDT. You err in supposing that Provost Lilius was restored without drawing up a Reversal, for he wrote and signed one with his own hand.'

"This is correct," here remarked Mr. Young, interrupting himself, "though I do not hesitate to say that our aged Provost, if he had not drawn it up, would doubtless have spent his declining days in greater peace and happiness than is the case now, when, though not actually fallen away from the faith, he must nevertheless be troubled in his conscience. However, every servant standeth or falleth to his own master. The document continues:

"'We have important reasons in acting in compliance with our edicts, and not retaining this said PAUL GERHARDT in the office of the ministry without signing the Reversal. Of what you, in addition, mention regarding his extraordinary piety, we know nothing; but we do know that at a meeting of our Consistory, when the blame of this opposition was laid to the charge of the licentiate Reinhardt, this same PAUL GERHARDT, without the least cause, but only to show his hasty temper, rose and said that such was not the fact, but that he himself would have persuaded Reinhardt not to yield, had he manifested any disposition to do so, and that in consideration of his seniority in years and office, he should have felt sorry to have followed

others; and, in addition to this, we are still further advised that this same GERHARDT, in the weakness that has befallen him, invited the other preachers to his house, where he earnestly exhorted them not to sign the Reversal.'

As Young here paused, a voice from among the assembly was heard to say: "All this is designed to be condemnatory evidence against Mr. GERHARDT, whereas it in reality proves his fidelity to his faith. But this is just our misfortune, that fidelity to the faith is regarded as an act of disobedience to the Electoral command."

"Such is unfortunately the case, Mr. Schumann," remarked Young; "and this unhappy misconstruction is the sole cause of all our trouble. Besides, there are two other points in this Electoral reply which painfully affect me. First, the one that our great Elector does not or will not know anything about the pious and Christian life of our PAUL GERHARDT, though there is probably not a soul, either in Berlin or Cologne, who can be said to be ignorant of it. And yet it may even be so, for it takes a long time before the name of a citizen overleaps the wall of courtiers, and reaches the ears of the prince. The second is, that GERHARDT is accused of showing a hasty temper. This charge does not proceed from the Elector's heart, but from those who look upon fidelity to the faith and obedience to our Lord's injunction—'Be ye ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh a reason of the hope that is in you'—as hastiness of temper. According to this, the apostle must have had a very hasty temper when he replied to a council at Jerusalem, who charged

him not to teach in the name of Christ, 'We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.' No, with this declaration his Electoral Highness is not acquainted; and this is the more to be regretted because the succeeding part of the reply is based upon it. The document goes on to say:

"'This behavior on his part does not show that he is as pious a man as you represent him to be; but he will only prove himself such when, as in duty bound, he accommodates himself to the will of his superiors in matters not contrary to his conscience, and ceases, by his opposition, to set others a bad example.'"

"This is a hard and wicked saying," exclaimed some one in the assembly.

"Do you think so, Mr. Hassler?" asked the reader. "Yes, these are hard words indeed, and the accusation they contain holds out no very promising future to our dear pastor Whoever sets a bad example of opposition to the laws of the government is, in reality, nothing less than a rebel, and may God in His mercy prevent this affair from coming to such an issue. This would be a lamentable ending."

At these words a peculiar cough was heard, such as is usually indulged in by an individual who, whilst he is dissatisfied with a certain remark, still does not possess sufficient courage to offer a reply. Mr. Young turned his eyes towards the cougher, and said: "Dear Mr. Matthias, a friendly hint in time is always worthy of gratitude. For though your language sounded somewhat strange and foreign to our ears, it was nevertheless very intelligible, especially as we know your position to be above all parties. Therefore, what

still follows, in this Electoral reply, concerns you most of all." He continued:

"'As regards the testimony which you and the citizens bear in favor of the said PAUL GERHARDT, you will remember that one similar to this was heretofore borne by you also in favor of the licentiate Reinhardt, who afterwards boasted of having pursued a directly opposite course, a boast which he fully justified by censuring and denouncing the Reformed in every sermon he preached, and also by creating disturbance in the Colloquium referred to, by the violence and asperity of his remarks against the Reformed.'

"Here," suddenly exclaimed Young, whilst ceasing to read, "here, dear friends and fellow-citizens, lies the rock which will crush our hopes of a more favorable turn in our affairs. Our prayers and intercessions for Mr. GERHARDT are rejected, as a suspicious and incredible testimony. Herein lies the severe accusation, both against the council and citizens, namely, that we do not hesitate to bestow praise on one who is not deserving of it. We are accused of being capable of deceiving his Electoral Highness; and this accusation blasts our last hope. Dear friends and fellow-citizens, who among you is ready with a solemn oath, or, if need be, with his life, to confirm the testimony he has borne in favor of our beloved pastor GERHARDT, the faithful witness for our Lutheran faith?"

In answer to this question, there resounded from every part of the room, in loud and almost tumultuous tones: "We, all of us Lutheran citizens, would blush to tell a falsehood." And one, with a voice louder than the rest, called out: "Who will follow me to the

palace? We will pledge our heads that a Lutheran heart does not willfully or knowingly lie or deceive!"

"Yes, to the palace!" was repeated by others, in voices still more boisterous. "Have things come to such a pass that the testimony of Lutheran citizens is no longer credited?" And with this, many arose from their seats, amidst considerable noise. But this was too much for Mr. Matthias. Like one in mortal terror, he ran back and forth, as far as the confused space would permit, closed his ears, bolted the door, and barricaded it by planting his own person firmly against it. But Mr. Young raised his hand and exclaimed to the crowd: "What are you doing?"

These words at once produced a death-like stillness. "Beloved fellow-citizens, is this the quiet and order you promised to observe? When I said that we would seal our testimony with our blood, I did not mean that we would go forth with swords and staves! That would be rebellion, and from this may God in his mercy preserve us! Remember the injunction, 'Let every man be subject to the higher power, which has authority over him.' We have no other weapons than prayers and entreaties. We are to persevere and continue faithful to the end; faithful to our Lutheran faith, and faithful to our Lutheran ministers, though it should cost us all we possess, and even (which may God mercifully avert) endanger our very lives. This is what I call confirming our testimony with our property and our blood, but not as you intended doing, by going forth as disobedient, refractory, and rebellious citizens. If we are deeply and justly pained because suspicion is thrown around the honor of

Lutheran citizens, our Lutheran faith still rests upon a firmer foundation than our feeble strength can supply. It rests upon the one foundation which is laid, and another no man can lay—Jesus Christ; and this foundation can neither be shaken nor moved. Our great Elector is a pious, just, and gracious sovereign; but being only a man, he is unable fully to understand the human heart, but equally unable designedly to commit an act of injustice. If he be not correctly informed, it is our duty humbly to endeavor to undeceive him, and to repeat our request. This is the object of our meeting this evening. However, before we begin to confer about it, let us first hear the conclusion of the Electoral reply."

And after those present had once more resumed their seats, and quiet had been once more restored, so that Mr. Matthias began again to breathe freely, and feel safe in opening the door, Mr. Young resumed his reading:

"'If, therefore, you desire to see this PAUL GERHARDT reinstated in his office, you must earnestly admonish him not to oppress his conscience by causing any further disturbance, by which he will draw upon himself the just displeasure of God. We will suffer, within our dominions, neither him nor any other minister who refuses to sign this very moderate Reversal; an act which this GERHARDT may perform the more readily, because, according to your statement, he has already exhibited so much moderation. Should he, however, steadily persist in refusing to do this, you will have to select another pastor, who will consent to sign the Reversal; and you will, without

any unnecessary delay, call him, so that, in case of your neglect, we may not ourselves be obliged to do so. You will do well to attend to this. As for the rest, we are graciously inclined toward you.

"'PRESIDENT VON SCHWERIN.

"'*Cleves, February 28th, 1666.*'

"According to this, dear friends and fellow-citizens, you see," now resumed Mr. Young, "that we are in great danger of losing our beloved pastor, unless he consent to sign the Reversal, something which all of us neither hope nor desire. But, on the other hand, our most serene Elector is just as decided in declaring that Mr. GERHARDT can never again be restored to his office without the required signature. Here, then, there seems to be little hope left us; and whatever is to be accomplished, can be done only by the favor of the Elector, and by the persevering and earnest petitioning of our city council and ourselves. The offering of the petition is our work. But before we proceed any further in the discussion of this subject, I must, first of all, ask you whether it is really your desire that Mr. PAUL GERHARDT be restored to his office?"

The question was replied to by a unanimous and almost boisterous YES, whilst every countenance was lighted up with a sober joy, and even the landlord, Mr. Matthias, embraced this opportunity to show himself a good Lutheran citizen, not only by joining in the universal YES, but also by whispering in the ear of Mr. Young: "This is the right way, Mr. Young; you are a man of true honor, and altogether incapable of giving offense to anybody. This is my principle too: Live and let live."

Mr. Young, however, must have overheard this philanthropic recognition; but without noticing it, he continued to address the assembly: "Since then, we are agreed upon this one point and also another, namely, on that of addressing a second petition to the Chief-council, it will be necessary first to discuss how this petition is to be drawn up."

After some moments of deep silence, during which every eye seemed directed towards the venerable weaver, Lorenz Oerttel, as if desirous that he should lead off in this matter, the old man began by saying: "When, now about fifty-three years ago, John Sigismund abandoned the Confession of the faith of his fathers, great complaints were heard among the Lutheran congregations. I was at that time a young man of twenty, and, to be honest, in my religious views, one of those who are nowadays denominated Syncretists, or rather worse than them, for then I had but few scruples on the subject of religion. But when our sovereign went over to the Reformed, it seemed as if he had suddenly become possessed of a different spirit; and not only myself, but all the young men who had hitherto been indifferent to their faith and practice, regarded it henceforth a point of honor to become zealous Lutherans. I would not, at that time, fully explain to myself the reason why this was so, and therefore regarded my own zeal in the matter with some suspicion. It is, however, all clear to me now. Religion is like a pearl of great price, to which no one appears to attach any special value, as long as he remains in undisturbed possession of it; but no sooner is he threatened with the danger of losing it altogether,

than it becomes precious to him, and he is willing, as the Bible says, to sell all that he hath to retain it. If, therefore, his Electoral Highness regards with distrust the testimony of Lutheran citizens, and if such distrust be based on the circumstance of our having before interceded as earnestly for Mr. Reinhardt, as we do now for Mr. PAUL GERHARDT, because the former was undeserving of it, it appears to me that his Electoral Highness has altogether overlooked the fact that we have appealed to our sovereign for the exercise of his clemency, not merely in behalf of an individual, but also and in particular in behalf of our faith, and that our appeal was made in obedience to the fidelity we owe to our Lutheran Confession. Our ministers are not our servants, but the servants of our religious Confession, and the defenders of our faith. Hence, if we show them any personal consideration, it is done, not indeed from a sense of love and gratitude to them personally, but principally from love to the one goodly pearl, whose preciousness, if threatened in one, is threatened in all. I therefore exceedingly regret that his Electoral Highness, contrary to all expectation, has refused in answer to the united and earnest supplication of the right honorable Council and of the citizens, graciously to restore to his office, without signing the Reversal, our PAUL GERHARDT, the pious and Christian preacher, who has no superior in this city in doctrine and life. For what has been done? The Elector has not only pointedly refused compliance with our request, but, in addition, has earnestly declared that he will suffer no minister in his dominions, and consequently in our city, who refuses to sign the Re-

versal. What, then, have we to expect? Nothing else than that soon no one will remain to us at St. Nicolai but the Provost, who, apart from other considerations, is daily failing in strength, and, in all probability, soon will finish his warfare. Must, therefore, this reply, threatening such danger to our Lutheran Church, not strike terror and dismay into every heart? We scarcely know yet whether we are living in or out of the world! Have we not hitherto surrendered all we had to our most serene Elector, and that, too, with such readiness, patience and submission, that no one will ever be able, even after our death, to call in question our loyalty? All this we have done patiently, because we esteemed it our duty as citizens; but now, when our heart of hearts is assailed, and we are to be deprived of the faithful pastors and preachers of our Lutheran faith, we cannot but feel that this is too much to endure. I am an old man, and almost too feeble to undergo bodily punishment; but if I should be subjected to such punishment for what I have here said, I would joyfully submit, even though the pallet of straw within the prison cell should form my dying bed."

This address, which had nearly exhausted the speaker's strength, made a deep impression upon the entire assembly; yet greatly as it was calculated to inflame the passions, it had rather a disheartening effect. Despondency seemed written upon every countenance except that of Mr. Matthias, the landlord, which was lit up with a smile of satisfaction, as much as to say that the conduct of his guests met his entire approbation.

Mr. Young then broke the silence by saying: "I must repeat it—it is exceedingly to be regretted, that the condition to sign the Reversal is regarded not as a matter of conscience, but as an act of opposition to his Electoral Highness, and of hostility to the Reformed Church. Yet not one of our ministers has ever so regarded it; not more so than ourselves. Wherever these articles of faith have been discussed, it has been done either in private intercourse, or in public religious discussions, or in the pulpit, and in each case, the object was not to defame or abuse, but to search out the truth and to quiet the conscience; and surely this is in full accord with the Lord's command. But as long as a faithful endeavor to keep one's conscience inviolate, is looked upon as an act of disobedience against the sovereign, so long we cannot look for deliverance. Moreover, the Elector viewed this matter formerly with far less displeasure. In the edict of June 2, 1662, it is said: 'That the ministers and preachers already officiating are to be exempted from signing the Reversal, and that only candidates shall be required to do so at the time of their appointment;' and in the edict of September 16, 1664, the same provision, not being revoked, is practically reiterated. Now if the ministers already appointed, and among them even such as stand with one foot in the grave, are to be required to sign the Reversal, in violation of an Electoral provision to the contrary, how can subjects exercise confidence in the laws of their sovereign? In that case, are we not forced to the conclusion that the laws of our country are interpreted and obeyed only as they are agreeable to the individual?

I too wish to guard myself against showing, even in appearance, disrespect to our great Elector, and desired only to say that God will judge those who intentionally perplex and enslave the consciences of men."

"We shall also do well," now remarked Mr. Christian Kuntze, the furrier, "if, in our next petition, we direct attention to the fact that our ministers refuse to sign the Reversal only on the most mature conviction. They have considered the subject for years. Besides, it is an established fact that especially our ministers, and above all, our beloved GERHARDT, have studiously refrained from indulging in abusive and reproachful language against the Reformed, and have always restrained themselves within proper bounds when defending their Lutheran faith. And why does Mr. GERHARDT refuse to sign the Reversal? Because our Lutheran faith forbids it, because his conscience does not permit him, and because his office and calling bind him, in particular, to be loyal to his Church. Is not all this the word and work of an honest man? But now, if the edict drives just such faithful and loyal men from our pulpits, by whom are they to be replaced? By those who have signed the Reversal? But would we in that case not condemn ourselves, if we would employ ministers, who have obtained their appointment by their disloyalty to the Lutheran doctrines? Would not that bring us in conflict with our own consciences?"

"Most assuredly," added Mr. Gabriel Schumann. "For an accusing conscience is a great terror; though it can neither be seen nor heard, yet it gives rest neither day nor night; it meddles with every thought,

with every prayer and desire, and disturbs all our bodily and spiritual rest. For this reason, his Electoral Highness has hitherto left the consciences of his subjects undisturbed. We have in our principality Catholics, Jews, Anabaptists, and Weigelians—all of whom fully enjoy liberty of conscience and have their own ministers, but no such thing as signing a Reversal is required of any. Why then are just we Lutherans who in time of war have sacrificed our property, our honor, and our blood, and who in peace are still bearing the heavy burdens imposed by that same war—why are our Lutheran ministers, who have in no way been guilty of disloyalty, to be less favored than Anabaptists and Jews, Catholics and Weigelians?"

"All this is very true," remarked Mr. Joachim Liebrecht, the baker. "Yet the granting of our request appears to me still only in the light of a favor. Our great Elector, moved by a spirit of Christian kindness, is bent on restoring the peace of the Church; to this end the edicts have been published. Now if our beloved PAUL GERHARDT is to be excused from signing the Reversal, it can be done only as a special favor of the Elector. Hence I am of opinion that we have nothing further to do than to continue humbly to petition his serene Highness till he grant us a favorable answer. Consequently, we will trust to the Christian kindness of our most gracious sovereign, and to his noble and widespread fame. We will adjure our great and just Elector to grant us this favor, for the sake of his praiseworthy, high, and excellent princes, for the sake of his beloved consort, yea, for the sake of the mercy of God. One word of entreaty accomplishes more than ten spoken impatiently."

"We do indeed stand in need of the mercy of God," said old Mr. Oerttel. "Amid the troubles that are to be met with in every department of life, civil, military and domestic, there is doubtless to be found a daily and hourly sighing to the Lord of lords, the great and jealous God; still I am of opinion that God will be the more plenteous in mercy to a land whose people first exercise mercy and charity among themselves. It is only fair, humbly to remind his Electoral Highness of this in our next petition, and not simply request that our beloved PAUL GERHARDT be restored to his office without affixing his signature to the Reversal, but also that all our other ministers be permitted to enjoy the same privilege. Even though some among them may have erred by now and then making use of improper expressions, his Electoral Highness will remember that the highest power of a prince is not exercised so much in the punishment as in the pardon of offences. If peace is to come to our church, it will come by forbearance and charity, and not by severity and human laws. Only when this is done will our depressed spirits rise again, and will we feel assured that his Electoral Highness, according to the oft-repeated assurance of the edict, does not intend to grieve or disturb us in our religion."

These earnest words from the venerable old man met with the hearty approval of all present, Mr. Matthias, the host, especially included, and Mr. Young was once more instructed to draw up the second petition in accordance with the suggestions which had been made. After this had been done, and Mr. Young had satisfactorily accomplished his task, as may be

seen from the document preserved to this day in the royal ministerial archives, it was again signed by the head-masters of the different guilds represented before, with the addition of those of the joiners, cutlers, armorers and coppersmiths, who had not been present at the first meeting.

Mr. Young, in view of his intimacy with the burgomaster Tieffenbach, was this time also commissioned to present the petition, which unfortunately was destined to meet with even less favor than the first.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GREAT ELECTOR.

"Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister."—Matt. xx. 25, 26.

IN order to give the reader as faithful and lively a picture as possible of the religious conflicts of those days, we must beg him to accompany us on a long, and at that time a very fatiguing and dangerous journey, from Berlin to Cleves, where, in the ancient castle of Schauenburg, the great Elector usually resided from mid-winter to mid-summer. We accompany a carriage, in which are seated four persons, two of whom are still strangers to us. These are Mr. John Tieffenbach, Electoral privy-counsellor and third burgomaster of the city of Berlin, and his wife, Euphrosyna Reinhardt. Inasmuch as the Council of Berlin desired to leave nothing whatever undone which might contribute to the accomplishment of the wishes of the citizens in regard to PAUL GERHARDT, especially as they themselves sympathized most heartily with them, the youngest burgomaster, who had urgent business calling him to Cleves, was charged with presenting the joint petition of the citizens and Council to the Elector in person, in order to bring, if possible, by verbal intercession, the matter to a desirable and speedy end. The two other companions of the deputy were Mr.

Young and his daughter, Dorothea, who owed this honor to the relationship they bore to the wife of Burgomaster Tieffenbach; an honor which Young accepted the more cheerfully, because it afforded him the opportunity both of manifesting his zeal for Mr. Paul Gerhardt, and of redeeming a promise long since made to his daughter.

When the travelers had arrived in Cleves, and taken lodgings at the Golden Lion, they, or rather Dorothea, received the honor of a very unexpected visit. A low, timid knock at the door was given; it opened, and through the opening was thrust a thin, smirking countenance, at the sight of which Dorothea uttered, as she had done once before at Mr. Gerhardt's, a scream of terror. It was the private secretary Stolpe, who crept in as silently as a serpent, and with his accustomed servile politeness, said: "I beg a thousand pardons, for I know well that I am not worthy to join such an honorable company, especially as I have the misfortune of always meeting with an ungracious reception. Nevertheless, I thought that in a strange place, an individual of as low a station as I am might be more readily permitted to pay his respects to such highly respectable gentlemen and ladies, since experience teaches that the unexpected meeting together of countrymen in a strange city is productive of peculiar pleasure. I therefore once more humbly beg your pardon."

"How do you happen to come so suddenly to Cleves, Mr. Stolpe?" asked the burgomaster, when he saw that the rest showed no disposition to enter into conversation with him.

"In the service of my gracious master, Baron von Schwerin, President of the Consistory," replied the Secretary. "We arrived here yesterday, in company with the reverend Court-chaplain, Mr. Stosch. And although men of humble station, like myself, are seldom or never made acquainted with the intentions of their masters, I can nevertheless inform your worship that the unpleasant religious affairs which have been pending for years already have made a personal conference between the President and his Electoral Highness necessary. Now, I do not know whether it was my fortune or my misfortune to have been advised of your arrival here; and as soon as I learned it, I followed the promptings of my heart, by hastening thither, for the purpose of offering you my humble services, inasmuch as I am not altogether a stranger in this city. Of the object of your presence here, I, of course, know nothing—"

"Nor is it necessary, Mr. Secretary," was the quick and indignant reply of Mr. Young, the working of whose features showed that he had long been waiting for an opportunity to give vent to his displeasure. "Perhaps you have been again to the inn near the long bridge?"

"Owing to an accummulation of business," replied Stolpe, with a sycophantic smile, "I have not for many weeks been able to gain the time."

"According to this, then," continued Young, pointedly, "you have not been there since you had the kindness to enlighten us on some points of ecclesiastical history? I mean the time when you were pleased to afford a certain citizen, Young by name, an

opportunity of vindicating himself before the city court."

"The respected Mr. Young is jesting with my humble self," replied the Secretary, with his accustomed oiliness. But Dorothea, agitated by the most painful feelings, turned a beseeching look toward her father, as much as to say, "Father, I entreat you, do not offend this man." Young, however, did not seem to notice this silent appeal, and continued: "No, Mr. Secretary, I am not jesting with you, and wish only to express to you my regret that you were not present at that inn within the last few days; for there were all manner of opinions expressed, which, had you been present, you might have reported at the proper place."

"Never mind, dear cousin," here remarked the burgomaster, interrupting him. "What's past, is past; and Mr. Stolpe is correct in saying that in strange places we are glad to meet even those with whom we have had little or no intercourse at home. Therefore I bid you welcome, Mr. Stolpe, and as you are familiar with this city, I shall be greatly obliged to you, if you will kindly render me such assistance as I may require. And first of all, do you know whether his Electoral Highness is at the castle just now?"

"Of course, your worship," replied Stolpe; "and if I can do anything for you, I am at your service."

"Perhaps you know," continued the burgomaster, "whether the President of the Consistory would feel inclined to grant me a short interview?"

"O, certainly," assured the Secretary, "and if your worship desire it, I will hasten to announce you. The President resides not far from here."

"I shall be much obliged to you, if you will do so," said the burgomaster. I shall follow you forthwith."

Now, as ready as Stolpe had shown himself in offering his services, he nevertheless did not like the idea of hastening his departure. He had, as yet, not even so much as caught a look from Dorothea, on whose account alone he had come. He therefore turned toward her with all the deference he could command, and said: "Highly honored Miss Dorothea, if, as I venture to hope, you also are glad in a strange place to meet those whom at home you consider far beneath you in position, you will permit me to show you about the city, of course, in company with your esteemed father, who, at the bottom of his heart, is not as angry with me as appears on the surface. I will therefore take the liberty of calling again somewhat later. For the present, adieu."

And with these words, the cringing Secretary left the room.

"For pity's sake, dear cousin, what have you done?" exclaimed the burgomaster. "It will not do to make an enemy of a man like Stolpe."

"I know it well, my esteemed cousin," replied Young, "and I now wish I had not said what I did. Yet you can scarcely believe how I loathe the very sight of that hypocrite. And as I do not care to go about the city in company with him, I propose that you let your wife accompany Dorothea and myself in a short stroll through the streets. Meanwhile you can attend to your business, in which may God give you His blessing."

Whilst we leave these three to pursue their way, let

us follow the burgomaster on his grave and important mission. Notwithstanding the kind assurance of the private Secretary Stolpe, the burgomaster did not succeed in obtaining an interview with the President, on account of the latter being with the Elector. Consequently, Tieffenbach determined at once, and without further preliminaries, to seek an audience with his Electoral Highness. On entering the ante-chamber, he met the President and Court-chaplain, Stosch, who had doubtless come from some of the inner chambers, and were in the act of leaving the castle.

"Is this you, Mr. Burgomaster?" exclaimed the President in surprise. "What brings you here?"

"Business connected with my office, your Excellency," replied Tieffenbach. "I come in the name and service of the Council and citizens of Berlin, to present to his Electoral Highness a written and verbal petition, in behalf of our beloved pastor, PAUL GERHARDT; and I consider my present meeting with your Grace a favorable omen of the success of my mission. If the President will only speak a kind word to his Electoral Highness in my favor, my journey will not have been in vain."

This speech, though clever and winning as it was intended to be, nevertheless missed its aim. Scarcely had the burgomaster pronounced the name of PAUL GERHARDT, when the President drew down his brows, and said: "It is only three days since a similar petition was returned to the Council, with a negative reply. I think that ought to have been sufficiently plain, and should convince those interested how unalterably fixed his Electoral Highness is in his opinion

touching this matter. I can assure you in advance, Mr. Burgomaster, that all your efforts in behalf of Mr. GERHARDT will be unavailing, unless that gentleman return to his duty."

"Your Excellency is holding out poor prospects to me," said Tieffenbach. "Nevertheless, I trust that you will be pleased to grant me at least one more favor. The human heart is indefatigable in doing good, and frequently instead of justice mercy prevails and sits in judgment. Therefore, I humbly request your right reverend Grace kindly to procure me an audience with his Electoral Highness, if only for a few moments."

"This I will do with pleasure," said the Baron, more cordially, "though I wish you had brought a more acceptable message than this unexpected repetition of your former request. Give me your papers, and await my return. Meanwhile Mr. Stosch will be pleased to keep you company."

The burgomaster handed his papers to the President, who re-entered the inner chambers. It was, however, some time before our two gentlemen could converse together with any show of freedom. The Court-chaplain, Stosch, was too well known as the personal opponent of the Lutherans, for Mr. Tieffenbach, who, on his part, belonged to the strictest Lutherans, to converse with him frankly and confidentially, notwithstanding the assumed cordiality with which the other introduced conversation. As Tieffenbach himself refrained from making the most distant allusion to the religious controversy, and also studiously evaded the attempts of Stosch to draw him into

it, these two men tormented each other with the customary every-day questions and answers for the space of half an hour, during which time the burgomaster was in an agony of suspense. And indeed he had already begun to fear that he would not be admitted, when a servant entered, to usher him into the presence of his Electoral Highness.

It was not without many misgivings that Mr. Tieffenbach followed the servant through a number of magnificent apartments, till, having arrived within one of somewhat smaller dimensions, he was requested there to await the entrance of the prince. The servant left through a side door. After Tieffenbach had again spent a considerable time of painful suspense between hope and fear, a door opened, and the Elector, accompanied by the President, entered. But the very manner of his entrance augured no good.

Frederic William, the great Elector, then in his forty-sixth year, was a man who, by his personal appearance, awed into respect every one that approached him. His aquiline nose stood out in bold relief from between his small eyes, which, shaded by broad, bushy brows, emitted piercing, almost contemptuous glances. A carefully-cultivated moustache covered his upper lip, whilst his cheeks and chin were shaved clean, with the exception of a small tuft of hair on his lower lip. Although the Elector had hitherto worn only his own beautiful hair, he had now begun, gradually, to conform to the growing custom of covering his comely and venerable head with a frost of artistically arranged and frizzled hair. A monstrous wig, which covered half of his noble forehead, fell in

thick curls on both sides of his head, down to his very shoulders, completely hiding his ears, and encasing his face, from the extreme of his eye-brows down to both sides of the chin, so that nothing was visible except his large double chin. This head-dress, borrowed from French taste, did not, however, harmonize with his Holland garb, which he usually wore in time of peace, and he therefore afterwards adopted in full the French fashion.

Frederic William, whose dignified and grave manners commanded respect, met the burgomaster with a clouded brow. His fire-flashing eyes gave evidence of irritation. In his hand he held the two petitions that had been presented to him, and, without noticing the respectful bow of the burgomaster, said abruptly, and somewhat rudely: "You serve a bad cause. We had expected of you, as burgomaster of our capital, a good reason for this visit. Can you answer for every word herein contained?"

"I hope so," replied Tieffenbach. "These two documents contain nothing which could in any way conflict with the obedience we owe to your Electoral Highness."

"You speak boldly, Mr. Burgomaster," said the Elector, sharply. "Who are these deputies from the citizens? Do you know them?"

"They are all of them," replied the burgomaster, "your Serene Highness's loyal subjects, and faithful adherents to their religion."

"Yes, they ought to be such," quickly replied the Elector, "but they are not. They are a turbulent people, who hate the peace of the Church, and greatly

prefer contention. We are assured that these deputies did not of their own accord, but merely at the instigation of some disturbers of the peace, draw up this petition and present it to you. If each one of these signers were individually examined, nothing more would appear than that they had been persuaded by a few of these disorderly and seditious men to place their names to this petition. Do you know the author of this one presented by the citizens?"

As the burgomaster remained silent for a few moments, debating with himself whether he would be justified in divulging the name of his cousin, the President remarked: "This petition is precisely similar in style and contents to the first; and since, as I have been assured, a certain Mr. Young, the head master of the weaver guild, drew up the first, he must doubtless also be the author of the second."

"This same Young," repeated the Elector, "has long been known to us as the most violent instigator and leader of these turbulent men. I command you, Schwerin, that you have that man particularly called to account. How dare such a man write," continued the Elector, in a most ungracious tone, and with his eyes fixed upon the paper, "that the citizens were so amazed at our resolution touching your disobedient preacher, that they did not know whether they were in or out of the world, that they had given away nearly all their property, that they are deeply affected on account of their being deprived of their faithful pastor and preacher, that not one of all their preachers has ever opposed us or our religion in an improper manner, and employ other unadvised expressions

equally far from the truth. Say, Mr. Burgomaster, how will you justify these unseemly and absurd falsehoods of Mr. Young?"

Tieffenbach, though a little abashed by the stern and cutting remarks of the Elector, soon regained courage, and said: "If the author of this petition has been guilty of using unseemly language, he has not done so with any evil intent, but from a feeling of Christian sympathy for our deposed minister GERHARDT; and your Electoral Highness, in view of a feeling so natural, will be graciously pleased to overlook such imperfections."

"And if you are forced to acknowledge this, that the author has used disrespectful language," continued Frederic William, "was it not the duty of the Council of Berlin to send such a petition back? But instead of doing this, that same Council writes concerning it: 'We find, in this accompanying petition, so many arguments and reasons, that we deem it unnecessary to add still more. Such is the opinion of the Council of Berlin.' Verily, after this, we are not surprised that you not only did not treat the citizens as they deserved, but even presumed, in your paper, to characterize such unseemly and unfounded stuff as arguments, thereby approving of them, and pronouncing them as altogether sufficient. And in endorsing their shameful and absurd falsehoods, and in presenting them to us, you have made yourselves partakers."

"Serene Elector," replied the burgomaster, "God is my witness, that neither the Council nor the citizens of Berlin intended to offend against the respect and obedience due to your Electoral Highness, or to say

aught that might be inconsistent with the truth; but this is only the language of humble suppliants, whose peace and perhaps salvation depend upon the success of their petition. For, my gracious Sovereign will pardon me in saying that all of us citizens were greatly alarmed and grieved when we learned, not only that our minister, PAUL GERHARDT, was not to be restored to office without signing the Reversal, but also that no one, following his example, would hereafter be tolerated in the country, and consequently in our city. It was only on this account that the citizens, and, among these, more especially the congregation of St. Nicolai, have presented to us an humble and feeling petition, in order that we, the Council of Berlin, might unite with them in entreating your Electoral Highness to grant us this favor."

The Elector seemed far from being favorably affected by this speech; he threw the two documents upon the table, and paced several times up and down the room. Then he again took up the petition of the citizens, and said: "We reserve to ourselves the right to visit with severe punishment the author of this paper; and you, Schwerin, will faithfully report to us the execution of this punishment, and the manner in which it was inflicted. It is unheard of," he continued, "how unseemly this petitioner pleads his groundless cause. What does he mean by saying that the citizens do not know whether they live in or out of the world? And is the Council of our capital really so short-sighted and foolish as to believe this?"

"Gracious Sovereign," replied Tieffenbach, not without a tinge of bitterness in his manner. "Whenever

the heart is aroused to the most important concern of life, such an expression may well—"

"Attempt no justification, Mr. Burgomaster," replied the Elector in a tone of command. "We will tell you what this language on the part of the citizens means. It is a monstrous exaggeration and falsehood, invented by the author of this document, for the purpose of creating disturbance, for which he shall receive his well-merited punishment. Should the citizens, which we do not expect, be of the same opinion, let them look well to it, that they do not, by these unnecessary complaints and lamentations, offend against God, and thus provoke him to send upon them calamitous times, and cause them to suffer in reality that against which they now falsely remonstrate."

The very excited and ungracious mood of the Elector completely dampened, at least for the moment, the courage of the burgomaster, and he stood silent and with downcast eyes before his sovereign. Yet his Highness was by no means softened by the quiet submission with which his reproaches and accusations were received, but took up again the unfortunate petition, and continued: "And what does he mean by saying that the citizens had given up all they had?"

"Your Electoral Highness will graciously bear in mind," replied Tieffenbach, "how the citizens of your capital, and among these, all the Lutherans, amid the greatest dangers of the late protracted and bloody war, as well as on all previous occasions, have remained faithful, obedient, and steadfast up to the present moment. Your Electoral Highness has prom-

ised to relieve us some day from the heavy burden of war-taxes; since, however, this promise has thus far, of necessity, remained unfulfilled, the citizens have taken the liberty of alluding to it, but only, I assure your serene Highness, with the view of inducing their gracious sovereign to grant them this one prayer—that their ministers be exempted from signing the Reversal."

"According to this then one might think," sneeringly remarked the prince, "that the citizens of our capital were in great bodily want. But does not their daily life show precisely the contrary? Have not you, the Council of Berlin, repeatedly complained that luxury and extravagance were carried to such a great extent among the citizens, that it was high time that something should be done to check them? Do not foreigners often allege that luxury and pomp prevail nowhere to a greater extent than in the cities of Berlin and Cologne? And if the inhabitants of these cities have contributed their part towards bearing the burden of the late expensive war, or are still obliged to contribute, because the wounds inflicted by a thirty years' war cannot be healed at once, they have only shared the fate of others. Nay, Mr. Burgomaster, you need not be reminded by us that the cities of Berlin and Cologne, during our reign, have enjoyed greater prosperity than ever before, and appearances plainly indicate that the wealth of our capital is daily on the increase."

"The Council and the citizens," said the burgomaster, "do not fail to acknowledge this with profound gratitude. We know that your exalted name is known

over the whole world, and that your serene Highness is in all lands called the 'Great Elector.' We are, moreover, proud of living under such a reign; and should necessity again require, which may God in mercy avert, that the government of your Electoral Highness must be defended against foreign enemies, no hand would withhold its aid, but all would cheerfully sacrifice their treasure and their blood. But my gracious sovereign will remember that the deposition of its most faithful pastor cannot but strike at the very heart of a congregation, and that—"

"It is well," interposed the Elector, in the same ungracious tone as before, "that you remind us of this additional grievance set forth in this document. The assertion of the citizens that the deposition of their faithful preacher and pastor is a blow aimed at the very heart of the congregation, is equally false. We have no desire to deprive them of their preachers, but wish only that, in compliance with our edicts, they refrain from abusing, calumniating, denouncing, and condemning the Reformed as heretics. For we cannot and will not suffer this any longer. But the statement of the author of this document, that no one has ever been guilty of abusing and calumniating our religion, is altogether false. For you very well know that the preachers of Berlin were themselves the cause of our demanding the Reversal from them. For if your preachers had manifested a spirit of moderation, and kept within bounds, we should most willingly have spared them the necessity. All this you, the Council of Berlin, knew, and instead, therefore, of rejecting such an untimely and silly supplication, and

teaching both the citizens and your disobedient preachers something better, we, to our great displeasure, find you in full accord with these people."

"Most gracious Sovereign," now remarked Tieffenbach, "we cannot but feel deeply grieved at having incurred the displeasure of your serene Highness by our petition. We supplicated for mercy, and suppliants are always unfortunates; for our Redeemer has said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Now that differences have arisen between Lutheran congregations and their ministers, in consequence of the required signing of the Reversal, and that ministers have been perplexed in their conscience, and congregations in their ministers, are facts of which your Electoral Highness need not be reminded by me. Are these distressed Lutheran congregations, therefore, to be blamed for fearing that in the end they might be altogether deprived of the free exercise of their Lutheran worship?"

"So, then, you too, the Council of Berlin, share this foolish notion?" asked Fredric William, with a bitter and an almost contemptuous sneer. "In that case, we are verily not surprised that you did not disabuse the minds of the people of their wrong impressions. Be pleased, Mr. Burgomaster, to inform us of what we as yet are not even aware. Where and how are the citizens deprived of the free exercise of their Lutheran worship? Have their churches been locked against them? Have the Lutheran doctrines encountered opposition? Have you been forced to adopt the Reformed faith? Or, it may be, that perhaps you, the Council and citizens of Berlin, have a peculiar idea of

Lutheran religious liberty. You perhaps understand by it a free license, on the part of your ministers, to abuse, denounce and condemn at pleasure the Reformed and their religion? But have we not in our edicts prohibited also the Reformed from abusing, denouncing and condemning the Lutherans? Have we not accorded full liberty to each party to confess publicly its doctrines, and oppose such as conflict with the Gospel, provided only that this be done with all due Christian forbearance, and so as not to impute to the other party anything to which they do not consent. All this you know, and still you set yourself against it in word and deed."

Now, though the burgomaster by this time was fully convinced that he could not accomplish anything, but would be obliged to leave with the full weight of the displeasure of the Elector resting upon him, he yet determined to assume once more the attitude of supplication, and therefore said: "Your Electoral Highness, if we have erred in our petition, we have not done it intentionally, but owing solely to the phraseology, and therefore I humbly crave your pardon. The more immediate occasion of this petition was the deposition from office of our minister, PAUL GERHARDT. Since, therefore, your Electoral Highness has made the refraining, on the part of our ministers, from the use of all abusive and reproachful language against the Reformed doctrines, the only condition on which he can be retained, and since I myself, together with every citizen, can give the assurance, in all candor, that this same PAUL GERHARDT has never in any way been guilty of this offense; and since the truly Chris-

tian disposition of this man leads us to hope that even without signing the Reversal he will faithfully comply with the edicts, I would, therefore, venture humbly to entreat you once more to reinstate this PAUL GERHARDT in his office."

"And without his signing the Reversal?" quickly asked the Elector,

"Yes, most gracious Sovereign," replied Tieffenbach. "Mr. GERHARDT is bound by his conscience, and to disturb this would be robbing him of his joy in the performance of the duties of his office. And—"

"Say no more," said the Elector, sternly. "We have already exercised too much patience toward you. We abide by our former resolution, and therefore cannot reinstate your PAUL GERHARDT without his signing a Reversal. Besides, we have been informed that this same preacher, PAUL GERHARDT, disregarding his deposal from office, has conducted divine service at his house, and accordingly, in defiance of us, continues secretly to attend to the duties of his office, thus materially lessening our confidence in him. We reserve it to ourselves to give his conduct a further investigation."

After a short interval, during which the Elector paced back and forth, whilst his eyes flashed with rage, he resumed: "As we are graciously pleased to leave you at all times free in the exercise of your Lutheran religion, so also on no account can we permit our Reformed religion to be abused, denounced and condemned, and made the occasion of contention and strife within our dominion. And whosoever is not willing to submit to this, may betake himself to some

other country, where such things are permitted. But to your fellow-citizens we command you to say, that with our edicts, which have reference not to congregations, but to ministers, they have no concern, and are not to meddle with them, but rather attend to their own business and the providing of subsistence. But you, the Council of Berlin, we command in future to reject all such petitions, and to exhort your ministers to sign the Reversal, instead of affording them aid and encouragement in their unfounded and petulant complaints. You are dismissed."

Tieffenbach was conscious of having incurred the hot displeasure of his Sovereign, still he resolved to make another attempt in behalf of PAUL GERHARDT; but when he caught the stern and forbidding look of the Elector, all courage sank within him, and bowing low, he left the room.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WARRANT.

"What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?"—Rom. viii. 31.

WHEN Tieffenbach returned from the Schwanenburg to the inn, his soul was full of pain and sorrow, in consequence of his intercession having met with so very unfavorable a reception, a circumstance which left no longer anything to hope for PAUL GERHARDT. He, moreover, at the same time, had great reason to be apprehensive for his cousin, Mr. Young; for the Elector had positively and repeatedly declared that the author of that unfortunate petition should be punished; and though Young's authorship was so far only a matter of suspicion on the part of the President, the burgomaster knew but too well that it would soon be ascertained to a certainty. In view of the excited state of the Elector's mind, it was easy to perceive that the consequences would be serious. Tieffenbach had intended to return home immediately, but unfortunately did not find his traveling companions at the inn. The unusually fine weather of an early spring day detained the three in their walk in and about the town longer than they had at first intended; and when at length they came back, evening had so far advanced, that they could not think of returning home. Moreover, Mr. Young had taken it into his head to separate

himself from the women shortly before reaching the inn, for the purpose of continuing his walk a little further, through the streets and market-places of the city; and as Mrs. Tieffenbach joined her husband in the parlor, it happened that Dorothea was left alone in her room, awaiting the return of her father.

She was not long there, however, before steps were heard near her door, and Dorothea, thinking they were her father's, was already in the act of going to meet him, when a faint knock undeceived her. And even before she was able to gain her accustomed composure, the sallow, smirking face of the Secretary was thrust through the partly open door.

"I know, honored Miss Dorothea," he began, "that my presence is unwelcome to you; and perhaps it is improper for a gentleman to call on a young lady at such a late hour in the evening. However, I trust that my ignorance of your being alone, as well as the deep solicitude I feel for your father, will incline you kindly to pardon my untimely visit."

"For my father!" repeated the maiden, trembling, but in a certain sense glad of the opportunity to hide her anxiety for herself under the pretext of a concern for her father. "Has anything happened to him?"

"Not as yet," replied Stolpe; "still something possibly may happen."

"And this you can tell me calmly!" exclaimed Dorothea. "Where is my father? Where is his honor, the burgomaster?" saying which, she moved towards the door.

"If you leave this room," remarked the Secretary very quietly, "you will inevitably bring misfortune

upon him. Only by remaining and giving me your kind attention for a few moments, may the misfortune in question be averted."

"You are deceiving me," said the maiden; "it is cruel in you to keep a daughter's heart in suspense between fear and anxiety. Confess that you are deceiving me, and I will pardon your very unwelcome visit, on condition that you will instantly leave me."

"This would be asking too much," replied Stolpe. "For the first would be an offense against truth, which I ever hold sacred, and the second an unmerited punishment for my kind feelings towards you."

"Well, if you will remain, then I shall leave," said Dorothea, in a decided tone, and turned toward the door.

"I, of course, cannot detain you," quietly remarked Stolpe, smiling. "Nevertheless, I can assure you that as certainly as you go away, or give me a cold and unkind repulse, just so certainly can I inform you that your father will be hopelessly lost."

"You lie!" cried the maiden, "and are sufficiently heartless to take advantage of the anxiety of a woman."

"I cannot get angry with you, even when you scold," replied the Secretary. "However, in order to solve the apparent mystery, I need only to tell you what has happened. I have just now been charged by my gracious master, the President, to enter the name of your father, Mr. Young, into a certain book; and he whose name is entered there need not look for a very promising future. In a few days we shall return to Berlin, where my first duty will be to issue a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Young, your father."

"You are a heartless and cruel liar!" repeated Dorothea, in her terror. "What offence can my poor father have committed that he should be thrown into prison?"

"I am, I assure you, far too humble a servant of my gracious master to be esteemed worthy of being made acquainted with his official secrets; yet this much has been communicated to me, namely, that this affair has some connection with his visit to the inn near the long bridge, in Berlin, and with what was there said and written in reference to the minister PAUL GERHARDT. Your father, on that occasion, must have expressed and committed to paper sentiments which justify a warrant for his arrest."

The deceitful manner of the hated creature prevented Dorothea from fully believing this; still, her knowledge of her father's zeal for the Lutheran cause led her to fear that Stolpe's communication might be founded on truth Therefore she said: "If such were really the case, which may God mercifully avert, then tell me, how is it possible to save my father?"

"This might be done in different ways," said the Secretary. "The most natural way would be for your father to take care and not let himself be found. He might find a secure place of concealment in Berlin, or what would be better still, might take up his abode in some foreign country till the anger of our great Elector has subsided."

"And this," quickly and with an expression of contempt asked Dorothea, who had again regained her composure—"and this is actually what you would advise my father to do? Is not he who flees from the tribunal before which he is cited to appear both guilty

and cowardly? My father can be neither one nor the other. And even in the event of my father being induced to avoid Berlin for a time, on the ground of receiving an unfair trial, I still cannot see, Mr. Secretary, how his deliverance could be placed to your account."

"It pains me deeply," replied Stolpe, dolorously, "to see how much pleasure it seems to afford you, honored Miss, to strip me even of the smallest credit to which I might be entitled in your sight. Nevertheless, in connection with this, there is one other important circumstance which is deserving of consideration. If the suggestion of securing the safety of your father by flight had emanated directly from yourself, Miss Dorothea, and been immediately put into execution, then, of course, I would have lost the opportunity to serve you. But there exist a number of accidental circumstances—such as, for instance, that your father does not yet even suspect the danger to which he is exposed, and the fact that the President also is not aware of your father's presence in Cleves, of which I could speedily apprise him, in which case your father would most likely become a resident of Cleves against his will, or if not, be obliged, on his return to Berlin, to accept the company of a couple of police officers; add to this the accidental circumstance that I, in compliance with the duties of my office, though greatly in opposition to my feelings, have already taken a precautionary step, so as to prevent your father from leaving this house unobserved, and, finally, that it rests only with my humble self whether or not these secret and disagreeable spies shall be re-

moved; these trifling accidental circumstances might possibly be of some little importance."

"And all this you can state to me as coolly," exclaimed the maiden in a disdainful manner, "as if the whole matter were nothing but child's play! May God save my father the dishonor of owing his escape to you, if your whole story is not, after all, a tissue of deception and falsehood."

The private secretary, who appeared to belong to that rare class of men who cannot be offended, replied, in the utmost good humor: "You are pleased to jest, dearest Miss Dorothea; and in case you should persist in this opinion, it would indeed have to be deeply regretted that a loving and obedient daughter refused to save her father, only because she disdained to take the well-meant and good advice of a man she hated. Since, therefore, I am so unfortunate as to have my kind offer rejected with scorn, you will permit me to leave you, in order to give the necessary instructions to the men who are below, awaiting my orders."

Having said this, Stolpe quietly and with the utmost politeness prepared to leave the room. His incomprehensible equanimity terrified Dorothea. The prolonged absence of her father suddenly appeared to her as boding some ill; for such is the human heart in its weakness, that if it once gives way to the smallest fear, its anxiety increases with lightning speed, and link is added to link in the heavy chain that binds the poor soul in fetters. Dorothea thought of the very ardent zeal of her father in behalf of the Lutheran cause, as well as of the well known and fixed determination of the Elector to establish peace in the

church, even, if need be, by the aid of compulsory measures. She thought of the most heartless and forcible expulsion of Archdeacon Reinhardt, and of the deposition of her beloved GERHARDT. She also thought of how her father had already been summoned before the authorities, and been warned by them, under penalty of severe punishment, to curb his Lutheran zeal. She thought of the malicious power of the man who stood before her. All this filled her with such terror and anxiety that she lost the mastery over herself; and the reproach of Stolpe, that she disdainfully rejected the proffered aid to save her father, weighed heavily upon her. "Stay," she called out to the secretary in her distress. "Do not go yet. You are a terrible man, Mr. Stolpe. If it is really as you tell me—if danger really threatens my father, from which you can save him—why do you not do it?"

"Why do I not do it?" repeated Stolpe with his accustomed obsequiousness, at the same time turning back. "Dearest Miss, men are weak beings. He who sows, would also reap; wherever there is labor and toil, there the reward dare not be wanting."

"Be silent, sir," quickly replied the maiden. "This then is your object. Shame, shame, to ask a reward for an act of humanity!"

"You surely do not apprehend my meaning," replied Stolpe with undiminished calmness. "And if you will allow me to remain a few moments longer, I will explain further. From the tone of your voice and the expression of your countenance, beautiful even in anger, I am certainly not wrong in concluding that you suspect me of harboring improper motives. This,

dearest maiden, deeply pains me. It is true, I love you, and this love is my misfortune. From the moment when first I saw you, my peace has fled. You have, as the saying is, bewitched me. This to me is the more painful, because I know that you hate me, and that in this hatred you hunt up everything calculated to nourish and increase your contempt for me. Now, if I, despite all this, am unable to free my soul from your bondage, and, as you cannot but have noticed, I have all along quietly and without retaliating submitted to your bitter invectives, it will at least convince you that my love is not a transient feeling, but one which has taken possession of my entire soul. Do not be angry with me, lovely maiden, for I am far from being envied in making this confession to you."

"You cannot tell me anything new," replied Dorothea with dignity, "and since you know my mind in this matter, you may take your leave. Let there now happen to my poor father and myself whatever is in store for us. God will not forsake us. Go, Mr. Secretary, and do whatever your office requir s of you."

"You did not let me finish," calmly exclaimed the secretary, "and I therefore beg you for a few moments' further attention. The history of the human heart presents numerous instances of its feelings and inclinations often undergoing a change, and that love is just as likely to turn to hatred as not. Why then should not this be possible in your case? I ask for the present nothing more than that you wlll not deprive me of all hope, that you will not altogether deny the possibility of your entertaining a more favorable opinion of me. For true love is patient and long suf-

fering. I ask nothing but that you will give me credit for this love, and that in consideration of it, you will permit me, from time to time, to pay my respects to you. And though years should pass before you would tell me, either by look or word, that your hatred has diminished only in the least degree, yet when that time would come, I would esteem myself more than amply rewarded."

"Enough," said Dorothea, sternly and firmly. "I have already permitted you to stay longer than is proper or agreeable. Know, Mr. Secretary, that love is not a human work, but the breath of God in our hearts. Whatever God has joined, *that* no man shall put asunder; and what God has put asunder, no man shall attempt to join together. Leave me now, if you still respect the woman who is forced to use such language to you. Go, and do what you think right—God will be our protector and comforter."

"How beautiful you look when you are angry and when you scold," said Stolpe, in a tone of flattery. But when he perceived that the remark only heightened the maiden's displeasure, and almost vexed at himself for having, even for a moment, acted out of character, he remarked: "If you but knew how painfully your allusion to the duties of my office affects me, you would not act thus toward me. I am only the weak servant of a powerful master, who in turn is again the servant of the Elector, though his influential adviser, and one who, in special cases, may even boast of enjoying his friendship. Whatever I am commanded, that I must execute, though it should cause my heart to bleed. If I would serve others, I can only

do so by being disobedient to my master, and the consequence would be my dismission from office. And yet how cheerfully would I make this sacrifice, how cheerfully expose myself to even still greater dangers —*for your sake.* The President is not aware of the presence of your father here in Cleves. He has, however (and the respect and love I entertain for you may serve as an excuse for revealing this official secret), already signed a warrant for his apprehension immediately upon our return to Berlin. This warrant I hold now in my hands, and—here, you may read it."

Notwithstanding her indisposition to listen further to the secretary, Dorothea's eyes involuntarily fell upon the paper presented to her; and when she really beheld the name of her father, the Elector's great seal, and the well-known signature of the President, she was terror-struck. Up to this point she had doubted the truth of Stolpe's communication, and as she could not deny its possibility and even probability, had regarded the whole simply as a tissue of falsehood invented by the man she so cordially disliked: but this evidence of its truth was too conclusive and overwhelming for her to deceive herself any longer with false hopes, and in the anguish of her soul she exclaimed, "Terrible man, what do you intend now to do?"

"Had you asked," replied Stolpe, "what I *must* do, I would be able to answer you. I must arrest your father here in Cleves, make report of the arrest, and await further orders—whether Mr. Young is to be put on trial in this place, or whether he is to be remanded to Berlin."

"Hold," exclaimed the maiden, interrupting the

secretary, the anxiety and disquietude indicated by the tone of her voice showing how deeply she was pained on account of her dear father, and her former courage all at once forsaking her—"Hold," she said, "with you it is an easy and a trifling matter to break a poor human heart. You live upon the evil and the agony which you engender; your soul delights in crushing and destroying others."

"I pardon you these bitter words," replied Stolpe, unmoved. "Yours is the grief of a child for its father, and such a grief has its special privilege. Moreover, dearest maiden, I have told you only what I would be obliged to do if you had asked me. Since, however, you have asked me what I intend to do, I answer, that I intend to save your father. Mr. Young either returns immediately to Berlin and then leaves for a time, to a place of concealment, or he passes from here at once, beyond the border, which he can accomplish in a few hours. Then, if on my return to Berlin I fail to find Mr. Young at home—well, who will know where he is? The absent cannot be arrested."

"Your advice is excellent," exclaimed Dorothea, who, in her anxious solicitude for her father, had altogether forgotten to whom she was speaking. "Yes, you are right; this my poor father must do. I shall accompany him, even though he should go to the uttermost part of the earth."

"This filial affection pleases me," said the Secretary. "Still, I must be permitted to add that this proposed escape of your father is coupled with certain conditions, which I beg to be permitted to mention to you. Favor for favor, love for love, dearest maiden."

"Silence, knave!" exclaimed Dorothea, in a commanding tone, who by these words had again regained her former self-possession. "Now I comprehend the meanness of your soul. Blind that I am, how could I for a moment forget who it is that addresses me! Would you save souls for such a price? Do you hold love at no higher estimate than does the merchant his wares, for which one bargains and haggles? Leave me, sir! Sooner would I die, nay, sooner even see my father in chains, and exposed to the horrors of a dungeon, than endure the faintest touch of your hand."

"As you will," said Stolpe, quietly; and opening the door, he called to two men without: "Go down stairs, to the front of the house, and there await my orders!" Then, turning to Dorothea, he continued, in the same cool and collected manner: "Esteemed maiden, I have the honor to bid you farewell." And with these words he bowed himself with elaborate politeness out of the room.

The soul of the poor maiden was pierced by a thousand thorns. Hatred and love, fear and hope, submission and anxiety, contended for the mastery. What weighed most heavily upon her, was the charge of Stolpe, that she had refused to save her father. Yea, she now even accused herself of having sinned against her father by a too anxious concern for her own personal welfare. As soon as this idea had taken possession of her soul, she became the victim of an agony of grief and shame. Sorrow and regret forced from her the exclamation: "Woe is me; I have sinned." And in a state of mind almost bordering on despair, she rushed out of the room, in the hope that it might

yet be time to recall the secretary. Seeing Stolpe, accompanied by the two men, descending the stairs, she attempted to call his name, but her tongue refused its utterance. She trembled in her whole body, and a cry of agony forced itself from her tortured heart. Stolpe hearing her, looked back, and seeing the maiden, pale and trembling, and clinging to the banisters, to save herself from falling, quickly hastened back to the stairs. Dorothea had time only to cry out, "Do not touch me!" when at the same moment, a voice in the hall was heard, exclaiming: "What has happened?"

"Merciful God!" exclaimed Dorothea, "that is my father!" and this sudden intervention restored her again to full consciousness.

Only a few strides, and Mr. Young had reached the top of the stairs, where, clasping his daughter in his arms, he turned his gaze full upon Stolpe, and exclaimed, in a voice, trembling with rage: "May God have mercy on your soul, if you have done any harm to my child!"

"No, dear father," said Dorothea, "not to me, but to you he means harm."

"Mr. Young," now began the secretary, whilst the two officials, following a sign from him, retired to the hall below; "perhaps you will permit me to return with you, for a few moments, to your room. I hope your daughter will interpose no objection."

As Dorothea, in the renewed hope of securing the safety of her father, was only too glad to lead the way back into the room, which Mr. Young invited the secretary, though with apparent reluctance, to enter, and in a voice almost harsh, asked: "What is it you wish?"

The secretary drew forth a paper, handed it to Young, and said: "Do you recognize this?" In the name of the Elector, you are my prisoner."

"Why?" asked Young. "Of what crime am I accused?"

"A reply to this question does not form part of my commission," rejoined Stolpe. "You will be informed of it before the proper tribunal, if indeed you do not already know it."

Mr. Young carefully examined the document, and as he could not doubt its genuineness, he handed it back to the secretary, saying: "I obey this warrant. Say on: where am I to go?"

Then Dorothea threw herself on her father's breast, and said, amid loud sobs: "Do you intend to go? Father, can you leave your child thus? Can you really, here, in this strange city, expose your child to misery, disgrace, and despair?"

"My child," replied the father, in a firm and solemn voice, "the Scriptures say: 'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers; for there is no power but of God.' The same God, therefore, who permits my being separated from you, will neither leave you nor forsake you. You are not alone, even here. Our right worthy cousin, Tieffenbach, and his wife, will take care of you. Speak, Mr. Secretary, where are you commanded to conduct me?"

After a moment's hesitation, Stolpe replied: "Mr. Young, I know you do not believe one word of what I say. You are pleased, amid bitter reproaches, to burden my heart and conscience with something which nothing but the duties of my office compel me to per-

form. You may do this in the present instance. Be it so. Yet I assure you that you can still be saved."

"How?" asked Young, "and by whom?"

"By me," replied the Secretary.

"By you?" repeated Young, with a derisive smile. "The assistance which you offer cannot be accepted by an honest man, and more especially by a Lutheran citizen. If I be guilty, then I ought to suffer, and I am willing to suffer punishment; and if I be innocent, I shall be saved without you."

These remarks were not calculated to secure the good will of the Secretary; but striving with all his might to keep back the feeling of resentment that was rising within him, he said: "Mr. Young, this much I can tell you: Your participation in the meetings held by the Lutheran citizens, in behalf of your minister, PAUL GERHARDT, and what you there and then said and wrote, is the more immediate cause of your arrest. It is to be feared, from the severity with which our Elector acts in reference to this church affair, that you will for a long time be deprived of your liberty. Your arrest is a misfortune for the citizens, who have in you a prominent support. Hence, it is your duty to save yourself, when you have an opportunity to do so. And this chance you have. No one in Cleves, besides ourselves, knows that you are here. I have even concealed the nature of my commission, and who you are, from the two men whom you saw in the hall. Take your daughter, therefore, and go openly wherever you list; keep yourself concealed for a time; and I will inform my gracious master, the President, that you are nowhere to be found."

"And at what price do you propose doing this?" asked Mr. Young, with a sneer. "For you do not make this offer without expecting thereby to reap some special advantage."

"Yes, I will not deny it," replied Stolpe. "I ask in return that you will cease to entertain hostile feelings toward me, and permit me to hope that at some favorable time, however remote, I may meet with a friendly reception in your house."

"Never!" exclaimed Young. "A man like you, who has betrayed me once, will betray me again, if the reward offered should prove a sufficient inducement. Why should I flee? None but a coward, whose conscience upbraids him, will flee from his judges. But my conscience is clear. For whatever I have done, said, or written, I can answer before God and the world. I have done nothing, save what loyalty to the gospel demands of every Lutheran citizen in these melancholy times. If for this I am declared, by partial and misguided judges, worthy of punishment, I will willingly and cheerfully suffer whatever penalty they may put upon me. At a time when Lutheran ministers, when pious and righteous men, when faithful servants of Christ, like our PAUL GERHARDT, must suffer scorn, ignominy, and persecution, and even be deprived of the necessaries of life on account of their faith, at such a time it is an honor for a Lutheran citizen to be cast into prison for conscience' sake. So long, however, as nothing can be proven against me, that might be considered at variance with the truth, in matters pertaining to God, or my obedience to the prince and the government, I shall not need your

assistance, and shall not, therefore, lay myself under obligation to a man whose mean soul feeds on treachery and fraud."

"I willingly pardon you this insult to myself and office," replied the secretary, with much calmness. "It is the same kind of language which you employed in your so-called petition in behalf of PAUL GERHARDT. But on that it is not I who have to pass judgment, but his Electoral Highness."

"How pitiable would I appear to myself," said Mr. Young, contemptuously, "if you, Mr. Secretary, were to be my judge, in regard to what I wrote in the said petition of the citizens."

"It is at least a subject for congratulation," now remarked the secretary, with a malignant smile, "that you do not deny the authorship of that document. In consequence of this confession, many proceedings which would otherwise have been necessary, can now be dispensed with. It is true, I have no one to witness your confession but your honored daughter, Miss Dorothea, yet you are far too truthful to deny a declaration you once made. Before, however, taking my leave of you, till we meet again in Berlin, I take the liberty of informing you that on your return you will be obliged to accept the company of these two men, who have the strictest orders to show you all possible attention, and in the exact meaning of the word, not to lose sight of you. Having arrived in Berlin, you will do well to follow these two men quietly wherever they may conduct you, so as not to cause remarks. And now, once more, farewell till we meet in Berlin." And with this, Stolpe passed out of the door, whis-

pered something to the men, and then, smiling sardonically, went his tortuous way.

"For pity sake, father," now sobbed Dorothea, "how will this end?"

"Compose yourself, my child," replied Mr. Young. "What can happen to me? Nothing that could give me any uneasiness about yourself. They will doubtless attempt to prove this and that against me; for, wherever men like that Stolpe are implicated, there truth and justice are but little regarded. But fear not for me on that account. Has the Lord really called me to bear witness for him before the world? then he will also strengthen and support me. We will comfort ourselves with our beloved PAUL GERHARDT'S hymn of consolation and joy:

"If God Himself be for me,
I may a host defy;
For when I pray, before me
My foes confounded fly.
If Christ, the Head, befriend me,
If God be my support,
The mischief they intend me,
Shall quickly come to naught."

Steps were now heard approaching the door. Dorothea began to tremble, and flew to her father; she feared the return of the dreaded Stolpe. But it was Burgomaster Tieffenbach, who entered with—"At length I have found you, cousin! How anxiously I have been looking, and caused others to look for you, in every direction, in order to give you some good advice in time. But now, I perceive, it is unfortunately too late. Your presence here has been betrayed, and my intention to aid you has been frustrated."

"Many sincere thanks, my right worthy cousin, for your kind intention," replied Young. "Had you even found me in time to advise me to save myself from arrest by flight, I would still have stayed. I shall now enjoy the distinguished honor of being accompanied back to Berlin by two police officers. Should these, however, see fit to separate me and my daughter, you will do me the favor to take her under your care."

"I should not have thought," said Tieffenbach, with a solemn shake of his head, "that my mission here would have had such a miserable termination. I return with the displeasure of the Elector resting upon me, disappointed in my hopes of a favorable turn in our affairs, and with well-founded apprehensions in regard to the welfare of our Lutheran Church. If the Lord himself do not protect his Church, then we are lost."

"Yes, indeed," quickly added Mr. Young. "However, my dear cousin, the Valiant One fights for us; therefore let us keep up our courage. The world, says our beloved GERHARDT, in his hymn addressed to God:—

"'The world may fail and flee;
Thou, God, my Father art!
Not fire, nor sword, nor plague, from Thee
My trusting soul shall part.

"'No joys that angels know;
No throne or wide-spread fame,
No love or loss, no fear or woe,
No grief of heart or shame—

"'Man cannot aught conceive,
Of pleasure or of harm,
That e'er shall tempt my soul to leave
Her refuge in Thine arm.'"

Comforted and strengthened by these words, our travelers prepared to return to Berlin.

Tieffenbach, without the knowledge and consent of his cousin, succeeded in obtaining permission from the President to return to Berlin without being accompanied by the two officers, by himself becoming security for Mr. Young's appearance before his judges whenever summoned.

And thus the four friends returned to the capital with feelings far different from those with which they had at first set out.

CHAPTER X.

THE CONFESSION.

"Be not far from me, for trouble is near, for there is none to help."
—Ps. xxii. 11.

SPRING had already set in for several days, a fact that could be ascertained, not only by a reference to the almanac, but also by the appearance of nature. A balmy breeze was blowing over the green vesture which was appearing upon field and meadow, lending an additional charm to the sandy plains of the Electorate of Brandenburg. Joy and life reigned everywhere, except among the Lutheran citizens of Berlin and Cologne. The severity with which the Elector treated those ministers who refused to sign the Reversal, and the evident displeasure with which he regarded both the Council and citizens, had produced a most saddening and depressing effect on the minds of the people, and deprived many among the weaker ones of the blessings of the Gospel.

In the dwelling of one who was to some extent the immediate occasion of all this, Deacon PAUL GERHARDT, affairs did not look cheering, though from an entirely different cause. His wife, who had not long been ailing, was now seriously ill, and confined to her bed. The attending physician had indeed, on his last visit, assured him that there was no immediate danger; but he had also, at the same time, expressed his fears

that the life of the poor invalid was slowly ebbing away, and that, in her disease, consumption, no hopes of her ultimate recovery could be entertained. Where is the husband who, in his sincere love for the wife of his bosom, and the mother of his children, does not receive such a message with the deepest sorrow? Even a heart rooted and grounded in the fear of God lacks the strength to overcome at once such a trial. Just so it was with our PAUL GERHARDT, who, as is often the case with human nature, was stronger and more confident in the very midst of the conflict, and when affliction lay most heavily upon him, than when danger was only threateningly approaching.

We find him near the couch of his sick wife, who certainly did not lack bodily attention and care; for not only did Dorothea minister at the bedside of her beloved godmother by day and by night, but the sister of the invalid, the widow of Archdeacon Fromm, of St. Peter's, and a distant relative of Provost Fromm, of the same church, who had departed this life some nine years previous, also nursed Mrs. Gerhardt with sisterly affection.

"You look so very sad," said the patient to her husband. "I hope you do not permit my sickness to give you too much uneasiness?"

"No, my dear wife," replied GERHARDT, and the deception into which his kindness had betrayed him, shone out of his very eyes. Therefore, he immediately added: "That is, I do not mean to say that your sickness does not grieve me; for how can I be happy and cheerful, whilst you are suffering? I wished only to say that I do not feel any uneasiness with regard to

the termination of your disease. God is Almighty and All-merciful; what is impossible with men, is possible with him."

"Are you in earnest, my husband?" asked his wife, with a melancholy smile. "It seems to me almost as if you tried to speak in opposition to your feelings."

"How so?" asked GERHARDT, quickly, and in manifest embarrassment.

"You cannot deceive me," said the patient, calmly. "I know too well that I must die, and that my time is not far off."

"Mary!" exclaimed GERHARDT. "And can you tell me this so calmly? Can you say this whilst gazing upon our child? Mary, are you then so very anxious to die?"

"And would it terrify you," replied the good wife, "if I should say with Paul, 'I desire to be absent from the body, and be with Christ?' My dearest husband," she continued, reaching out her hand to him, "no one on earth knows better than I do, how very happy I am, how contentedly I live with you; but after the Lord has once said, in reference to my earthly life, 'Thus far, and no farther,' it becomes me to bow in silent and willing submission. Have I not also a father and mother and four children with the Lord, who await my coming? No, no, my husband, you think and feel just as I do; but (only confess it) your love to me, and perhaps the apprehension that the announcement of my approaching dissolution might frighten me, puts other words upon your lips. Still, I heartily unite with you in confiding in the power and mercy of our God, who can save me if he will. There-

fore, let us calmly and submissively await the will of our heavenly Father. But, dear husband, put away sorrow from your heart. A countenance radiant with the joy inspired by faith in God, is a great cordial to the sick."

"Mary, how you shame me," said GERHARDT, pressing the hand of his wife. "Yes, I will confess it, I myself was as weak and despondent as I feared you might be. But I perceive anew that the heart of woman is more humble before God, than the restless spirit of man. Happy are you, faithful and dear one, in the possession and enjoyment of that peace which the Lord has left with us, and which the world can neither give nor take away. For the time being, as the physician has told me, you are in no immediate danger, and before danger really comes, God may have done great things for you and for us all. Therefore, let us, with the prophet, be silent and wait patiently, that we may become strong. But you, my dear sister-in-law, and you, dear Dorothea, may God reward you both for what you have done for us. I cannot do it, for my life may, in all probability, not be of very long continuance; and if so, my Fritz will one day manifest his gratitude in return for the kind attention you have bestowed upon his mother."

"Do not speak of it, dear godfather," said Dorothea. "Had we the most distant idea of reaping a reward, our care and attention would only be like the charity of the Pharisee and the publican. But my dear godmother is right, you are unusually gloomy and dejected to-day; has anything particularly unpleasant happened to depress you?"

"A minister who is deposed from his office," replied GERHARDT, with a melancholy smile, "has a severe affliction to endure. To forcibly prohibit a pastor, whom faith has constrained to preach and to serve God in his congregation, is hard, indeed, and almost like forbidding a father to love and provide for his children. It may be an easy matter for the Consistory, with a word or a single stroke of the pen, to cut short the official activity of a pastor. It may also be fair that, when this is done, the question be not asked, whether the minister thus deposed has, or will not have, his daily bread; for if the minister be guilty, he ought to suffer the punishment due his guilt. But, not to take into consideration the poignant grief which eats up the very life of the minister, when he gazes upon the temple within which he is no longer permitted to speak; or when he meets the members of his congregation for whose soul's salvation he is no longer permitted to labor; or when he hears the sound of the bells, with the invitation, Come ye, come ye, summoning to the house of God, all save himself, the expelled pastor, to whom they seem to say, You dare not come—that all this is not taken into consideration on the part of the Consistory, and that they consequently do not even know how very severe is the punishment they have inflicted—this, this is what makes me gloomy, this is what depresses and dejects me."

"But," replied Dorothea, softly, perceiving that Mrs. Gerhardt had just closed her eyes in a sleep that had been long and anxiously courted. "But, dear godfather, you must also remember what is still left,

amid all these afflictions, to comfort you. Is there a feeling heart in the whole congregation which does not remember you in prayer at the throne of grace? Is there not universal anxiety and disquietude manifested for you? Is not your affliction the affliction of the whole congregation?"

"Dear child," said PAUL GERHARDT, in a mildly reproachful manner, "you try hard to heal wounds, but only increase their pain. It is just this anxiety and disquietude in the congregation, this disturbance of the peace of the Word of God, this want of harmony in the house of God, and the reflection that I am, if not solely, yet to a great extent the cause of it all, that prevents me from being cheerful, even though I could entirely forget my own sorrows. And do you not think of your poor father, Dorothea? Who is to blame that he has already, for so many weeks, suffered imprisonment, and that, as it seems, all sorts of charges are preferred against him, and all manner of indignities heaped upon him? Is he not suffering for my sake? Is he not confined in prison, because of his attempts to free me from the bonds of the Electoral displeasure? Dorothea, do you not think of your father?"

This repeated question made a deep and painful impression upon the maiden. GERHARDT had, of course, no idea that Dorothea intentionally avoided every allusion to her father, because she already knew that her pastor accused himself of being the sole cause of his misfortune. But now, when GERHARDT seemed to misinterpret this act of delicacy on her part into one of censurable neglect, the fortitude with which she had

hitherto borne her filial sorrow, forsook her. Scalding tears gushed from her eyes, as she replied: "Alas, poor girl that I am, in being able *only* to think of my father, but unable to do aught for his liberation! The house of my parents has become desolate, father and mother are both in their graves—for a dungeon is, after all, only a grave for the living. I go in and out, and walk about the home of my childhood like a stranger; and did I not meet with such a kind reception here among you, I would have to grieve in solitude. Dear godfather, tell me, how much longer yet is this hopeless condition to last?"

"The end is known only to God," replied GERHARDT, with a pained look. "We are all in the power of man, which power we dare not resist, if we would not, at the same time, also resist God. Ordinarily, the offender gains his liberty when he returns to God, but in this particular instance, liberty is only possible when the heart falls away from God. Did I not know, Dorothea, that your father, like the apostles of old, went away from the presence of his judges rejoicing that he was accounted worthy to suffer shame for Christ's sake, his imprisonment would more painfully affect me than if I were myself lying in chains. However, this still comforts me, and affords you and me an assurance from the Lord that the time is near at hand when all of us shall be delivered by him from every evil."

"God grant it," said Dorothea, devoutly folding her hands, and laying them upon her breast. "For I am greatly troubled, especially as I might have saved my father if I had only not put too high a value upon

myself. I feel more and more, every day, that *I* ought to have been the sacrifice, and not my dear, good father. For my body I might have sacrificed, but not my soul."

"I am not pleased, Dorothea, to find you still persisting in expressing such thoughts, after having, as I hoped, dismissed them forever from your mind. Believe me, dear child, your temporal welfare would have been the least of what you would have sacrificed by your connection with this Stolpe. The question concerned your soul's salvation, the sovereignty of faith, and your steadfastness as a member of the church. A Lutheran maiden who can enter into a marriage union with a man like this Stolpe, who is a malignant enemy and opponent of our Lutheran faith, apostatizes from her faith, even though she could, by so doing, purchase the temporal happiness of her father. Dorothea, if you had acted otherwise from what you have, then you would not have been the respected daughter of my true and faithful friend Young. Nay, more, even your own father would never have thanked you, either in time or in eternity, for wishing to save him by such a price. Yes, *wishing*, I say, for Mr. Young would never have consented to being served in this way. Did your father reproach you for not doing it? Did he not, on the contrary, with tears of joy, press you to his heart, because you remained true to your faith? Did he not cheerfully go before his judges, and into prison, because, after having received such a proof of the soundness of your Lutheran heart, he could rest easy about you, even whilst separated from you? No, Dorothea, to complain of this is almost as

bad as if you should regret having been steadfast in the hour of temptation."

"Be not displeased with me, dear godfather," said Dorothea, beseechingly; for she had never before received such a severe reproof from him. "I know that I am a poor weak girl; but do not forget that it is love for my father which occasionally leads me to indulge in such self-condemnation. Ah, it is far from easy to be faithful in following Christ."

"And yet it is nothing more than what the Lord has commanded," added PAUL GERHARDT. "He says: 'Whosoever does not forsake father and mother, house and lands, for my name's sake, is not worthy of me.' The Lord refers here more especially to such cases where the kingdom of God proves an obstacle between parents and children. But be you, my dear child, thankful to God that a separation such as this has not occurred between you and your father, and that the question, in the present instance, is only about enduring the pain of separation for a very short time."

GERHARDT was prevented from continuing these consolatory remarks by the rather loud sound of approaching footsteps. The door opened, and Mr. Gabriel Schumann, accompanied by Mr. Liebrecht, entered. A glance at the sleeping patient caused them to be somewhat in doubt as to whether their entrance was agreeable or not. However, GERHARDT, leaving his wife in the care of faithful Dorothea, went with the two visitors into an adjoining room. "What brings you here, dear friends?" he asked, as soon as they had entered.

"Nothing very pleasant, reverend and dear sir," re-

plied Mr. Schumann, somewhat excited. "If this lamentable state of things continues much longer in our city and congregation, the result will be far from good."

"Has any untoward event happened to you, dear Mr. Schumann?" asked the pastor.

"Not only to me, dear sir," was the reply; "but to the whole congregation—to the entire Christian Church. Go from house to house, and you will everywhere hear complaints and lamentations. We have lost cheerfulness in our labors, courage to suffer and endure, consolation in our sorrows. We have a church, but it is as good as closed to us; we have a pulpit and an altar, but no one to occupy them for our benefit; we have the sacraments, but no one to administer them to us. The whole community is in a state of excitement and uncertainty, and it seems as if even our daily bread was embittered. The Council have been seized by a spirit of despondency, because they have incurred the Elector's displeasure; the Reformed are jubilant and exultant; the Lutherans are going about like a smitten and scattered flock, without a shepherd. Reverend sir, this condition of things cannot last long; it can bode no good."

"This is indeed a sad picture," said GERHARDT, with downcast eyes, "and the more painful to me because it seems as if you meant to lay the whole to my charge."

"God forbid!" quickly replied Schumann; "our temporal and spiritual misery would be complete, if you, reverend and dear sir, were to regard us with a feeling of unkindness. If I had come here to accuse

you, I would deserve to be thrust out of the community. I come rather to complain, to open to you my distressed heart, and to ask your advice. Great fear has laid hold upon our entire congregation, because it is apprehended, not without reason, that the treasure of our Lutheran faith, the confessional writings of our Church, are really in danger. The report is current that our Elector will hereafter no longer permit our ministers to be bound by the Symbolical Books; the distinctive character of our Church is to be destroyed. May God in mercy prevent this, for it can lead to no good."

"Perhaps matters may after all not be as bad as you apprehend," suggested PAUL GERHARDT. "The Elector will scarcely proceed to such extremes. Our confessional writings are not the work of one man: they were received by the entire Lutheran Church as a precious treasure, in which is contained a summary of our faith. Princes and nations have given them their sanction; they are the hard-earned reward of the Reformation, sealed and made sacred by the blood of the thirty years' war. That which the whole Lutheran Church has adopted as the basis of her faith, cannot be abrogated or abolished by any single individual, though that individual should be no less a personage than our great Elector himself. He has the power to depose Lutheran ministers from office —nay, he even can, by the force of arms, expel every Lutheran from his dominion; but he cannot prevent one single soul, who chooses to do so, from remaining steadfast in the faith. But things will not come to such a pass."

"This is also my firm conviction," now remarked Mr. Liebrecht, "though it cannot be denied, that, judging from what has already happened, much more may still be apprehended. Our Lutheran ministers, who refused to sign the Reversal, are one by one deposed from office; those in the community who side with their ministers, are, together with the city Council, put under the ban of the Elector's displeasure; the individual citizen who utters a single word in defence of our faith, is watched by secret spies and thrown into prison. All this, of course, does not augur a very promising future for the Lutheran Church."

"Yes, dear sir," quickly added Mr. Schumann, "the mournful fate of our fellow-citizen Young leaves us to expect the worst. It is now three weeks since he has been kept confined in the tower like a criminal. And what has he done? He drew up, in the name of the entire Lutheran community, a petition into which, as all of us can testify, he introduced nothing except what all present approved. Hence, if Mr. Young is guilty of an offence, we are equally guilty with him; and if we can quietly stand by and see one individual punished for what all have committed, we are false fellow-citizens, and are covering ourselves with shame and disgrace. Therefore, we are willing to take any decisive step for the liberation of Mr. Young, and I confess to you, reverend sir, that we have been delegated by the citizens at large to consult you on the subject."

"Mr. Schumann," solemnly replied PAUL GERHARDT, "your language seems to me far from proper; for this sounds as if you meant to resort to open force."

"Such a resort to extreme measures may God in His mercy prevent," replied Schumann. "The horrors of the late war are still too distinctly remembered for us even to think of anything like violence. On that account it is the more disheartening to be obliged to suffer violence at the hands of others. I refer not merely to that unfortunate Reversal, in consequence of which one after another of our ministers will be driven away, but also, and more especially, to what has befallen our fellow-citizen Young. We will not say anything about his having been imprisoned, though an honorable man like Young would not evade appearing before his judges, even though he might, by so doing, save his life. But do you, reverend sir, not know what has happened?"

As GERHARDT, more taken up with his own thoughts than with what had just been said, remained silent, Mr. Schumann continued: "Know then that the expressions made use of in our petition, namely, that in consequence of such an ungracious resolution and the unmerciful expulsion of our pastors, we did no longer know whether we were living in or out of the world, and that we had given up nearly all we possessed, and that, in being deprived of our faithful pastors and ministers for the sake of religious opinion, our very hearts were assailed—these expressions have been interpreted to our great prejudice, and are the more immediate cause of the sufferings of our friend Young."

"Probably because he is the author of the petition," suggested GERHARDT, with a mournful look.

"Yes, that he is, of course," quickly resumed Mr.

Schumann. "Mr. Young composed both the first and the second petition, because he is the only one among us simple, unlettered citizens, who has the ability to do anything of the kind. But though Young committed the petition to paper, he still did not originate and compose it, but simply put together the sentiments expressed by the different individuals composing the assembly. And precisely those unhappy expressions, which have given so much offense to the Elector, did not proceed from Young, but from another universally esteemed citizen. This Mr. Young stated to the President at the time of his examination, but steadfastly refused to give the name of the citizen by whose dictation he had written down these words. This refusal is being used to his prejudice, and every effort made to magnify his guilt. And how has this been accomplished? Only think, reverend sir, what the most glaring malignity has done. The private secretary, Stolpe, has submitted a large number of speeches and remarks, which Mr. Young is said to have made partly in public and partly in private, and by which it is intended to prove that Mr. Young attempted to instigate the citizens to acts of rebellion against the government and its sovereign; yea, he is accused of nothing less than treason! And as the faithful and honest man is far from showing any pusillanimity or cowardice before his accusers and judges, but openly and boldly testifies to the truth of the Gospel and the justice of our demands, this very faithfulness and boldness is made to appear as an evidence of his guilt, and it really seems as if this faithful citizen and Lutheran Christian, was to suffer for his testimony with imprisonment for life."

"May God preserve him from this," said PAUL GERHARDT, solemnly. "But tell me, what did you propose doing in this unfortunate affair?"

"Reverend sir," replied Liebrecht, as Schumann hesitated with his answer, "this is just what has brought us to you. We desire to act as loyal men, in this as well as in all other respects; and in conformity with our declaration in the petition, we wish to do nothing that might, in any way, conflict with the law, or be disrespectful to the powers that be. At our conference, a number of propositions were made, among which, I will openly confess it, there were also some of an objectionable character, made by a few of the younger and more inexperienced citizens, which were immediately rejected. Some proposed to apply to the States of our fatherland for mediation, with more especial reference to the influence of the noble Baron Von Rochow. Others were for sending a third petition to the magistracy; but in reference to this it was urged, that the magistracy would scarcely consent, inasmuch as they, resting under the displeasure of the Elector, could not hope to accomplish anything by their mediation. Some, again, spoke of the President, to whom, after all, the whole business appears to have been committed; for he can inflict punishment or acquit at pleasure. Since, however, it is difficult to approach the President without being announced by his private secretary, Stolpe, and as this man is well known as an avowed enemy of the Lutheran faith, and also, though we cannot tell why, a personal enemy of Mr. Young, nothing was hoped to be gained by taking this step. I myself proposed to address a petition for

the liberation of Mr. Young directly to the Elector in person; but as I felt that it was next to impossible for a plain citizen to obtain an audience with his serene Highness, I withdrew it. All that still remains to us is—but this is your affair, Mr. Schumann."

"Petitioning is of little account," now remarked Mr. Schumann. "He who petitions acknowledges that he does not claim anything from justice, because his cause is not just. But our cause is just; we have done nothing that is prohibited by any law; but, on the contrary, suffer violence and injustice! In cases of this kind, protection and the granting of our rights are promised us. Therefore, I thought that we ought to draw up a complaint signed by all the citizens. We will therein make no allusion to oppressive laws in regard to our Lutheran Church and minister, but state what has been done in regard to Mr. Young. We will ask for a thorough investigation, as to whether the expressions used in our petition are an offence or not, and, at the same time, we will declare that all of us endorse the subject matter of said petition, and if its sentiments be punishable, we will bear the penalty, and not permit one individual to suffer innocently for all, and, in addition, be accused of a crime which none among us ever conceived."

"So then you wish to draw up a complaint?" asked GERHARDT. "And against whom, pray?"

This question seemed to take the two citizens somewhat by surprise; for they maintained silence for some time. At length Schumann replied: "We know that our Elector is by far too just a man to encourage an unjust act; we also know that the President, with all

his loyalty to the Reformed doctrines, is altogether incapable of knowingly and intentionally treating any, even the least among us, unjustly. But the difficulty is, he does not know by what insidious arts he was induced to hold Mr. Young under suspicion; and of this he is to be informed by a thorough investigation. We can enter complaint against one person only, and that one is his private secretary, Stolpe."

"And would you enter complaint against that man before an authority which has no power over him?" again asked PAUL GERHARDT; and on the others remaining silent, he continued: "No, my dear friends, in this way you will never accomplish your object. If you have full confidence in the perfect uprightness of our serene Elector and his privy counsellors, then patiently abide the issue. That Mr. Young meanwhile must suffer, suffer on your, and, more especially, on my account, this grieves me in my inmost soul. But the time of trial will pass; and I hope in the Lord, the King of kings, that all will yet end in peace, by every one having his rights secured to him. If you desire to contribute anything to the attainment of this end, you can do it only in two ways, namely, by prayer and entreaty; by prayer to God, and entreaty with men. In these evil times that have fallen upon our Lutheran Church, it should be a matter of conscience with every Lutheran, not to commit the least act having even the appearance of lawlessness and disobedience. But if our loyalty to our confession be interpreted as an act of disobedience, we must regard it as belonging to the cross of Christ, which none desiring to follow him should bear murmuringly. Go now,

dear friends, and calm your fears. As far as I am concerned, leave the issues of my trials with an all-wise, righteous and merciful God, the protector and preserver of his church. Do not, I entreat you, take another step in my behalf; for all you suffer for my sake causes me double pain. If the Lord propose that I should longer continue in his service, then he will also guide and direct the heart of those to whom he has given power on earth. If you, however, choose to intercede for our dear friend Young, do so, and that without delay. Do it in the name of the Lord; for whoever asks the Father for anything in his name, to him will he give it. And now may God be with you."

With these words, PAUL GERHARDT dismissed the two citizens, who, judging by their looks, did not seem greatly comforted. They indeed already knew by sad experience of how little avail their petitioning had been, yet their depression had its origin in their unwillingness to await the time in which God had determined to send them help.

When GERHARDT re-entered the chamber of his suffering wife, he was pleased to find her still enjoying a quiet slumber; but when he looked for Dorothea, he perceived her seated near the window, weeping. "What ails you, my child?" he asked, sympathizingly. The maiden remained silent, and gazed at him with a sad and inquiring look. "My child," repeated GERHARDT, with some anxiety, "what has happened to you? Will you not tell me what ails you?"

Dorothea replied with forced calmness: "Dear godfather, I have been guilty of doing something very unbecoming. I stood near the door, and listened to your conversation with those two men."

"And what did you hear?" asked GERHARDT, who felt greatly surprised at the studied and unusual calmness of the maiden. "Have you heard aright, my child?"

"Yes," replied the maiden, "my father is confined in the tower, accused of a crime punishable with death. He suffers all this, not because he is a loyal Lutheran Christian and citizen, but only because I am his unhappy, ungrateful, and cowardly daughter."

"What do you mean by this?" asked GERHARDT, in unfeigned astonishment.

"I mean that something must be done to relieve my heart of this terrible weight. No matter how much a false peace seeks to rock my conscience to sleep, the Spirit of God yet chastises and shows me the sin I have committed against my father. If I cannot make amends for the evil I have done, my peace in this life is gone."

Just as GERHARDT, after a few moments of painful surprise at Dorothea's mysterious conduct, was about to ask her some further questions, the door opened, and in stepped Mr. Ebeling.

"God sends you here!" exclaimed Dorothea, impetuously, and without giving the new-comer time to utter his salutation, she added, "Mr. Ebeling, I know that you love me. The more you have sought to conceal it from me, the more clearly have I perceived it. Am I right?"

The music-director looked as much terrified as a man who finds a secret suddenly revealed which he had imagined secure from all the world, can do. Unable to utter a word in reply, he cast his eyes to the

floor, then he raised them to Dorothea, then he turned them upon the Deacon, then upon the patient, all the while exhibiting every sign of the most painful embarrassment. But Dorothea continued:

"I entreat you, Mr. Ebeling, to answer me. Relieve me of this anxiety. Self-deception would be terrible. Speak, Mr. Ebeling—do you love me? Is it really your heart's desire that I shall become your wife?"

"Dorothea," now replied the music-director, "how very deeply you would be wounding my heart, if you should be asking such a question in jest."

"No," exclaimed the maiden, in solemn earnestness. "God is my witness that I am not jesting. No threat, no power, no amount of suffering, could have wrung this confession from me; I would have carried it with me to the grave if you, Mr. Ebeling, had not spoken first. I also know that you must respect me less on account of my unseemly language. I know that I am offending against the dignity of maidenly modesty and reserve, and must therefore quietly submit should you scorn me, because I deserve it. But the anguish of my heart is too great. And I confess to you, in the presence of the Omnipresent God, in the presence of the reverend servant of our Lord, and before this sick woman, in whose heart alone lies buried my silent grief, that I love you sincerely and truly, that I will be your wife, that I have been yours from the time when you first taught me to sing and understand the hymns of this man, this pious singer of the love of our Lord. Now speak, Mr. Ebeling; more than this I cannot confess to you, for I have no other secret."

"Dorothea!" now exclaimed Ebeling, "if only these kind and tender words are no delusion! If you were really to take compassion on a poor man, who has hitherto stood alone, and hopelessly endured the sorrow of his loneliness; if you were really to fulfill the one and most ardent desire of my heart, which I would have taken with me to my grave, inasmuch as I could never have ventured to sue for the precious treasure of your heart!—O, if you were really to gratify this one longing desire of my heart! But no, I cannot believe it; so much happiness will never fall to the lot of poor me."

"It is God's will that it should be so," said Dorothea. "Here is my hand; I am your wife. But you must also hear the price for which I give myself to you. I am going to see the President of the Consistory. Will you accompany me? or will you be satisfied with the silent blessing of an *imprisoned* man?"

"My child," exclaimed PAUL GERHARDT, "what are you going to do?"

"Liberate my father," replied the maiden, firmly and earnestly. "Sleep shall not close my eyes, nor shall you, Mr. Ebeling, look upon me as your true, affianced bride, till my father is again free. Will you assist me in this?"

"Truly will I," replied Ebeling. "For the sake of your love, I would not even shun death."

"Come then," said Dorothea. "Where liberty is concerned, every delay is a sin before God and man. And then, reverend godfather," she continued, turning to PAUL GERHARDT, "if my father is once free, and if

he has once laid his hand in blessing on this man and myself, then this overcharged and aching heart will hasten to you, and say: "Give us your blessing, too."

"Are you then really determined to take this bold step?" asked GERHARDT, in astonisnment.

"I must, dear godfather," replied she. "I have not forgotten the words of comfort you addressed to me, in regard to this matter, in order to relieve my conscience. But these are self-accusings, for which there is no consolation, except that which is afforded by the offering of an expiatory sacrifice. Give me your blessing on my journey, dear godfather."

"You are a dear, good and faithful child," exclaimed GERHARDT, laying his hand on her head. "The Word of the Lord be a lamp unto thy feet, and a light unto thy path. And whatever you ask and do in the name of the Lord, that be given you."

Dorothea then softly approached the bed-side of the invalid, and finding her still sleeping, she tenderly kissed the pale cheek of the beloved sufferer, pressed little Fritz with maternal tenderness to her bosom, and, accompanied by Mr. Ebeling, left the room.

CHAPTER XI.

THE INTERVIEW.

"I called upon the Lord in distress: the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place. The Lord is on my side; I will not fear; what can man do unto me?"—Psalm cxviii. 5, 6.

DOROTHEA, accompanied by Ebeling, directed her course toward the dwelling of the President of the Consistory, Baron Otto Von Schwerin, a man who, honored with the full confidence of his sovereign, wielded considerable power in the affairs of the Electorate of Brandenburg, and exerted an important influence on the opinions and actions of the great Elector, in regard to the questions of controversy then agitating the church.

When Dorothea had entered the ante-chamber that led to the apartment occupied by the President, she felt her courage somewhat dampened. "God strengthen my feeble heart," she said to herself. "What can I, a poor, humble and ignorant girl, accomplish with so great a man! Ebeling, next to God I put my trust in you! Let neither of us forget, that our errand concerns the liberation from imprisonment of a good, dear and faithful father."

The music-director, it must be confessed, by his looks, did not betray the greatest amount of courage. He no doubt found it easier to control, at pleasure, a band of musicians with their violins, flutes and other

instruments, than to influence the mind and actions of a noble and powerful dignitary. Still he felt that it would not do to show any want of courage before the maiden, and therefore said: "Dear Dorothea, let us trust in God, who turns the hearts of men as he turns the rivers of waters. If the errand on which you have set out is acceptable to him, you will accomplish it! However, it will, first of all, be necessary to ascertain whether the President is at home, and then, whether his grace will be disposed to grant us, or you alone, an interview. And as it is not proper that we proceed any further without being announced, it will be necessary to find some one who will do it for us. It is, therefore, very much to be regretted that there is no one about, to whom we can apply. This house looks almost as if it were deserted."

The good music-director, of course, never suspected that this was not accidental, but a cunning device of a man who permitted no opportunity, that could be turned to his advantage, to pass by unimproved. The private secretary, Stolpe, had noticed them as they were approaching the house; and as soon as he had convinced himself that they designed entering it, he immediately instructed all the servants to remain quietly in the appartment assigned to them, and leave the new-comers entirely to his management. After Ebeling and Dorothea had waited for some time, undecided as to what they should do, one of the many doors was opened, and the face of the private secretary, with its two small penetrating eyes, and wreathed in its usual mocking smile, appeared.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed. "The honored

Miss Dorothea Young and the accomplished music-director, Mr. Ebeling, master and pupil, two friends! how delighted I am to see you."

Dorothea, although prepared to meet this man, and as she imagined, sufficiently fortified with courage to face him, still could not maintain her composure, when she heard his voice, which pierced both soul and body like a poisoned arrow. Her hands began to tremble, and she retreated behind Ebeling, thus giving him to understand that she desired him to conduct the necessary conversation with the man so hateful to her.

"You are very kind, Mr. Secretary," said Ebeling. "We are also glad to see you, inasmuch as in the business that has brought us here, we can apply for assistance to no one who can render it better than yourself. We, or rather Miss Dorothea, desires nothing less than the favor of an interview with his right reverend grace, the President, Von Schwerin; and as it is well known that you enjoy his Grace's special favor and friendship, the granting of our request may naturally be supposed to rest with you; and we therefore respectfully apply to you."

"Aye, aye, Mr. Music-director," replied Stolpe, smiling; "since when have you learned to deal in such well-worded flattery? You know as well as I that I am my gracious master's humble servant, and that in my position I occupy a grade inferior to your own. However, every act of condescension makes an agreeable impression, and gains both affection and confidence. I repeat to you that I am most happy to see you."

"May I be permitted to repeat my request?" asked

Ebeling; "Miss Young is exceedingly anxious in her desire to speak, at least a few words, with his right reverend grace."

"Miss Young?" exclaimed Stolpe. "Then I am doubly sorry that I can do nothing to aid her in having her desire gratified."

"And why not?" asked Ebeling, in surprise.

"First," was Stolpe's reply, "I doubt whether the President is in, and then, even in the event of his being in, you have chosen a most unfavorable time, when, notwithstanding all the marked favor in which you are pleased to declare that I am held, even I dare not venture to enter his cabinet."

"But," asked the Music-director, "might not his Grace make an exception in a case as pressing as this? We have come a considerable distance, and if he is informed that a poor and distressed maiden desires to see him, would he not receive her?"

"A poor and distressed maiden!" repeated the private secretary. "God knows how these words affect my tender heart. I regard it as among man's most agreeable duties to assist a woman in distress, and I would therefore be ready to make every sacrifice to discharge this obligation resting on men in general. But you will not think hard of me, Mr. Music-director, if I express some doubt as to the truth of what you tell me. The heart of a woman in distress is not apt to be silent. Now, if I am forced to conclude, that I am the only one whom the honored Miss Young is pleased to regard with distrust, and that, judging from the manner in which this same young lady turns her eyes away from me and endeavors to

hide herself behind you, the sight of me must just be as disagreeable to her as a sight of her is happiness to me; you must perceive, Mr. Music-director, that a really distressed womanly heart neither throws a veil over her eyes, nor puts a lock on her lips. I am a reasonable man, Mr. Ebeling. I might, for instance, envy you the honor you enjoy in being this esteemed maiden's protector and companion; nay, any one else might hate you for it. But my tender heart is incapable of such feelings; I have given you a most cordial reception."

"Mr. Secretary!" exclaimed Ebeling.

However, Stolpe did not permit him to proceed, but continued: "I told you that I was a reasonable man. You, as it seems, enjoy the entire confidence of this honored maiden. Nay, I do not even hesitate to say that you possess her whole heart. I desire nothing from her save a kind look and a pleasant word. Can any one be more reasonable, Mr. Music-director?"

Ebeling, thrown into the most painful embarrassment, by the icy coldness of the tone of his voice, which formed an almost chilling contrast to the sardonic smile that played upon his sallow countenance, hesitated a few moments before replying: "Allow me, Mr. Secretary, to remind you of the object of our visit and the request we have made of you."

"Very true," replied Stolpe, and his smile assumed an expression of malignity, "you understand well how to evade me, when you lack the courage to give a straightforward reply. You come as petitioners, but do not demean yourselves as petitioners should. That

the honored Miss Young comes here under your protection, is not to be criticised, though I remember of having heard, from that honored maiden's lips, some such very strict sentiments in regard to maidenly dignity and delicacy, that I am almost surprised at seeing her walking, arm in arm, through the streets of the city with an unmarried man. If this had been done under the veil of night, it might at least have remained concealed from human eyes; but in broad daylight——."

Thus far Dorothea had been able steadfastly to resist his attempts to draw her into conversation, by opposing to them a contemptuous silence. But now, when the wretch ventured to inveigh against the purity of her heart and life, she could no longer maintain silence. Advancing toward him, she interrupted the secretary by exclaiming, in the clear strong voice of injured honor: "Shame on a man who has the presumption to heap insult and abuse on a distressed woman. If you find it inconceivable, that a poor citizen's daughter should come as a petitioner to this house, accompanied by this gentleman, then know that I am his affianced bride. And now do your duty and announce me to your master."

Greatly as Stolpe was master of his feelings, this revelation of Dorothea nevertheless gave him such a stunning blow, that he could not, for a moment, control himself or conceal its startling effect. But quickly calculating what would be the consequences he had to expect for himself, from this unanticipated defeat, he instantly, as if by magic, collected himself, and the usual obsequious smile played again upon his withered

countenance. He was just on the point of returning his congratulations, when a door opened and the President appeared. "What is the matter here?" he asked, in a quick and angry tone.

"Gracious sir," replied Stolpe, with a most humble bow, "I was just about to present to your Grace, the very humble suit of this honored maiden. She is the daughter of Young, the weaver, and requests a short interview with your excellency, expressing, through me, the joyful hope of a favorable consideration of her request, on the part of your Excellency."

"Enter," said the President, in a more pleasant tone, and Dorothea, with a beating heart, passed through the open door, followed by the President, who closed it after him.

But Stolpe hastened up to Ebeling, and said: "I can only hastily offer you my congratulations, Mr. Music-director, inasmuch as my duties call me away from here. In the meantime, I beg you to remain until my return." And with this, Stolpe entered through another door into a room adjoining the audience chamber of the President. He doubtless felt a far greater anxiety just then to be a secret witness of Dorothea's interview with the President, than to give a fuller expression of the pleasure he experienced at the new relation entered upon by Mr. Ebeling. The latter, therefore, remained in the ante-chamber, whilst we will follow the trembling maiden.

"So you are Mr. Young's daughter?" asked the President. "What is your desire?"

"Gracious sir," replied the maiden, and her voice betrayed the effort she made to control her feelings.

"Gracious sir, I am a poor ignorant girl, unacquainted with and inexperienced in the language and usages prevalent among the great. I am here from love to my father, urged by a troubled conscience and confidence in your Grace's kindness and love of justice, and for that reason I hope to meet with a kind hearing."

"If, as I suppose, you intend to intercede for your father," remarked the President, "I must from the first caution you against indulging in false hopes. The case of Mr. Young, in obedience to the command of his Electoral Highness, must take the course of a regular legal investigation and judicial action. Yet I assure you, if that will quiet your apprehensions, that I sincerely hope your father may be found innocent."

"That he will, most surely," said Dorothea, firmly. "Gracious sir, my father is not guilty of the crime of which he stands accused."

"Well, that is to be seen," was the reply. "And if you have nothing further to communicate to me than this assurance—" the President finished his sentence by glancing toward the door.

"No," exclaimed Dorothea, "your Grace will listen to me a few moments longer. I have been told that a candid and conscientious witness can contribute much, nay, everything towards the acquittal of one accused. And I desire to bear testimony for my father."

"Dear child," said the President, with a smile expressive of pity for her ignorance and want of apprehension. "Dear child, you, of course, do not know that you are a very suspicious witness, and, moreover, not at all competent to bear testimony."

"Your Grace will pardon me," continued Dorothea, with increased firmness. "In regard to a father no one is more competent to bear witness than his own child. The human heart is weak, and is easily and only too often driven by external excitement to indulge in words and actions which do not fairly represent it. But at home, in the bosom of the family, in daily intercourse with those whom God has united together, there the tongue speaks as the heart in reality thinks and feels. I know my poor father stands charged with having sinned in word and deed against that obedience which he owes to the higher authorities; yea, I know that he even stands accused of the criminal design of endeavoring to provoke the citizens to insurrection against our most gracious Elector. Your Grace, such a fearful intent does not come by accident, is not the work of a moment, and does not change according to the surroundings. Whatever my father has determined to do, that he does, as far as human power permits, without making a secret of it; for he is not influenced by the fear of man; he knows that God is with him as long as he walks in His ways. But now I know, and testify before the omnipresent God and before you, gracious Mr. President, that I never heard a single word from the lips of my father that indicated, even in the remotest degree, the contemplation of such a crime. On the contrary, my father has always spoken most respectfully and in the spirit of true loyalty of our serene Elector, and instilled into me, from my very childhood, the lesson: 'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are

ordained of God.' And my father is a faithful, honest Lutheran Christian and citizen. No intentional or wilful falsehood ever passes his lips. Mr. President, my father cannot be guilty of the crime whereof he stands accused."

"You do not understand this, my child," replied the President, smiling, though more kindly than before. "You cannot know, that in the investigation of undeniable *facts*, but little regard can be had to other declarations. You say, very justly, that the human heart is weak; it cherishes now evil and then again good thoughts, but if evil thoughts are expressed in words and actions, they, according to divine appointment, incur the penalty of human law. You defend your father as becomes the child, but the law does not arraign the father, but the citizen and subject. Your father, for years, has been known as a zealous Lutheran, and as one who has repeatedly expressed himself in opposition to the edicts respecting the church controversy. It has been abundantly established by witnesses, in what dangerous and incendiary remarks your father has here and there indulged. Your father is the most faithful friend and defender of that troublesome PAUL GERHARDT, who, notwithstanding the clemency and indulgence manifested toward him, on the part of his Electoral Highness, shows himself, by his persistent disobedience, more and more an enemy and opponent of peace in the church. Your father, of his own accord, called a meeting of the citizens, inflamed their minds with opposition against the edicts, composed both the petitions in behalf of the said PAUL GERHARDT, and, as if in open defiance,

traveled all the way to Cleves, in order to see, with his own eyes, the expected effect of his unbecoming remonstrance. However, my child, I am forgetting altogether, that you are not able to judge of such things; and for the sake of your filial love, I willingly pardon you for having interrupted me. Now go, and expect from the law, only that which is just."

"Gracious Mr. President, I cannot go yet," firmly and determinedly replied the maiden. "Your grace cannot possibly reproach my father for being PAUL GERHARDT'S friend and defender. In the whole congregation of St. Mary and St. Nicolai there is not one soul who is not bound to PAUL GERHARDT by the ties of love and gratitude. Gracious Mr. President, a man like this PAUL GERHARDT, who, as an Apostle of the Lord, preaches the Word of the cross; who, when explaining to us, from the sacred desk, the Scripture, finds access to every heart; who, when at the altar, communicates to all believers, the Spirit of the Lord in truth, because this same spirit fills his own heart—a man, like this PAUL GERHARDT, who numbers in every one of the families, belonging to his congregation, at least one soul, whom, by means of the Word of God, he has enlightened, strengthened, comforted and aroused from a state of false security and inactivity to a new life in Christ, bringing down the heart from its own pride, and humbling it under the cross; this dear man of God, who has dried many tears of sorrow, who never forsook his people in distress, who visited every bed of suffering, brought healing to every sin-sick soul, and who, as a true friend to the dying, stood by and prayed for them to the last,—should we not

love this man who loves all of us so sincerely and devotedly? Nay more, Mr. President, a man like this PAUL GERHARDT, who, in his own house, presents to all an example, how the husband becomes the wife's truest friend and guide to salvation, and his children's best instructor and benefactor; who, amid all the heavy crosses and afflictions that have befallen him and his family, and in painful view of his sick and dying wife, does not, for a moment, close his ears to the prayers of the meanest beggar; who takes compassion on the widow and the orphan, and receives them into his house as if they were his own; a man like this beloved PAUL GERHARDT, who serves his Lord and God in heaven, with the same faithfulness, with which he serves his prince, his country, and the congregation which his Master has confided to his care, this dear, pious singer of the love of our Redeemer, whose hymns and Psalms are familiar to every heart, and who, with this one hymn; 'Commit thou all thy griefs and ways into His hands,' has put a rod and a staff into the hands of thousands of weary pilgrims, has filled thousands of desponding hearts with renewed hope in that God, who does not forsake those that put their trust in Him. Gracious Mr. President, I ask you, would we not be of all men most ungrateful if we refused to love such a man?"

When Dorothea here ceased speaking, the President continued to regard her with a look of admiration, till he replied, in a tone of unfeigned benignity: "Girl, you are beside yourself about GERHARDT. Is this not your father's spirit, that speaks in you?"

"No, gracious sir," replied the maiden. "If my

father has expressed himself before your Grace as I do, he has manifested only the spirit of faith and of that love which comes by faith. Your Grace found fault with my father for being a zealous Lutheran. Now, gracious sir, I am ignorant of the questions at issue between the Reformed and Lutherans, but if to be a zealous Lutheran means believing with the whole heart that the Scriptures are the holy Word of God, and that human reason and wisdom must willingly and believingly subject themselves to this revealed Word of God; if it means that we poor lost human beings can be justified before God only through the atonement of our Redeemer, and that our salvation is only a gift of divine grace, bestowed upon us for Christ's sake; if it means that God's eternal love and mercy does not reject any one, but has called *all* to life and salvation, and does not turn away the humblest soul that flees for refuge to Christ; if to be a zealous Lutheran means to celebrate the Holy Supper, not merely as a commemoration of the death of our Lord, but as a holy Sacrament, in which the blessing of the work of redemption by Jesus Christ enters the heart, and the solemn partaking of the bread and wine puts our souls into a true communion with Christ, so that we, as the living members of Him, our head, really partake of His body and blood, which He gave and shed for our sins and for our justification; and if to be a zealous Lutheran means to faithfully preserve this faith amid all dangers, to profess and defend it everywhere and in all places, and willingly and cheerfully to suffer for it shame, reproach, scorn, persecution, bonds, imprisonment, and even death, then, Mr.

President, then am I too a zealous Lutheran, and thousands upon thousands of souls are such with me."

"What a spirit dwells in this maiden!" exclaimed the President, in astonishment, when he observed how her voice, look, and gesture, and her countenance glowing with animation, gave unmistakable evidences of the sincere and honest zeal of a Lutheran maiden. Neither could he deny to himself that the almost contemptuous indifference with which he had received the daughter of an imprisoned weaver, had changed into somewhat like respect and reverence. "This is not the language of an ordinary woman," he thought to himself, "and this is still less the language of deceit and calculation! Is it any wonder that the father, who is this girl's instructor and guide, should take a similar stand?" He turned toward the maiden, gazed at her long and earnestly, and said: "What is it you really want of me? What do you believe that I can do towards the accomplishment of your wishes?"

"Gracious sir," replied Dorothea, more calmly, and in a tone of impassioned entreaty, "Gracious sir, set my father at liberty!"

"No, my child," quickly replied the President; "to grant you this request, is altogether beyond my power. Yet I cheerfully promise you that, as far as my ability goes, no harm shall come to your father. The imprisonment of your father is necessary, because quite a number of charges have been preferred against him, which, as they affect the sacred person of our sovereign, must undergo the most rigid examination. Though I freely confess that the result of the examination thus far has elicited nothing of any weight in

proof of your father's guilt, I must, at the same time, inform you that his arrest was made less in consequence of the charges preferred against him, than an adjudged punishment for the spirit of disrespect and insubordination he manifested as the author of the last petition against his Electoral Highness, and also because he assumed the whole responsibility, by tenaciously refusing to give the names of such as may be equally guilty with himself."

This calm explanation made a deeper impression on the maiden than the former harsh manner of the President, and for the moment caused her courage nearly to forsake her. The President appeared almost to compassionate the poor girl, who disconsolately, and without knowing what more to do or say, cast down her eyes and remained silent.

"If I mistake not," the President at length resumed, "I heard you say you were constrained to come here by a troubled conscience. What do you mean by this?"

These words, addressed to her in a tone of encouragement, affected Dorothea like an electric shock. She quickly looked up, and manifested the joy of one to whose relief there had suddenly come a happy thought. "Gracious sir," she said, "may I hope that your grace will answer me a question?"

"Why not?" replied the President, smiling. "I hope you will not put any question to me to which I dare not reply?"

"Your Grace," Dorothea now continued, "informs me that serious charges had been preferred against my father. Who is his accuser? Who has borne such false witness against him?"

"My child," replied the President, in visible embarrassment, "this is a question which must be discussed in another place. Yet, this much you may know, namely, that the testimony against your father has been rendered by a man of credibility."

"I know that man," said Dorothea, who had once more regained her full courage. "And if your Grace will permit me to make a confession, to which only the greatest necessity forces me, it will be seen whether or not this man is a credible witness."

Before the President could reply, a small, half-concealed side door was opened, and Stolpe appeared, saying: "Your right reverend Grace will allow me, in obedience to previous orders, to remind your excellency that the hour for the meeting of the Consistory is near at hand."

"Very well, Stolpe," said the President, "I shall be there directly."

"Then I would also allow myself," continued Stolpe, humbly, "to ask your right reverend Grace for their propositions, inasmuch as I cannot finish the papers to be laid before the present session without them."

"So?" asked the President, somewhat vexed. "Well, you may wait! There will be time for that to-morrow."

"And then—" began the invulnerable secretary, anew; but this time he was destined not to finish his sentence. The President turned upon him a dark look, and said: "I tell you, 'to-morrow.' Go now, and announce to the members that I shall soon be there."

Upon this, the private secretary did not venture a second attempt at interruption. He made a low and

deferential bow, and withdrew, and, as he did so, muttered to himself: "This business must be attended to in some other way."

"Now say on," said the President, turning to Dorothea. "You have excited my curiosity. But take care that you utter no falsehood. Whom do you regard as the accuser of your father?"

"The man," said Dorothea, undismayed, "who has just left the room."

"My secretary?" exclaimed the President, "how come you to suppose that?"

"Gracious sir," the maiden now continued, "it may be very improper for me to make such a confession here. But God will, I trust, in mercy pardon me. The greatest necessity, the only way to liberate my poor father, drives me to it. Yes, your Grace, Stolpe and no one else, is the accuser of my father. And the cause and foundation of his accusation is vengeance against me. He wants to destroy the daughter through the father."

"Young woman, consider what you are saying," remarked the President, earnestly. "This is a grave charge."

"I *do* consider," asserted the maiden. "I am ready to give an account, before God and man, of every word I shall speak. Mr. Stolpe for a long time has sought to win my love, and that in a manner calculated to pain and annoy an honest maiden. I can neither respect nor love this man, because my inner self tells me that God has not designed us for each other. Besides, I have recently become the affianced bride of a respectable man. In repelling Mr. Stolpe's advances,

I did only that to which my heart urged me. But he neither respected my words nor my actions. He seeks to force me to entertain an inclination which to me is utterly impossible. In Cleves he offered to liberate my father if I would comply with his wishes. I vacillated, not between love and hate toward him, but between love to my father and—(I must confess it) love to myself. I rejected Mr. Stolpe's offer, and in so doing, put fetters on my father's hands. This is what burdens my conscience. I know it now; to have liberated my father I should have sacrificed myself, my happiness, my hopes, my love; but I loved myself more than my father. May God grant me pardon for this sin."

"Girl!" exclaimed the President, "are you speaking the truth?"

"God and his holy Word are my witness," replied Dorothea, firmly, laying her folded hands upon her breast. "Mr. Stolpe even attempted to sell me this interview with your Grace for the same price. Being witness to the threats with which Stolpe left my father in Cleves, and of how my father, in the excitement of the moment, may perhaps have made some remarks wounding to his feelings, your Grace will justify the suspicions I have expressed against this man."

"You say, then, that my secretary promised you the liberation of your father on the condition named? You say this, and adhere to it?"

"Yes, your Grace," replied Dorothea, and then, on seeing his frowning look, added: "Nevertheless, I assure your Grace that I prefer no manner of complaint against Mr. Stolpe; but desire only, urged as I am by

the most pressing necessity, to confess to you what might, if possible, secure the release of my father. Therefore, gracious sir, do not despise the prayer of a poor girl. I have neither brother nor sister, and my mother has for years been sleeping in her grave. Have compassion, gracious sir; restore to a forsaken daughter her nearest friend and protector, her father; and by the sentence of acquittal which you pronounce on a faithful citizen and subject, remove a heavy burden from your conscience. Release my father from prison, and should your Grace find it necessary to subject him to a trial hereafter, take his word for his appearance, and my father will keep his word, though death should be the penalty, as certainly as I know that he loves me."

The President remained a few moments in deep reflection, and then said: "Go now, my child, you shall see your father ere long."

"God reward you for these words!" joyfully exclaimed the maiden, and her eyes filled with tears. But the President arose, approached her, and said: "What is your name?"

"Dorothea, gracious sir," she replied.

"Dorothea," repeated he, "that means *gift of God.* Yes, and justly! Your father is a happy man. Blessed is he who can take delight in his children!" And having said this, the President turned and passed out through the small door; and Dorothea hastened with her affianced to her paternal home, where a few of her father's friends were impatiently expecting her return.

Soon after, and whilst the maiden was still engaged

in giving those present an account of her courageous interview with the President, the door opened. Dorothea at once flew from her seat, hastened toward the new-comer, exclaiming: "My father, my dear father!" and then laid her head on his bosom and wept. The father wept too, as he exclaimed: "My child, my dearest child! God bless you!"

"And *him*, too," added Dorothea, with a shy smile, drawing Ebeling toward him. "Receive him as your son, as your daughter's heart's friend. Are you satisfied, dear father?"

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Young, in a broken voice. "This is almost too much happiness in one day. God bless you, dear children!"

And all present responded, "Amen!"

CHAPTER XII.

A CONSISTORIAL SESSION.

Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear: Having a good conscience.—1 Pet. iii. 15, 16.

THE right reverend Electoral Consistory was assembled. President and counsellors had taken their seats; and only one chair was still unoccupied. Upon a sign from the President, the door opened and Andreas Fromm, the Lutheran provost of St. Peter's, entered.

"Mr. Provost," said the President, sternly, "after what has occurred in regard to you, you will not be surprised that, instead of occupying your place today, as one of the counsellors, you appear here simply as minister and preacher, in order to answer, in obedience to the express command of his Electoral Highness, to certain charges that have been preferred against you. You will remember that you, some time since, presumed to utter, in the presence of myself, of Court-chaplain Stosch, as also in that of John Muller, pastor of Ribbeck, the serious charge, that the Lutheran Church suffered violence at the hands of the Reformed. Little as such a charge was to be expected, especially from you, and much as I individually felt

inclined to regard your language as the ebullition of excited feelings, uttered in an unguarded moment, yet much has occurred of late to induce me to change my good opinion concerning you. We have been informed that you have joined yourself to those who designate the drawing up of a Reversal by Provost Lilius as an act of treachery against the Lutheran Church, and publicly denounce it as such; that you, as was formerly not the case, are now on the most intimate terms of friendship with the deposed deacon, PAUL GERHARDT; and that for some time past, you have not observed, in the pulpit that moderation in reference to the points of controversy between the two churches, for which you have, heretofore, been distinguished. From all this, and especially from the fact of your having refused to sign the Reversal, it is evident that you have changed your views in regard to the measures adopted by his serene Highness, touching the church-controversy, and, consequently, the Consistory is perfectly justified in characterizing your declaration, *that the Lutheran Church suffers violence at the hands of the Reformed*, as an insult to our serene Sovereign. I therefore call upon you to answer to these charges, if you are able to do so."

The Provost, who, in his former colleagues, now beheld his judges, cast a fearless glance around the assembly, and, meeting the malicious look of the Court-chaplain, could not repress a feeling of resentment as he replied: "Though prepared to defend myself against whatever charges this Electoral Consistory is pleased to prefer against me, yet, in view of the multiplicity of these charges, I am really at a loss to know

to which of them their Excellencies desire me first of all to answer."

As the President did not immediately reply, the Court-chaplain, Stosch, began by saying: "That which affects the sacred person of his Electoral Highness is, of course, the first and most important, and you will therefore direct your defence against what his right reverend Grace has charged you with in that respect."

The Provost cast a reproachful look upon the Court-chaplain, and said: "I neither can nor will deny that I have spoken of that violence which the Lutheran Church suffers at the hands of the Reformed. He who has seen the anguish caused in the minds of Lutheran ministers at the mere thought of signing the Reversal, which is an evidence that their refusal to sign it does not proceed from a want of obedience to the Electoral edict, but rather from conscientious scruples, and whoever has been compelled to witness the intimidation practiced upon these poor, distressed clergymen, by all manner of persecution, representation and threats, in order to force them to sign it, have, in my opinion, not gone too far in using the word *violence*."

"According to this, then, you admit," Stosch quickly interposed, "you have incurred the guilt of offering an insult to his Electoral Highness."

"By no means, Mr. Court-chaplain," replied Fromm. "For even though it must be confessed, that the signing of this Reversal is an act required by our most serene Elector, it is still a well known fact that his Electoral Highness, in matters pertaining to contro-

versies touching the faith of the church, readily follows the advice of others, and especially of such as do not look upon the Lutheran Church with a favorable eye. The execution of a law requires the application of external force, whilst the law itself originates with man. Therefore I maintain that I did not apply to his Electoral Highness the declaration on which, as it seems, the principal charge against me is founded, but only against such counsellors as incited him to the commission of such acts."

The Court-chaplain, Stosch, grew livid with rage, and attempted to give vent to it, when the President interrupted him by saying: "Consider, Mr. Provost, what you are saying. We had hoped that you would explain that declaration by assuring us that, overcome by momentary excitement, you had not duly reflected what a serious charge it contained; but it seems that, instead of apologizing, you are trying to justify yourself, no doubt thinking it easier to accuse *us*."

"Gracious Mr. President," replied the Provost, "in speaking of counsellors who provoke his Electoral Highness to the adoption of such stringent measures against us Lutherans, I can honestly assure you that I was not alluding to your Grace. I have too often been a witness of your endeavors to restore peace to the church without violating the rights and conscience of any one; and the release of Mr. Young from confinement affords an additional proof how little your Grace is disposed to use force against such as act from pure and conscientious motives. I rather allude to those counsellors who are known as open enemies of the Lutheran faith, and who seem to manifest a disposition

to totally abolish the Lutheran Church. I do not mean secular, but spiritual counsellors."

This evident reflection upon the Court-chaplain was at once taken up by him as a personal insult. "Gracious Mr. President," he said, when he saw that the Provost was about to speak: "I may be permitted to reply to this in a fitting manner. Your attempt, Mr. Provost, to fasten upon others, and, as it seems, particularly upon me, the insult you have offered to the sacred person of our Sovereign, will neither justify nor exculpate yourself. For your confession, that you intended to insult *some one*, cannot be reconciled with the office and dignity of a Lutheran Provost, nor with the gravity and discreetness of a member of this Electoral Consistory, nor with that affability and mildness that should characterize the conduct of a Christian minister. Then again, though the great importance you attach to the influence we exert on the actions of his Electoral Highness may be very honorable to us, his humble spiritual counsellors, your assertion nevertheless contains an additional insult to our Sovereign, inasmuch as it indirectly charges his Highness with having so little regard for the practice of justice and truth, that he permits others to force upon him their opinions in opposition to his own. In characterizing, Mr. Provost, the execution of established laws as an act of violence, and in having the uncommon boldness to maintain here, in presence of this Electoral Consistory, that his Electoral Highness permitted himself to be provoked by others to such acts of violence, you are not throwing a very favorable light upon the twelve years during which you, as a member of this Con-

sistory, had bound yourself by an oath to the observance of loyal obedience to our Sovereign."

Here Stosch ceased, and the Provost was about beginning to defend himself against this severe attack, when he found that the Court-chaplain had only paused to take breath, for he resumed: "As for the rest, no one need be surprised at our conduct. A man, Mr. Provost, who, on the one hand, denies his Lutheran Church so far that he inveighs against the Form of Concord, and who, in a series of letters addressed to me and my colleague, Bergius, passes himself off as a secret Reformed, a fact which he holds back only on the advice of his friends from motives of prudence; a man, who, in order to make himself believed, brings all sorts of charges against the Lutheran zealots, mentioning their names, and asking for their punishment; and then, again, a man, who, on the other hand, censures and inveighs against the measures of his serene Sovereign, denouncing the requisition to sign the Reversal as an act of violence on the part of the Reformed against the Lutherans, and refusing his own signature to a document which he had before approved, and who, in so doing, suddenly remembers that he is a pupil of Abraham Calov in Wittenberg—a man, I say, who is capable of doing all this, shows plainly enough that he is neither Lutheran nor Reformed, neither a servant of the Church nor of his Sovereign, and who attaches but little weight to loyalty and obedience."

This outrageous assault, which can be explained only on the ground of the Court-chaplain's excited state of mind and his personal hatred to the poor Provost,

whom he had resolved to destroy, made an unfavorable impression even upon the President and the other members of the Consistory. The President cast a look of disapprobation toward him, and Counsellor Seidel remarked: "I wish, Mr. Colleague, that it might have pleased you to have included in your charge fewer personalities, and at the same time borne in mind, that communications imparted to you in confidence, and views expressed under the influence of excitement, are far from giving us a just estimate of a man's true character."

The President, who, from the moment of Fromm's refusal to sign the Reversal, had withdrawn his confidence from him, was still sufficiently impartial and humane to feel some sympathy for one so grossly abused. He therefore turned to him and said: "I also cannot approve all the Court-chaplain has said against you, though he may perhaps have done so from an honest zeal for his church. Still there is something with which you can justly be reproached, namely, with vacillation in opinion, so that one is at a loss to know whether, according to your real convictions, you are Lutheran or Reformed; and it might be advisable for you to express yourself definitely in regard to this matter."

After a few moments' hesitation, the Provost replied: "Though, in my present state of mental excitement, caused by the invidious assault of a man who professed to be my friend, it may be difficult to give a clear answer, I will nevertheless do it as well as circumstances will, at this moment, permit. I have not only privately, but also publicly declared, that it would

be better for both the contending churches if no Form of Concord existed, which immediately after its publication sowed the seeds of discord, instead of producing that harmony which it was designed to effect. I also, at the same time, declared, both privately and publicly, that as long as the Lutherans were as firm and inflexible in maintaining their distinct doctrines as the Reformed, peace between the two would be impossible. Since I, however, entertain the conviction that the church can in reality be but ONE, and that as long as this is not the case, the blame rests only with her members. It is furthermore my conviction, that this unity of the church can be established only by the churches now existing dropping their distinctive doctrines and questions of controversy, and uniting on those points of doctrine which all hold in common. But to accomplish this, it is first of all necessary that these distinctive churches dissolve their several organizations, and then organize, on the basis of the pure Gospel, a new, biblical, or evangelical church. The possibility of this no one will doubt; for just as the first disciples of our Lord could sit together with one accord, so also can all those who are his disciples do now. But as long as one church esteems itself the only true one, and consequently justifiable in abusing and denouncing all the rest, so long will there be contention, discord, and condemnation for heresy, among Christians. I want neither a Reformed nor a Lutheran, but an *Evangelical* church. I want no other Book of Concord than the Holy Scriptures; no other Christianity than the old, genuine Christianity of the Bible. If I, in accordance with this my inmost con-

viction, appear to side neither with the Lutherans nor the Reformed, and if for this sentence of condemnation be pronounced against me, I shall regret it exceedingly, though aware that, under the circumstances, no better treatment awaits me."

As the Provost here ceased, and continued to regard his judges with a look of confidence, deep silence reigned for some time throughout the assembly, which, to all appearance, augured favorably for the accused. But the Court-chaplain was not disposed to yield the victory so easily. He therefore, with forced calmness and cordiality, began by saying: "It certainly affords us great pleasure that, by your explanation, you have removed the misinterpretation which, in consideration of your real opinion concerning the religious confession, had to be received. Since, however, we have not yet reached the point where the Reformed and Lutheran churches are to be fused into one great, biblical or evangelical body, but are still living in a time when each one is, more than ever, defending its independence and orthodoxy, to which both have an acknowledged right, you will admit that it is proper, as well as right, to subject the attacks made by one church upon the other, to a just and impartial investigation. And for this purpose you, Mr. Provost, have appeared here to-day. The charge has been brought against you that you have offered, either directly or indirectly, an insult to our serene Elector, and that your general conduct has of late been one of opposition to the measures adopted by his Electoral Highness for the restoration of the peace of the church. To this must be added the fact, already mentioned by our gracious

President, that you hold to those who characterize Provost Lilius' conduct in signing the Reversal as an act of treachery against the Lutheran Church; that you, as was not the case formerly, have entered into a closer bond of friendship with the deposed deacon, PAUL GERHARDT, and that in your pulpit you no longer observe that moderation in regard to questions of controversy, and in what you say in defence of your Church, for which you have heretofore been distinguished. The Consistory must insist on having an explanation on these points."

"As regards this last point," replied the Provost, not without some bitterness in his tone, and fixing a piercing look upon the Court-chaplain, "I think that those who imparted the information to the Consistory are better able than I to enlighten you. For the manner in which a minister may feel, when in the pulpit, cannot be previously determined. He who, when in the pulpit, acts like a merchant, who suits his wares to the tastes of his customers, had better not enter it. But when a true preacher leaves the pulpit, he does not know whether he sought to be moderate or not, but only whether he said all he wanted to say. Or perhaps, Mr Court-chaplain, you refer not to moderation in sentiments, but rather in voice and delivery, in which case physical exhaustion would be an evidence that due moderation had not been observed. But as regards the Reversal of Provost Lilius, I do not recollect having said that he had thereby committed an act of treason against his Church; all I remember is the remark I made to only one individual, namely, to the Reverend Court-chaplain Stosch, in answer, as I

thought, to a confidential question, whether Provost Lilius had not committed an act of treason against his own soul. It is true, this Senior of the Ministerium of St. Nicolai, by drawing up the Reversal, has satisfied the requirements of the Electoral Consistory; but when I think of how that old man was tormented by his conscience, before drawing up this Reversal with a trembling hand, and how he hesitated between the dreaded alternative of losing, in his old age, his daily bread, or the confidence of his congregation; when I think of the reproach since then heaped upon him, both in verbal denunciations and by the press, and how his restoration to the favor of our serene Elector does in no wise silence his agonized and tormented conscience; and when I, too, think of what I know from the best authority to be true, that he hopes for rest and peace only in his approaching death, I cannot but repeat that that old man has betrayed his own soul. Had he, in obedience to his conscience, refused to sign the Reversal, he would indeed have been deprived of his office, but not of his peace of mind; and a grateful Lutheran community would not have permitted their aged and faithful pastor to suffer bodily want. And, finally, as regards my intimate friendship with my dear clerical brother, Rev. PAUL GERHARDT, I can only say that I regret that I did not sooner enjoy the confidence of that faithful and pious servant of our Lord. A man like PAUL GERHARDT, who possesses the love of every member of his congregation, who is to be counted among the very few truly faithful stewards of the mysteries of God, whose superior insight into the sense of the Holy Scripture is equaled by few, and

who, in the confession of his faith, has hitherto not given way one step, either in thought, word, or deed; who with a single verse of his spiritual hymns produces more blessed results than I with all my sermons —the friendship of such a man is a precious treasure, and cannot be held in too high esteem. If after these explanations the Electoral Consistory feel themselves constrained to pronounce judgment against me, I must needs submit."

This defense was, both in its matter and manner, far from calculated to effect favor with the Consistory, and especially with Stosch, who in look and conduct manifested his displeasure with a malicious joy, which doubtless flowed from the conviction that this mode of defending himself was sure to work the ruin of the hated man. He was, however, not to have the satisfaction of an immediate realization of his expectations; for even the President, to a certain extent, appeared to have been won over to the accused, for he said:

"Though there are some things contained in your defense which do not harmonize with your moderate and tolerant spirit, I am still not disposed to look upon you as arrayed in open hostility against the Reformed Church; much less can I attribute to you the culpable design of really wishing to insult our great Elector. His Electoral Highness, moreover, in view of your former faithful co-operation in the restoration of the peace of the Church, is inclined to regard your remark touching the violence resorted to by the Reformed against the Lutherans, as uttered in thoughtless haste, and not with malicious intent. For, however much you might endeavor to prove that those

remarks were directed, not against his Electoral Highness himself, personally, but merely against his counsellors, it would, after all, in the end, amount nearly to the same thing, and the personal insult to our gracious Sovereign could not be explained away. All his Electoral Highness asks of you now is, that you, Mr. Provost, will take back the offensive remark in question before the assembled members of the Consistory. Are you prepared to do this?"

"I do not know," replied Fromm, evasively, "in what manner this is demanded of me."

The Court-chaplain, Stosch, as was apparent by the sudden crimsoning of his countenance, and the fiery glance of his eyes, felt himself called upon by this remark to again aim one of his ready, poisoned darts at the heart of the Provost; but the President motioned him to keep silent, and, with unusual calmness, continued: "Mr. Provost, that those remarks already several times alluded to, are offensive, admits of no doubt, explain them as you will. They contain partly an unreasonable and unjust criticism on the paternal measures of our Elector, and partly a gross violation of the respect due to the members of the Consistory. This offensive sentiment you are asked to disavow, by declaring that it was not your intention to insult any one, and that you are sorry for having made such a remark, for which no cause had been given you, and which you are altogether unable to defend."

The Provost regarded the President with an earnest and inquiring look, and then, in a clear and firm voice, replied: "Mr. President, such an explanation I cannot give."

"And why not?" asked the President, quickly, and with an indignant look, whilst loud murmurs passed through the assembly, and Stosch, from sheer excitement, moved restlessly on his chair.

"Because," continued the Provost, "I cannot in truth say that I had no cause for such remark, and that I can in no way defend it. The cause was the tortured conscience of the poor pastor from Ribbeck, who was to be forced by intimidation and threats to sign the Reversal. I must have had a heart cased in triple steel, if the agony and pain which that poor man endured had not moved me. Whilst I cheerfully confess that it was not my intention to inflict a personal insult by what I said, I cannot yet admit that I feel sorry that I made that remark; for this would be equivalent to saying that I felt sorry for having sympathized with the tortured conscience of a faithful minister."

As at this point several of the counsellors showed signs of offering a not very courteous reply, the President waved his hand, and continued: "I have thus far strictly obeyed the orders of our most gracious Elector, and I shall continue to do so throughout. Mr. Provost, I would remind you that your future lot will depend on the issue of our present deliberations. I have hitherto been indulgent in my judgment concerning you, and in view of the good-will you have heretofore evidenced toward the restoration of peace, put the most favorable construction upon all you have said and done. But your language compels me to relinquish my good opinion respecting you, and submit to the conviction that your views have undergone an entire change. How can you justify this double deal-

ing, which is especially reprehensible in a minister of the Gospel?"

"I cannot deny," replied the Provost, with undisturbed calmness, "that since the incident referred to, my views, in regard to the Reversal, have undergone a complete change. My co-operation in the work of restoring the peace of the church was based upon the hope of an honest toleration between the two parties, the hope that each party would cheerfully accord to the other the right, not only to abide by the established doctrines of their Church, but also to defend them. But this hope has not been realized. Whilst the fact is undeniable, that the Reformed enjoy greater liberty in the maintenance of the doctrines of their Church, it is just as undeniable that the Lutherans, in signing the Reversal, bind their hands and tongues. If it could be proven that such Lutheran ministers as refuse to sign the Reversal, did so from a spirit of opposition and disobedience to the laws of their sovereign, then the employment of stringent measures against them would be perfectly justifiable. But it is evident that, with all, it is the inextinguishable voice of conscience that struggles against it. Heretofore, I did not see, nor even suspect what might happen; but now, since the breach between the two parties has continued to grow wider, and since the whole community, as well as the municipal council, is involved in it; now, since ministers and their congregations must suffer so many injuries; now, since the distressed consciences of those who are asked to sign, but cannot, cry for mercy and justice; now, since Lutheran ministers must choose the alternative, either of violating

their consciences or of deposition from office, and exile; NOW my eyes have been opened. Formerly, I forced myself to be calm and hopeful, as far as my conscience would permit; but *now* I am no longer able to do it."

"According to this, then," asked the President, "are we to understand you as saying that you regard the demanding of your signature to the Reversal an act of injustice?"

"Long and maturely," replied the Provost, evasively, "have I considered this mournful subject. I have impartially examined every argument for and against, and am now fully convinced in my own mind, that the required Reversal, which refers to the three edicts of 1614, 1662, and 1664, can never receive the signature of a *true* Lutheran. I say, of a *true* Lutheran; for ministers who, in Scriptural language, are neither cold nor hot, who change and modify their religious views to suit the prevailing opinions of the day; or deposed ministers, who purchase their restoration by the stupefaction of their consciences—such ministers, I say, can hardly be the men whom his Electoral Highness desires in his dominion."

This speech fell like a clap of thunder upon the members of the Consistory. The exasperation at the boldness of a man who had hitherto perfectly coincided with the prevailing opinions of that body, brought the glow of anger to every countenance. A whisper of condemnation passed from mouth to mouth; but the President maintained his usual composure, and turning to the accused, said: "According to this, then, you too refuse to affix your signature to the Reversal!"

"Yes!" replied the Provost, in a firm voice; and then, in a milder tone: "I entreat your Right-reverend Grace, for the love of God, and in behalf of many sorely-afflicted consciences, to induce his Electoral Highness to take pity, both on those who are already in the ministry, as well as on those who desire to enter it, by relieving them from the necessity of signing the Reversal. All we ask is, that our most gracious Elector will accord to our Lutheran ministers the same privilege enjoyed by the Catholics, of whom nothing of the kind is required, and who had this privilege secured to them by the edict of 1660. Are we Lutherans to be less favorably treated by our sovereign than Catholics?"

"Silence!" exclaimed the President, in a tone of command. "You have pronounced your own sentence! After this your declaration, I herewith announce to you, in the name and on the authority of our most serene Elector, not only that you are dismissed from your seat in this Consistory, but also from your office as Provost of St. Peter's. And what you have additionally declared in presence of this body, you will have to answer for at some other place. You are dismissed."

When the Provost heard these words, a sudden feeling of terror seized upon him; but he soon regained his composure, and only when he noticed a derisive smile of triumph on the countenance of the Court-chaplain, Stosch, did he feel a disposition to raise his voice once more. But on the President repeating: "You are dismissed," he bowed and left the hall.

At early dawn on the 20th day of July of the same

year, 1666, a carefully-closed carriage was driven secretly out of Berlin, along the road leading to Wittenberg. It contained a man with his wife and children. The man was the deposed Provost of St. Peter's, Andreas Fromm, who had left Berlin forever.

CHAPTER XIII.

HELP IN NEED.

"And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."—Isa. lxv. 24.

LITTLE as the events that either directly or indirectly befell PAUL GERHARDT were calculated to favor the restoration to health of his sick wife, her declining days on earth, notwithstanding her afflictions, were not destined to be an unbroken chain of bodily want. Fully convinced and even sincerely desirous that her earthly tabernacle should soon be dissolved, she accepted, as a gracious gift from the Lord, and heartily enjoyed each day, yea, each single hour which she was able to spend out of bed, near the window, where she could inhale the fresh air. Her family physician, either from a belief in the possibility of her recovery, or with a view of not alarming her, made every effort to arouse and keep alive this hope within her, yet he was always met with the reply: "Doctor, you certainly mean it kindly; but I know that my end is not very far off, and I willingly obey the summons of my Lord."

The father entered the room with little Fritz just as the mother was enjoying one of her happy hours at the window. "Well, my good wife," exclaimed GERHARDT, "are you basking in the genial rays of the sun and inhaling new life?"

"Ah yes, dear husband," she replied, smiling contentedly, though a smile upon her pale, hollow cheek caused the beholder more pain than joy. "Ah yes, dear husband; this mild air feels unusually refreshing, and I have not felt so well for a long time. I was just thinking of your beautiful hymn on summer:

"'Go forth, my heart, and seek delight
In all the gifts of God's great might,
These pleasant summer hours.'

"It seems to me as if I had never till now fully understood the verse I so often sung to myself:

"'I think, Art Thou so good to us,
And scatterest joy and beauty thus
O'er this poor earth of ours;
What nobler glories shall be given
Hereafter in Thy shining heaven,
Set round with golden towers!'"

"And are you then so very anxious to leave us?" asked GERHARDT, in a tone of painful entreaty, at the same time raising the boy to his mother's lap.

She regarded her husband with a look of unwonted sadness, pressed her boy to her bosom, and said: "Must I not go?"

"Yes, certainly, when your time comes," replied GERHARDT, "the time the Lord has appointed you. But he alone knows whether this is near at hand or afar off; therefore, so long as you are still to be preserved to us, so long let our house be the golden castle where we rejoice and are glad together. And since God has done and is still doing great things for us, and since it is possible with him, in his omnipotence, even to raise

again from death, let us neglect nothing our duty may require. Has the physician not yet prescribed for you nourishing soup?"

"He spoke of it," replied the good wife, with downcast eyes.

"And did you give the maid orders to that effect?" continued GERHARDT.

"Not yet, dear husband," was her reply.

"But why do you not do it, Mary?" said GERHARDT, gently reproaching her. "Tell her at once to get the necessary meat."

The good wife buried her face in her hands, and made no reply.

"What ails you, my child?" asked GERHARDT, sympathizingly. "Have I wounded your feelings?"

"O, no," she replied.

"Why, then, are you so sorrowful?" continued GERHARDT, in the same tone. "How can my question make you so sad? Tell me, Mary, what is it that afflicts you?"

"Afflicts me?" repeated the wife, with forced cheerfulness. "No, my dear husband; this is only a foolish weakness of my heart. I am like a child; do not be angry with me, dear GERHARDT."

"But, my dear, you alarm me!" exclaimed GERHARDT, in amazement; "will you not tell me what is the cause of this most unaccountable sadness?"

After some little hesitation, the suffering woman replied: "I would most willingly have sent the maid to buy the necessary meat, were it not that my purse is entirely empty."

"Is that all?" exclaimed GERHARDT, with a smile.

"Well, this evil shall soon be remedied;" saying which, he reached his hand into his pocket; but finding nothing in this, and meeting with a similar result after searching all the rest, he hastened to his desk, and ransacked every drawer. But here, too, his search proved fruitless. Then turning round toward his wife, and seeing her still weeping, he approached her, laid his hand upon her forehead, and said: "Mary, now I know that you have cause for your sadness. I had forgotten that the Elector had deposed me from my office, and with it also deprived me of my daily bread. But let not this trouble you, my poor wife; neither God nor men will forsake me—and besides, I am still able to work."

"Why did you press me so, my dear husband, to tell you this?" said the wife; "God knows how you wrong me by thinking that I require comfort on this account; neither did I wish to complain. Would I not be unworthy of being a minister's wife, if I was dissatisfied with the lot that has befallen my husband on account of fidelity to his calling? No, dear Paul, I will not be behind the many thousands who bless you for your faithfulness, and regard you with increased hope; indeed, I should be the first to rejoice over your fidelity to the Gospel."

"This you surely do, Mary," said GERHARDT, "and have done it faithfully during all these trying times. I know of many ministers' wives who, by calling their husbands' attention to the inevitable loss of their daily bread, finally induced them to sign the Reversal, against which their consciences rebelled. The well-grounded apprehension, that the loss of the office also

takes away one's salary, has induced many to feign obedience to the Elector, whereat neither themselves nor their congregations can rejoice. Yet the body, too, has its claims, and I confess to you, Mary, that it pains me that just at this time, when your debilitated system requires some strengthening nourishment, I have not the ability to provide for you such articles of food as you need. But some means must be devised, unless God has already devised them for us."

On the instant, there was a ring at the door-bell. Well-known steps were heard, and Ebeling, accompanied by his bride, entered the room. Dorothea took from a basket, which she carried, a pewter pitcher, from the partly closed lid of which small clouds of smoke were issuing. "Let us see," she said, turning to Mrs. Gerhardt, "whether I have succeeded in my hazardous undertaking. It is a long way from George street to your house, but in spite of this, dear godmother, the soup is still hot. So eat it immediately. And I hope it will do you good."

"How kind you are, my dear child," exclaimed Mrs. Gerhardt. "But tell me how came you to bring me some soup just at this time?"

"Just at *this* time?" repeated Dorothea in surprise, and then, smiling, added: "Really, that I cannot tell you, dear godmother, because I do not know myself. You might just as well ask the bee why it carries honey into its cell; I believe both of us do it without much thought about it. However, you had better eat, and may God bless it to you."

But Mrs. Gerhardt still hesitated; she turned an inquiring look toward her husband, who fully compre-

hended its meaning, for he remarked: "I know, Mary, you are thinking of what I said, that means must be devised, unless God had already devised them for us. See, therefore, the dove which flew from the ark, and returned with an olive branch in its mouth, is still flying in and out, in obedience to the Lord's commands; and what happened to Elijah, the Tishbite, at the brook Cherith, is still happening."

"Aye, aye, dear godfather," quickly interposed Dorothea, blushing, "your interpretation of this matter is too plain to be misunderstood. But you know," she added, smiling, "that it was a raven that brought bread and meat. Do you mean to compare me to a raven?"

"Why not?" replied GERHARDT, laughing. "Both of you appear as God's servants and messengers, who execute his commands. And yet, why should I not explain the mystery? The fact is, finding that my wife stood in need of some nourishing food, but discovering that both our purses were empty, we were obliged, for the time being, to commit the management of our kitchen to the Lord."

"In that case," exclaimed the music director, "I am just in time," as he laid a purse filled with shining coins upon the table. "You know, my esteemed and reverend friend, that some weeks ago I published the second dozen of your sacred hymns. This morning I disposed of the last copy, and here I bring you your share of the profits."

"I know not how it is," said GERHARDT, with a vexed look, "when you gave me my share from the sale of the first dozen, the money failed to afford me

any pleasure; it appeared to me like an improper traffic with the Word of God. Now this feeling seizes hold of me with two-fold force. God knows that when I sang these hymns I thought of no other gain than the peace of my heart and the hearts of those who might choose to sing them with me. Mr. Ebeling, I should not have given my consent to the sale of my hymns, which were composed only for the glory of God."

"And God knows too," quickly added Ebeling, "that you are doing yourself and me an injustice. Had it been really our intention to derive pecuniary profit from your hymns, we might doubtless have made a very lucrative business of it—not on account of the music which I composed to accompany them, for, as I have often said, to *your* hymns every one can make his own music, and that, too, far better than mine; but on account of your hymns. And if I had hundreds of copies more, I could sell them all, even though I should ask one guilder per copy. But, pardon me the expression, my reverend friend, neither of us is fitted to be a trafficker or salesman, for as often as I sold a copy, and the price for it was handed to me, I always wondered, whether those purchasing it were really thinking that their money was worth as much as a dozen of these hymns, whilst, in reality, it did not pay even for one line! But as the printer cannot do his work for nothing, and as the paper manufacturer disposes of his paper only for money, and as throughout the whole Roman Empire neither food nor raiment is given away gratis, and as besides, our dear pastor GERHARDT cannot dispense with these temporalities

for himself and family, and as this same dear PAUL GERHARDT has never carried much of this earthly treasure in his pockets, and as, in addition to all this, the Elector seems just now to have forgotten that one who has been deposed from office is still under the necessity of taking care that the fourth petition is fulfilled—yes, and I further thought that, as the Apostle Paul says to the Corinthians, 'Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things live of the things of the temple? and they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar: even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel'—therefore, I thought that the Christian people of Berlin and Cologne, and throughout the entire Electorate of Brandenburg, could always supply you with the necessary temporal bread, in exchange for the spiritual manna which you give them for their souls, especially since this is just what the apostle Paul meant."

"This example proves but little in my favor," replied GERHARDT, "for you well know that Paul adds to the above passage, 'But I have used none of these things; neither have I written these things, that it should be so done unto me; for it were better for me to die, than that any man should make my glorying void.' You see from this, my dear friend, that Paul did not live of the Gospel, and that just now I cannot do this either, seeing that I have been deposed from my office as minister of the Gospel."

"Allow me," interposed Ebeling, quickly, half in earnest and half in jest, "to defeat you with a two-edged weapon. First, why was Paul not under the

necessity of supporting himself by the Gospel? Because at the same time he worked at his trade by making tents, which he doubtless sold at a good price, as we are informed in the eighteenth chapter of Acts. Inasmuch, however, as the state of things among us, in regard to church regulations, is such, that any one devoting himself to the preaching of the Gospel cannot, at the same time, follow some other calling, in order to support himself by the labor of his hands, for which reason you cannot be like St. Paul, it therefore follows that what he says about having used none of these things, neither can nor dare lead you astray. Secondly, you said that you could not apply to yourself the passage of Scripture I cited, because, having been deposed from your office as a minister of the Gospel, you could not live by the Gospel. In saying this, my esteemed and reverend friend, you surely cannot be serious. It is true, you have been deposed from discharging the duties of your office, but has the great Elector the power to depose you from the office itself? Can the Elector's command deprive you of the gifts, the power, and the office, which have been bestowed upon you by God himself? Do you not, even as a deposed minister of the Word, still continue to stand in the ministry of the Word? Can the great Elector, even though he were ten times greater than he is, prevent any one from receiving light and strength and consolation from the Gospel at your hands? Are your hymns anything other than the pure and simple Gospel—than the living and powerful Word of God, which is sharper than any two-edged sword, dividing asunder soul and spirit, joints and

marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart? The Elector has forbidden you to preach from the pulpit and to serve at the altar; but can he silence the voice you are sending forth into all the world by your hymns? Never! Hence, I maintain, that you are still preaching the Gospel in this way, and therefore you shall also live by this same Gospel. This is what the apostle meant; and the Elector not being willing that you should, in any other way, live by the Gospel—well, that is just as much a point of conscience with him, as it is a point of conscience with you to obey God rather than man."

As GERHARDT, after listening to this plain and strong defence by his musical friend, continued earnestly to gaze into vacancy, Ebeling asked: "Are you satisfied, my dear friend, in regard to the paltry sum of money I have brought you?"

"How can I be otherwise?" exclaimed GERHARDT. "God knows how it pains me that I must regard myself as standing in need of such consolation."

"And now one thing more," added the music-director. "Not one among those who purchased your hymns of me neglected to inquire when the third dozen would appear. To which inquiry I invariably replied, in a few weeks. Have I not done right? Will you commit the publication of your hymns to me in future? Or do you intend that the prophecy: 'I will cause the noise of thy song to cease and the sound of thy harps shall be no more heard,' which was pronounced against Tyre, shall henceforth be applied to you?"

"You shall have all I have still on hand, dear Ebe-

ling," replied GERHARDT. "I will collect for you all that remains unpublished. But a new song to the Lord I shall not be able to sing. I must say with the captive Jews of old, 'By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.' God is my witness, that I am not disheartened, and in this, my temporal affliction, I do most heartily rejoice in God my Saviour. Yet I am bound; bound by the word of the powers that be, by virtue of which I have been excluded from the house of God; bound by the painful sorrow I feel in not being able, when, on the Lord's day, the bells are sending forth their inviting peals to enter there and testify publicly for Christ. Yes, dear Ebeling, this power is broken; the caged bird forgets for a long time, perhaps for ever, the melodies it sung when in the enjoyment of its liberty."

"How these words pain me, dear GERHARDT," here remarked his wife, who, with the greatest interest, had listened to the conversation of the two men.

GERHARDT started at the sound of that voice, as if he felt that he had given vent to his real feelings too freely. "My dear wife," he said, "I know what you would say: you would chide me for my despondency; you are right. This is the mournful tribute I so often pay to my weakness. But be not angry with me for that; such transient moments of weakness and despondency are only turned into a vigorous shower, that falls upon the seed of the Word of God in the heart, and produces new life. I feel already a renewal of my strength. Therefore, compose yourself, my dear

Mary, and join with me in obeying the divine injunction: 'Cast all your cares upon the Lord, for he careth for you."

And the Lord's care for GERHARDT and his family was to be manifested, on that very day, in still greater abundance. For the door just then opened, and Mr. Young entered, who, on seeing his daughter and intended son-in-law, laughingly exclaimed: "I hope you did not come here to be married secretly. Is it not singular," he added, turning to Mr. GERHARDT, "how those loving one another always happen to meet?"

"Indeed it was altogether accidental, dear father," remarked Dorothea, blushing, "that just as I was about entering, Mr. Ebeling came up to me, intending to go to the same place."

"They were both dear messengers from the Lord," interposed GERHARDT, apologizingly. "Dorothea's soup-bowl is like the oil-cruise of the widow of Sarepta; no matter how often it is emptied here, it always comes back full. My dear people, you are too kind to me."

"What?" asked Mr. Young in surprise, "if temporal gifts could be put in the same scale with spiritual gifts, and the amount of good you have conferred on all of us calculated, we would still appear before you as poor beggars; and it is almost painful for us to think that we can offer you only temporal gifts in return for the heavenly treasures with which you enrich us. However, allow me to ease myself of a burden which I am unaccustomed to carry." Saying which, he drew two heavy rolls of coin from his pocket, laid them upon the table, and continued: "Your faithful congre-

gation salutes you through me, my reverend friend, with the solemn assurance that a similar amount shall hereafter always be remitted to you at the regular time."

"What do you mean by this?" asked Mr. GERHARDT, in amazement.

"I would add," replied Young, "that down in the hall you will find two baskets, one from Mr. Liebrecht, the baker, and the other from Mr. Starke, the butcher, that properly belong to the kitchen department, and therefore concern the house-wife."

"What do you mean by this?" repeated GERHARDT. "You surely do not intend that I should reap where I have not sown."

"No, of course not," replied Young. "We only intend to do our duty, by supplying you with whatever is necessary for the nourishment of the body."

"Dear Mr. Young," exclaimed GERHARDT. "I know that you mean it all in kindness, but I cannot accept what you bring here; so please put these rolls back in your pockets."

"Mr. GERHARDT," exclaimed Young, earnestly and with dignity, "you surely give me credit for not wishing to stand up in defence of Mammon, as well as for regarding of all earthly goods, money as the poorest reward for spiritual labors. Yet I tell you that I am proud of being able to bring you these two packages."

"I do not understand you," said GERHARDT, in evident embarrassment.

"Allow me, then," continued Young, "to explain. Some of us citizens recently held a meeting at the inn near the long bridge; it was the first time since my

release from imprisonment. And you may well imagine that nothing was talked of, during the whole evening, but yourself and the danger that threatens our Evangelical Lutheran faith; when suddenly some one rose and said: 'Has it never occurred to you that a deposed minister also loses his bread?' 'Yes,' we replied. And the next morning my house was suddenly converted into an ecclesiastical board of revenue. Not only the well-to-do citizens, but the very poorest came with their mites. Mr. GERHARDT, I am rather a hard-hearted man, and do not care much about tears and such-like sentimentalism; but I am not ashamed to acknowledge to you, that I was deeply moved when I listened to the comments that accompanied the several contributions. 'Give this to our Mr. GERHARDT,' some would say; 'as long as we have a crust of bread to divide with him, he shall not want.' You know Mother Rhewald in Bouder street, and that the poor woman frequently does not know in the morning where she is to get something for dinner. Even she brought her gift. I refused to take it. But I have heartily regretted this, for she taught me that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Yes, Mr. GERHARDT, I tell you again that I am proud of this money. The Elector receives the taxes and tribute of his subjects; and though the majority of the citizens may be said to pay willingly and promptly, because every one knows that it is necessary for the good of the whole, it is still not always done cheerfully; and these payments are accompanied by many a sigh, many a complaint, many a denunciatory and reproachful word, and perhaps also, many evil thoughts, engendered by want

of judgment, ignorance and even ill feeling. But do you know by what this money is accompanied? By the blessings of a thousand souls, who love you; by the gratitude of thousands, who revere you as their spiritual father; by the tears of joy of countless hearts, whom you have comforted and quickened by your words! Mr. GERHARDT, whatever love gives, is given willingly and cheerfully! And I must repeat it again, I am proud of this money; this worthless trash, when by itself considered, is still an evidence of grateful Christian hearts, an evidence of the truthfulness of our Lutheran faith. We possess no other means of thanking you than this, and I feel proud of being able to bring you this contribution, for it shows that the people regard it an honor that I may go in and out of your house as an old friend. Mr. GERHARDT, *now* will you accept this money?"

The good pastor remained silent; the working of his countenance indicated the severe conflict that was going on within, between the emotions called forth by this really glorious proof of the gratitude of his congregation, and his own sense of honor. At length he said: "My good friend, I wish you would not press me so hard. The magistracy has not yet made me feel that I have been deposed from my office, by continuing to pay me my salary as before. And though this may not suffice to supply the bodily wants of my family, I still hope that God will give me strength to earn, in some other way, what we need. Mr. Young, the laborer is worthy of his hire—but am *I* still a laborer?"

"I will not believe that you have any doubts about

it," replied Young. "Our sovereign could indeed deprive you of your office, but not of the love which we still cherish toward you, and with which your whole congregation clings to you. As minister, you have hitherto been a servant of Christ and steward of the mysteries of God. Have you ceased to be this? Can any one prevent you in future from entering our dwellings, to strengthen the weak, to open the eyes of the blind, to comfort the sick, and to bless the dying? Or, has the wrath of the Great Elector so completely disheartened you, that you have ceased any longer to take pleasure in the Word of God, as well as lost courage to communicate it to those who ask you to do so? Or has your deposition from office removed you from the communion of your congregation so far, that you can no longer pray for them, for us, in your closet?"

"You grieve me, Mr. Young," said GERHARDT, mournfully.

"Aye, Mr. GERHARDT, you grieve me, too," quickly added Mr. Young, in a tone of deep sadness. "We love you, and you do not like it; we share our bread with you, that the remainder may taste so much the sweeter to us, and you do not like it; we want to avoid the shame and disgrace of forsaking our spiritual father and beloved pastor in time of need, and you do not like it; we want to prove to the Elector that the Lutheran citizens of his capital are not indifferent spectators when it concerns their faith, and you do not like it; we want to show to the whole world that we are faithful Christians, and you do not like it. Mr. GERHARDT, will you not accept this money?"

"Yes, I will accept it," replied GERHARDT; "I cannot longer refuse after what you have said. I take this money as a capital, lent me by brotherly love, the interest on which I will faithfully and honestly pay."

"Yes, you shall pay the interest, my reverend friend," continued Young. "You shall pay the interest with your fidelity to the faith, with your example in your love to God and to the brethren, with the power of your prayers for the freedom of our Lutheran Church, and by discharging towards us, as in the past, what Paul enjoins, 'Let us do good unto all men.'"

Just then a faint knock was heard at the door, and as it opened a female servant entered, asking GERHARDT to come immediately to Provost Lilius.

"What has happened?" asked GERHARDT, anxiously.

The girl began to sob, and said: "Please do come quickly, reverend sir, else you will be too late. My good old master has had a stroke of the palsy, and is near death's door; he is very anxious to see you."

GERHARDT, without another word, hastened away. But Mr. Young said solemnly, "May God make his dying hour one of peace."

CHAPTER XIV.

A DEATH-BED COMMUNION.

"The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray for one another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—James v. 15, 16.

AS GERHARDT entered the chamber of the dying Provost, he was met by the sound of lamentation and weeping. Wife and children stood around the bed upon which Lilius was lying. GERHARDT drew nearer, and the sight of the sick man shocked him; for Lilius looked more like one dead than alive. When he saw his dry and hollow cheeks overspread with the pallor of death, the clammy sweat upon his brow and bald head, and his sunken eyes closed, GERHARDT exclaimed: "Alas! I am too late!"

"May God in his mercy grant that such may not be the case," replied the wife, weeping. "He *must* speak with you before he dies: he was exceedingly anxious to see you."

Thereupon she bent over the sick man, held her ear close to his lips, listened long and anxiously, and then said: "Thanks be to God, he still lives." Then she took hold of the Provost's hand, stroked his forehead, and said: "My dear husband, my dear, good husband, do you hear me?"

The sick man remained motionless. "He is dying," remarked GERHARDT in a low and solemn voice. "Do not disturb him. When the angel of death speaks to the souls of men, it becomes us only to pray."

"No, no," exclaimed the wife, "he dare not die yet. Great and merciful God, grant him only a few more moments of grace and life." Then, putting her lips to the dying man's ear, she spoke more loudly: "Mr. GERHARDT is here, dear husband. Do you not wish to see Mr. GERHARDT?"

Thereupon his countenance showed faint signs of animation, and he endeavored to raise his eyelids, which were tightly drawn over his fading eyes. When the sick man found he could not open them, he raised his right hand, but immediately let it fall again on the bed. GERHARDT took hold of it, and said: "Mr. Provost, do you know me?"

Lilius gave a slight nod of the head, then suddenly turned away his face, and endeavored to conceal it in his pillow. After some moments of painful silence, the sick man again raised his hand, with somewhat more vigor than before, and with it pointed toward the door. "What does he want?" asked the wife; and GERHARDT replied: "I believe he wishes you to leave us alone. Is it not so, dear colleague?"

Lilius nodded affirmatively, and then added, in a broken, scarcely audible voice: "Yes,—alone." And all present, except GERHARDT, left the room. Then the Provost folded his hands, opened with difficulty his eyes, cast a painfully beseeching look upon GERHARDT, and immediately closed them again. GERHARDT understood this silent appeal; he fell upon his

knees, folded the right hand of the dying man in his, and prayed:

"Almighty God and Father, our only Help, Consolation and Refuge; Thou knowest and seest that this thy servant is in great distress and danger, and has none on earth to direct, to comfort and help him. For it is not in our power to deliver ourselves out of such great distress. We know not what to do, but our eyes are upon thee. Thy name is Lord Sabaoth, great in counsel, and mighty in deed. Thou, whose hand has laid the foundation of the earth, and whose right hand hath spanned the heavens; thou who art mightier than many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea; thou who art our only refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, and who hath said by the mouth of thy servant David, that though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the water roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof, there is a river whose streams make glad the city of our God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High. Behold, Lord, is not our believing heart the tabernacle wherein thou dwellest, and to which thou bringest help, and that right early? Hide not thy face from us, do not cast away thy children in thy wrath, for thou art our help. Forsake us not, and do not withdraw thy hand from us, Thou God of our salvation, for all other help has forsaken us! Do thou take us up, O Lord! for thou hast said: 'This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.' Let thy angels camp round about us, and deliver us. Have mercy upon

us, O God! have mercy upon us; for our soul trusteth in thee, and under the shadow of thy wings will we take refuge. Thou art a God that doeth wonders. Thou hast shown thy power among the nations. Thou makest the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, and the dead to rise. Lord, therefore have mercy, and disdain not the agonizing cry of the breaking heart, the cry for mercy, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

When GERHARDT had concluded, and had risen from his knees, he gazed into the open eyes of the Provost, who was regarding him with a melancholy look. "I thank you," said the sick man in a feeble voice, and with a heavy tongue. "God has heard your prayer, not mine, for I have too grievously sinned against him."

"Are you heartily sorry for your sins?" asked GERHARDT.

"As God is my witness, yes!" replied Lilius.

"And do you cherish no enmity in your heart against any?"

The Provost cast down his eyes at this question, and after a pause said: "I hope to God that I will yet succeed in banishing all unkind feelings from my heart before I die, which doubtless must be soon. But, my dear colleague, are you as severe in your condemnation of me as the rest?"

"What do you mean by this, and to whom do you refer?" asked GERHARDT. Thereupon Lilius pointed to the table, upon which lay a document, apparently of quite recent date. "Read the superscription of that paper," begged the sick man, "it was sent to me this

morning, by some unknown individual. It is a poisoned arrow, designed to give me my death-blow, and I think it will accomplish its object."

GERHARDT took up the paper, and read: "THE EVIL SEVEN WHO HAVE RECENTLY BEEN SUCCESSFULLY CONTROVERTED IN A LATIN ESSAY, WHICH, IN COMPLIANCE WITH URGENT REQUESTS, HAS ALSO BEEN FAITHFULLY TRANSLATED AND PUBLISHED IN GERMAN. A. D. 1666." "What does it contain?" asked GERHARDT.

"Nothing but poisoned arrows," replied the Provost, "every one of which is aimed at my heart. I am therein denounced as a hypocrite and syncretist, a deceitful and diabolical man, an idolater, and one guilty of perfidy; and all because I signed the Reversal. I know indeed, that I ought not to have signed it; yet the sentence they pronounce against me is too hard, too cruel."

"I can only remind you," remarked GERHARDT, "of the declaration of Holy Writ: 'For if we would judge ourselves, we would not be judged. But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world.' If, therefore, you judge yourself, the judgment of the world should not dishearten you."

"Do you also judge me?" asked the Provost in a mournful tone.

"Yes," replied GERHARDT, earnestly and firmly. "I judged you when you stood with me before the High Consistory, and when your conscience opposed you in buying your restoration to your office for the price of disloyalty to your Lutheran Confession. I judged you then in the secret chamber of my heart; and bit-

terly complained to God that you found the cross, which you had for many years so faithfully borne, too heavy in this trial. But since you judge yourself, I have nothing to do but to commend you to the grace and mercy of God."

"And do you believe that grace will be given me?" asked the Provost.

"I believe it, confidently," replied GERHARDT. "And I am heartily ashamed of those among our brethren in office who fight against you with such weapons as are contained in this paper. Spiritual matters are to be spiritually discerned, and only the natural man indulges in abusive and calumniatory language."

"You therefore also believe," continued Lilius, "that I acted wrong."

"Yes," assured GERHARDT; "for I knew that you were bound in heart and conscience to refuse your signature to the Reversal, and still you did what God had forbidden you to do. You obeyed man rather than God. I am well aware that you were pressed on all sides in an artful manner to do so; I know well that your own son, in a special address, advised you to do it. I know that, weary of strife, you, in your old days, longed for peace and quiet; and I feel how painful it must have been for you, had you been forced to go forth, with your grey head and bowed form, into misery. Still, you did not do right; you feared those who are indeed able to kill the body—"

"I beg of you," said the old man, in a tone of entreaty, "I beg of you do not conclude the passage. Ah! could you look into my heart and see the agony I have since suffered, you would have compassion on

me. Yes; I confess to thee, most holy and righteous God, that I have sinned against the law which thou hast written on my heart. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me." And then turning to GERHARDT he continued: "Dear sir, I pray you, tell me once more, do you believe that I will find grace in the sight of God?"

"Yes, I believe it with my whole heart. I believe it on account of your sincere repentance; I believe it on account of the Word of the Lord, where he has said, there will be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

"Oh! how happy do these words make me!" exclaimed the Provost, and his dim eyes filled with tears of joy—the last he shed on earth. Then he continued: "Since, then, you have removed this burden from my soul, perform the last office of love, by administering to me the holy communion. There, in yonder closet, you will find the sacred vessels, together with whatever else is necessary."

"Cheerfully, O, very cheerfully!" exclaimed GERHARDT, at the same time taking from the closet what he needed. He covered the table near the bed with a white cloth, placed the cup upon it, and filled it with wine; then he laid the wafer on the plate, and prepared himself to pronounce the words of consecration over the elements, when suddenly he dropped his folded hands, exclaiming in a tone of the deepest sorrow: "Oh! my God, I dare not do it! I have been deposed from office!"

"Can that prevent you from nourishing my soul?" asked Lilius, in a mournful voice. "Has he who took

your office from you also the power to make void your consecration to the priesthood?"

"I dare not do it," replied GERHARDT, firmly; "in matters where power has been conferred on secular authority over me, I must and do willingly obey. I therefore pray you have some one else called."

"Dear sir," continued Lilius, "the moments of my life are numbered. As long as I was still tortured by that dreadful feeling of uncertainty in regard to my soul, my vital energy kept up; but now, since you have comforted me, I feel that my end is near at hand. Should I die before my lips have touched the Holy Sacrament—sir, would you take that sorrow upon your soul?"

"If I thought it were the purpose of the Lord to summon you away just now," replied GERHARDT, "I would venture to administer to you the Sacrament, as an act of necessity; but not otherwise. I beg of you to send for some one else. Whom would you prefer?"

When Lilius saw that GERHARDT was firm and persistent in his refusal, he said: "Send them for our colleague, Lorentz."

GERHARDT at once left the chamber, in order to despatch a messenger for Deacon Lorentz; and then immediately returning, awaited his coming. He had not to wait long, for Lorentz, who resided in the neighborhood, soon made his appearance. When he saw the table with the sacred vessels placed upon it, he looked surprised and said: "On whose account did you send for me, Mr. Provost?"

"I sincerely beg of you," replied Lilius, "to administer the Holy Supper to me."

"This I dare not do," replied the deacon, in a gentle but decided tone. "My conscience does not permit me to give you absolution. You have apostatized from the faith!"

These words affected the Provost like an electric shock, and even GERHARDT regarded with a look of astonishment the minister who could plunge such a two-edged sword into the heart of the dying man.

The sick man, gathering all his remaining strength, raised himself up and said: "Will you be less compasionate than our Saviour on the cross, who said to the malefactor: 'Verily, I say unto thee, this day shalt thou be with me in Paradise?' Will you permit me to perish on my way into eternity? Will you judge me with more severity than God, who, by his Word, has sent me his peace?"

These questions, directed to him from the lips of a dying man, made a deep impression upon the deacon; he cast down his eyes and said in a milder tone: "Well, then, make your confession; and if it is what I wish and hope it may be, then I will do what you desire. If not—then may God judge between you and me, inasmuch as I bear the commandment of the Lord in my heart, and shall never consent to do what he has forbidden."

"Yes, I will confess," said the Provost, folding his hands, and making an effort to raise himself up, but his strength failed him. He sunk back again upon his pillow and began in a feeble voice: 'Lord, God, I have greviously sinned and done evil in thy sight; I have betrayed and sold thee and thy holy Word for the sake of my carnal peace and security; I am not worthy

that thou shouldst come under my roof—but Lord, have regard to my misery and distress. I shall perish in the anguish of my heart, if thou withdrawest thy countenance from me! Lord Jesus, Son of God, intercede thou for me—I can pray no more! Amen."

Deacon Lorentz thereupon approached nearer to the bedside of the dying man, and in the full dignity of the Word and his office, said: "Dear friend, that you regard yourself a poor sinner, is well, and a sure sign that you have still a merciful God. For not to look upon ourselves as sinners, and to manifest no sorrow and contrition for sin, is an unfavorable sign, and gives reason to fear that the devil and the world have altogether possessed and hardened the heart. Therefore you have reason to be exceedingly thankful to God, and should regard it as a special act of grace and work of the Holy Spirit, that you have attained to such a knowledge of your sins, that you feel sorrow and contrition for them, and desire to be delivered from them. But you are to be still more thankful to God, that he has not given you over to despair, but is graciously teaching you to seek consolation and pardon through his holy Gospel. In order, however, that you may be the more certain of this grace, I will communicate to you the words of absolution, that the same grace, which is otherwise publicly proclaimed, by the preaching of the Gospel to the whole world, which you have yourself proclaimed to others, and of which you now more especially stand in need, may be imparted to you in this your dying hour. And these words of absolution, my dear friend, which I announce to you in compliance with the promise of God, you are to regard as

if God, by a voice from heaven, had assured you of his grace and the forgiveness of your sins, at the same time heartily thanking him for having conferred such power upon his church and her members on earth."

Thereupon Lorentz laid both his hands upon the head of the dying man, whilst GERHARDT fell upon his knees, weeping silent tears of godly sorrow. But the minister said: "George Lilius, the Almighty God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ will be gracious and merciful unto you, and remit all your sins for the sake of the sufferings and death of his dear Son. And in the name of this, our Lord Jesus Christ, in obedience to his commands, and by virtue of his word, where he says: 'Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained'—I pronounce you free from all your sins, and declare to you that they are forgiven you as fully and completely as Christ by his sufferings and death has merited forgiveness, and commanded it to be preached by his gospel throughout all the world. And this comforting assurance which I have given you in the name of Christ, you will accept for the quieting of your conscience, and sincerely believe that your sins are certainly forgiven you, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

"Sir," here said GERHARDT, "have you also pronounced the words of absolution for *me?*"

"If you have sincerely desired it, and received my words into a penitent and believing heart, yes," replied Lorentz.

"Well then," continued GERHARDT, "permit me, with this dying man, to partake of the Holy Supper of our Lord Jesus Christ."

At this a ray of holy joy lighted up the countenance of the Provost; he reached out his hand to his faithful friend, who was still kneeling at his bedside, and said: "God reward you for the joy of reconciliation which you are giving me."

Lorentz then approached the table, and said: "Unite then with me in prayer. 'Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice; let thine ear be attentive to the voice of my supplication. If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared. I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning. Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption. And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.' And further unite with me in repeating the words: 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth in him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already; because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. All that the Father giveth me, saith the Lord, shall come to me; and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out. For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me. And this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that

of all which he hath given me, I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day. And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth in him, may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day.' And now let us pray: 'Our Father who art in heaven; hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.'"

After the conclusion of this prayer, the minister continued and said: "Our Lord Jesus Christ, in the night in which he was betrayed, took bread; and when he had given thanks, he brake, and gave it to his disciples, saying: 'Take, eat; this is my body, which is given for you; do this in remembrance of me."

And the minister took the consecrated bread and handed it to both the participants, with the words, "Take, eat; this is the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, given into death for your sins. May it strengthen and preserve you in the true faith unto everlasting life."

Then, stepping back to the table, he said: "Likewise, after supper he took the cup; and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them, saying: "Drink ye all of this: for this is the New Testament in my blood, which is shed for you and for many for the remission of sins. Do this as oft as ye do it, in remembrance of me.'"

And now he also presented the cup to them with

the words, "Take and drink; this is the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, shed for your sins; may this strengthen and preserve you in the true faith unto everlasting life. Amen."

As Lorentz here ceased speaking, GERHARDT, whose heart was overflowing with gratitude and joy, raised his hands and exclaimed: "Oh! praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise him, all ye people! For his merciful kindness is great toward us; and the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Praise ye the Lord!"

And Lilius opened his eyes, which had hitherto been closed, and with a truly heavenly light illumining his countenance, exclaimed: "I thank thee, I thank thee, I thank thee, Almighty God, for having through this saving gift refreshed me in my dying hour. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's. Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

Here his speech suddenly failed him, whilst his lips still continued to move, as though in prayer. His brow was bedewed with a cold and clammy sweat. His eyes were half-closed, and his hands fell powerless at his side. Lorentz now laid his left hand upon the dying man's icy brow, and his right upon his weary

breast, and said: "George Lilius, the Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make his face shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up his countenance upon you and give you peace. Amen."

And once more his bosom heaved, and then fell. The soul of the servant of God stood before its Lord.

Then GERHARDT reached out his hand to Lorentz, and said: "In the presence of the dead man, and in the presence of the eternal Lord and Judge, let us vow and swear, never to waver and give way, but hold to the confession of our hope. Eternal fidelity to our Lutheran faith! Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord! Amen."

"Amen and Amen," responded Lorentz. "So let it be."

And both departed thence.

CHAPTER XV.

THE INTERCESSION.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."—Prov. xxv. 11.

ON the morning of the ninth of January, 1666, the Elector, Frederic William, in his palace at Cologne, on the Spree, repaired to the apartment of his spouse, Louise Henriette, the eldest daughter of Prince Frederic Henry of Orange, in order, as was his custom, to take a look at his happy family, before giving himself up to the cares and labors of his government.

As he approached the apartment, within which an altar had been erected, he suddenly stopped. It seemed to him as if he heard some one within speaking. And he was right. The Electress was speaking, but with God—she was praying, and that too in a tone so devout that the Elector had not the heart to disturb by his entrance his pious spouse in her devotions. He pressed his ear softly against the door, in order to receive into his own soul the words and petitions of a believing heart.

"Yes, merciful and gracious God," she prayed, "Thou who art the author of eternal light and consolation, whose goodness and faithfulness are new every morning, unto thee alone belongeth praise and gratitude and honor for the light of this beautiful morning, for thy gracious preservation of me during

the dark night, and for the blessings of a quiet and peaceful sleep. Grant that I may abide in thy grace, and love and enjoy thy protection and care all the day. Illumine me with thine eternal light, which is Jesus Christ, my Lord. Increase and strengthen my faith; shed abroad thy love in my heart; make steadfast my hope; bestow upon me an enlarged measure of humility and meekness, that I may walk in the footsteps of my Lord Jesus Christ, and, in whatever I do, have thy fear before my eyes. The past night might have been my last, or it might have robbed me of one of the loved ones whom thou hast given me, or it might have brought misfortune and misery to us all. But thou hast been my keeper, my protector, and my preserver. Unto thee I owe the preservation of all I have, of my husband, of my children, and of my own life and health. I know, O Lord, that I am most unworthy of all these blessings, and that, if thou shouldst enter into judgment with me, I could not stand before thee. But, Lord, thou knowest also that I do not grow weary in striving to recognize thy holy will concerning me, and to serve thee with increased faithfulness and sincerity, in all fear and love. Do not then forsake me this day, amid the conflicts of my faith. To thee I commit my body, soul and life. To thy paternal heart I confide all my cares, the bodily and spiritual welfare of my husband and children, and of all faithful and pious Christians, who look upon thee by faith in the Son of God. Grant unto me, finally, in thy good pleasure, a blessed end, and enable me to await with joyful expectation the glorious appearing of my Lord Jesus Christ. God the Father bless me and keep me!

God the Son make the light of his countenance to shine upon me, and be gracious unto me. God the Holy Ghost lift up his countenance upon me, and give me peace. Amen."

When the Electress had concluded, the Elector still continued standing at the door in deep silence, and wrapt in profound meditation ; it seemed as if he almost lacked courage to enter, and by his appearance, to divert the attention of his wife from the things that are above, and which she sought with her whole heart. At length, however, he opened the door softly, but stepped back when he noticed her kneeling before the altar, and with her face buried in her hands, continuing her devotions. But the noise unavoidably caused by the opening of the door arousing her, she looked up, and seeing the Elector, she arose and hastened toward him with the exclamation : " My dear husband."

The Elector opened his arms to receive her, and in a voice full of emotion, said : " Louise, I thank you for having also remembered me in your prayer. It is a long time since I have so fervently addressed God in my own behalf. May it not be that a special blessing attends the prayers of a pious woman ?"

" God has promised to bless *all* prayer," replied the Electress, " proceeding from an upright and believing heart. Are you well, my dear husband ? Has the long journey you performed yesterday from Cleves left any unpleasant effects ?"

" No, not in the least," replied the prince. " With you at my side, what evil could befall me ?"

" Oh, do not mock me!" exclaimed the Electress, in a tone expressive of mingled pleasure and pain.

"God forbid," replied Frederic William, seriously. "I know, Louise, that you are my good angel. Full twenty years have elapsed since you became the faithful companion of my life, and during all that time have I not been a most happy husband and father? And do I not owe this to you, to your pious and God-fearing disposition, which has preserved the grace of God to me and my house? Do I not owe it to your sweet temper, which, as a dear messenger from the Lord, you ever displayed amid the stern duties of my often sorely-tried life; to your simplicity and mildness, with which you, a true princess, reign over us all, and to your earnestness and firmness in time of need?"

"No, not to me, my dear, good husband," replied the Electress. "Are we not all only instruments in the hands of the omnipotent and all-merciful God? And if you lavish upon me such unmerited praise, must I not, after all, regard, love, and esteem you with all my heart, as the founder of my temporal happiness? Have you not always been to me a most kind and indulgent husband? Have you not, ever with the most untiring love, done all that could bring joy to my heart? Have you not, ever since, from that twenty-first of November, twenty years ago, when you so unexpectedly arrived, late at night, at the Hague, maintained for me the same loving, faithful and confiding heart?"

The remembrance of that day lighted up the Elector's countenance with sincere pleasure. "Yes," he exclaimed, "that day, on which I gazed upon you for the first time in your bridal beauty, I shall never forget. I could even relate to you what then happened from hour to hour," continued the Elector, urged on

by pleasant memories. "I know it was seven o'clock in the evening, when I arrived at your sainted father's castle. No one knew of it, and I was not even recognized. When I entered I had no one with me, save Burgsdorff and Arnim, and these I had strictly charged not to make me known to any one. We had on that day journeyed some eight leagues; the long ride had greatly fatigued us, but when I drew up at the gate of your castle, I felt like a new man. I discovered myself to your brother William, and conferred with him as to how I intended to surprise you. And then—yes, then he led me to your apartment. When I there beheld you, when I gazed upon your dear, lovely face, illumined by the soft light emitted from the wax tapers, and shaded on either side by shining ringlets—and when, finally, your mild and kindly-beaming eyes sought and recognized me, Louise, do you remember that? Did you not feel, by the trembling pressure of my hand, that I was the happiest man in the land?"

"How kind you are!" said the Electress; "And how constantly you have preserved this love to me, and exercised so much forbearance with my weakness."

"You cannot escape me," continued the Elector, with animation, fully carried away by the sweet memories of the past. "I must tell you everything! Do you remember, Louise, how we then repaired to your sainted father, who, though sick and feeble, and confined to his chair, pressed me lovingly and tenderly to his heart, laid my hand in yours, and gave us his blessing?"

"My good, dear, sainted father!" exclaimed the Electress, giving free course to her tears.

But the Elector did not notice this; he revelled amid the memories of those days and continued: "And then on the following morning, whilst all of you were still kept in your beds by sweet dreams, I, with my attendants, was riding through the quiet and deserted streets of the city, like a thief who had taken possession of the truest heart on earth, and was soon far beyond the gate at the place of rendezvous. Then came your brother William, attended by a company of stately knights and forty carriages. And then I made my entry publicly and before all the people as your affianced lover. I entered the Assembly of the States-General, and there relieved my heart of its burden of joy and bliss. And five days after, on the twenty-seventh of November, at five in the evening, the minister, in the north end of the old castle, pronounced his blessing on our united hearts. How beautiful you looked, Louise, when you stood at the altar, surrounded by the princes and nobility of your house. Your brocade dress with silver fringe, the crown on your head, ornamented with pearls and diamonds—yes, all this was exceedingly beautiful; but you yourself, after all, were the richest crown, your eyes the loveliest diamonds, and your heart the most precious treasure, which I bore away with me from the Hague."

As the Elector here ceased speaking, his eyes still resting with a look of the most tender affection upon his wife, who, although in the thirty-ninth year of her age, had so fully retained her personal charms that she was counted one of the most lovely and attractive women of her time, he felt surprised to see her countenance shaded by a cloud of deep sorrow. "Does it

grieve you, Louise," he asked, "to hear me speak of my happiness?"

"Alas, my husband," she replied with a forced smile, "It is only a sense of the magnitude of my guilt in the sight of God that depresses me. How can I be worthy of such love, which God, in his goodness and mercy, has permitted me to enjoy so richly?"

"Do not hold yourself in such low estimation," said the Elector. "God knows what a blessed influence entered with you into my house, yea, into my land. You know, Louise, that at the time of your arrival here in Cologne and Berlin, the best spirit did not prevail at my Court and in these two cities. The mournful period of the prolonged and bloody thirty years' war, I am free to confess, had engendered a spirit of rudeness and dissipation which defied every attempt at refinement, good breeding, and morality. My sainted father, who heartily detested this unseemly state of things, was still too good-natured to banish the spirit by the powers of his word; and I myself, at that time only six-and-twenty, and of a very excitable and restless disposition, stood in great danger of being entirely carried away by it. When you arrived, your mild and gentle disposition, the purity and innocence of your entire behavior, your fervent piety, your soul consecrated to God—all this was like a sun rising on our night, and driving away one bad spirit after another. Let me, for example, remind you of Burgdorff, the Lord High Chamberlain; he had been a friend of my sainted father. He had also gained my confidence and I dismissed him with great reluctance. But you requested it of me, and it was done. Now I under-

stand it all. Your refined and pious nature could not associate with a man who, though valiant and brave, had nevertheless, amid the horrors of war, become a complete moral wreck. And I thank you yet for having aroused in me this nobler, better spirit. Therefore I say, do not hold yourself in such low estimation."

"But, my dear husband," replied the Electress, "does not all this demand of me increased gratitude to God, for having esteemed me worthy of such distinguishing mercy? Does not all this impose on me a renewed obligation to make an entire surrender of myself to Him? Is not the love you bestow upon me a large debt, which I must pay back?"

"And are you not doing this, Louise?" asked the Elector, kissing her. "Yes, God bless you, my dear heart and life! A happy day has dawned upon me."

The deep emotion under which the Elector labored, caused him to pace up and down the apartment. In so doing, he approached the writing-desk of his wife, where his eyes chanced to fall upon a paper on which some verses were written. "What is this?" he asked, with some surprise. "This is your hand-writing, and, as I see, still fresh."

"I wrote it only this morning," replied the Electress. "My heart was too full, I could not help it."

"And this is sacred poetry," continued the Elector. "I am well aware that God has blessed you with the gift of song, for you have often rejoiced my heart with such verses as your pious soul indited. Read it to me, Louise. If your lips give utterance to what your heart has before addressed to God, it will carry with it double force."

"If you will promise to be lenient and sparing in your criticism," said the Electress, "I will do so. Yet I pray you to look more to the sentiments therein expressed, than to the style and language employed to express them." Then taking up the paper, she read:

"Jesus my Redeemer lives,
Christ my trust is dead no more;
In the strength this knowledge gives
Shall not all my fears be o'er;
Calm, though death's long night be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought?

"Jesus my Redeemer lives,
And His life I once shall see;
Bright the hope this promise gives,
Where He is I too shall be.
Shall I fear then? Can the Head
Rise and leave the members dead?

"Close to Him my soul is bound,
In the bonds of hope enclasp'd;
Faith's strong hand this hold hath found,
And the Rock hath firmly grasp'd.
Death shall ne'er my soul remove
From her refuge in Thy love."

"How comes it that your thoughts are running only on death?" interrupted the Elector, who had suddenly become serious. "Why are you, in the bloom and vigor of life, arraying your soul in the melancholy habiliments of the grave?"

"Melancholy?" repeated the Electress; "no indeed, my dear husband! My mind was never more cheerful and happy than this morning, when I composed this hymn to my Saviour. Is it not the Christian's duty, even in the very bloom of life, to think of death? Yet, that you may know why just to-day

these thoughts have come up so vividly before my mind, allow me to tell you. It may have been in consequence of yesterday's journey that, on account of over-exhaustion, I could not sleep. In order, therefore, to make the solitude of night less irksome, I strove, as I had often done before, to engage my thoughts by meditating upon some passage of Scripture. And as I was trying to call one to mind, I was struck with that beautiful passage from the book of Job: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another' (Job xix. 25–28); and these words took such complete possession of my heart and mind, that I could think of nothing else, and I rose early and wrote down what my soul dictated."

Instead of a reply, the Elector gave a melancholy shake of his head, and said "Will you not read to the end?"

"And the Electress read:

"I shall see Him with these eyes,
Him whom I shall surely know;
Not another shall I rise,
With His love this heart shall glow;
Only there shall disappear
Weakness in and round me here.

"Ye who suffer, sigh, and moan,
Fresh and glorious there shall reign;
Earthly here the seed is sown,
Heavenly it shall rise again;
Natural here the death we die,
Spiritual our life on high.

"Body, be thou of good cheer,
In thy Saviour's care rejoice,
Give not place to gloom and fear,
Dead, thou yet shalt know His voice,
When the final trump is heard,
And the deaf cold grave is stirr'd.

"Laugh to scorn then death and hell,
Laugh to scorn the gloomy grave;
Caught into the air to dwell
With the Lord who comes to save,
We shall trample on our foes,
Mortal weakness, fear and woes.

"Only see ye that your heart
Rise betimes from earthly lust,
Would ye there with Him have part,
Here obey your Lord and trust.
Fix your hearts beyond the skies,
Whither ye yourselves would rise."

When the royal poetess had here ended her beautiful hymn, which has since become the property of all Evangelical Christendom, and has changed many a sorrow into joy, she beheld her husband wrapt in deep thought, his head leaning upon his hand, and his eyes fixed on the floor. After some time he repeated to himself, in a half audible voice, the last stanza: "Whither ye yourselves would rise," and then turning to his wife, added: "How this hymn of yours affects me, Louise! I am incapable of uttering language of such fervent faith. Tell me, where have you obtained such a rich gift for poetizing?"

"Dear husband," replied the Electress, "if this hymn really utters language worthy of the kingdom of God and the love of our Saviour, I can only say that my faith has forced me to speak. Still, I cannot deny

that in writing this hymn I had a master whom I followed."

"And who is this master?" asked the Elector.

"It is," replied the Electress timidly, "a faithful servant of the Lord, who, by the richness of his sacred songs of praise, and the wonderfully animating fervor of his psalms and hymns, first called forth in me the desire of singing a song to the Lord."

"And whom do you mean?" inquired the Elector further, his countenance suddenly assuming a grave look.

"The Rev. PAUL GERHARDT," replied the Electress, with increased timidity.

The Elector rose quickly, and paced up and down the apartment with almost an angry scowl upon his countenance. At length he said: "I wish you had not mentioned that name in this happy hour."

"Be not angry with me, my dear husband," said the Electress beseechingly, "I did not suppose that the name of this pious songster was so distasteful to you."

"Yet," continued Frederic William, in an excited manner, "there lives in this man a spirit of opposition and disobedience which altogether obliterates the favorable opinion I formerly entertained concerning him."

"I know not," remarked the Electress in unaffected reserve and timidity, "whether you will permit me to attempt the defence of a poor man, who has the misfortune to have incurred your displeasure."

"It will be difficult for you to defend him," quickly rejoined the Elector, though in a milder tone than before. "You have not been kept in ignorance of what favors and acts of kindness this very man has received

at my hands, and of how repeatedly I charged the President of the High Consistory to treat this same PAUL GERHARDT with all possible forbearance. But what effect has it produced? Have not his obstinacy and disobedience increased? Are not both magistracy and citizens in a state of rebellion on his account? Have not even the Chambers, with prelates, dukes and noblemen at their head, united in overwhelming me with petitions in behalf of this same Mr. GERHARDT? And why all this? Does it not indicate sympathy with him in his refusal to obey the commands of me, his Sovereign?"

"By no means, dear husband," rejoined the Electress. "Have you not received the most unequivocal evidences of love and reverence, obedience and loyalty, from the magistracy and citizens, the knighthood and Chambers? Do you not think that the sympathy expressed for this minister is only the voice of compassion for the unhappy lot that has befallen him? And has not this same PAUL GERHARDT always given the most honest and heartfelt assurance that he did not refuse his signature to the Reversal from a spirit of opposition to you, but solely from a conscientious conviction that the duties of his office and faith did not allow it."

"So, then, you too agree with this opinion?" asked the Elector, in a serious tone. "Will you accept this subterfuge? Then I fear that you unconsciously take sides with this man. For if it be true that he has hitherto acted in conformity with my edicts, why then does he not sign the Reversal, which does not impose any additional obligation upon him?"

"My gracious master and husband," said the Electress, "it must be allowed that no minister of the gospel can be too conscientious. Called by God himself to be shepherds and teachers of their congregations, they will one day be required to render a very strict account of their stewardship; and it is therefore by no means surprising that they should endeavor to preserve a clear conscience before God and man in things of minor, as well as in things of greater importance. How could they otherwise so willingly submit to the grievous consequences attached to their refusal to sign the Reversal? Rev. Reinhardt has given up his office, home and country; Provost Fromm fled with his wife and children; and Provost Lilius, as I have learned from various sources, on his dying bed suffered the deepest anguish of soul for having signed the Reversal. Rev. Mr. GERHARDT does not possess the least worldly property; with the loss of his office goes also the loss of his daily bread. If the magistracy and citizens did not charitably supply him with food and a place of abode, he and his would be exposed to the most pinching want. Now do you not think, my gracious master and husband, that these poor servants of the Lord, who, for the sake of their faith, abandon home and country, and with their wives and children expose themselves to the greatest misery, are justly entitled to some indulgence?"

"In the defence of your client," replied the Elector, "you should not have alluded to Revs. Reinhardt and Fromm, both of whom have been fully convicted as turbulent and insolent citizens. And what you say about Provost Lilius has also come to my knowledge,

but I have likewise been informed that this anguish of soul, as you call it, was produced only by the fanatical hard-heartedness of Deacon Lorentz, who refused him absolution. Who therefore will be my voucher, that the commendation now bestowed on your PAUL GERHARDT will not, in the end, resolve itself into merited reproach?"

"Who will be your voucher for this?" repeated the noble woman. "Of course, only the omniscient God, for the human heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. The best and most faithful servant of the Lord is liable to stumble and fall, and the thoughts and intents of the heart are known only to the Lord, who seeth in secret. But, my dear husband, the voice of the congregation ought to have some weight. A man like this PAUL GERHARDT, who enjoys the unfeigned love of every member of his congregation, concerning whom the Council and citizens unanimously testify that he has never, not even by a single word, offended in the sacred desk against brotherly love; in whose behalf the magistracy and citizens, even at the hazard of incurring your displeasure, petitioned you a second time, and for whom even the States of the Electorate interceded; such a man cannot be unworthy of such a united testimony, borne on all sides in his favor."

Here the Elector, instead of urging any further objections, bent a searching and inquiring look upon his wife, who resumed: "Then I have still another testimony in favor of this man's pure and honest Christian character and purpose. And this testimony is afforded by his hymns. He who can sing the praise of God

with such a depth of feeling, cast himself with such humility at the feet of Jesus, and reach down into the innermost souls of others, with words so powerful that they are constrained to unite with him in worshiping and adoring and serving the Lord; he, who can write verses like these:

"All the sorrows, all the ill
Which my Heavenly Father's will
Has already made me bear,
Or in future may prepare,
Whilst I run my earthly race,
I will meet all in its place,
Bold and cheerful by His grace.

"I will pass through care and woe,
Even unto death I'll go,
To the grave I will descend,
Always joyful to the end.
He whom God claims as His own,
Whom He honors with a crown,
Never can be overthrown."

Think you not, my dear husband, that such a man has no guile in his heart, and that he is honest and sincere when he assures you of his most willing obedience?"

The Elector continued to gaze long upon the lovely countenance of his spouse, rendered still more beautiful by the crimson glow with which the purest love and faith had illumined it; then he approached her, took her hand in his, and said in a voice full of emotion: "One can see and hear from you, that one poetic genius will defend another. Louise, of this earnest and happy hour remind me, whenever heavy cares threaten to overburden me. I shall now advise with Schwerin what is to be done; then shall you pay me

the debt of gratitude you will owe me. God guard you, my dear wife, and preserve you to me and my children."

And the Elector left the apartment; but the pious wife threw herself upon her knees before the altar, and engaged in silent prayer, whilst a smile of the most blessed joy and gratitude brightened her beautiful countenance.

Five months from this time the Electress lay dead upon her bier.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MESSAGE.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation."—Isaiah lii. 7.

DURING the afternoon of the same ninth of January, on which a conference was being held in the Electoral palace, at Cologne, affecting the temporal future of PAUL GERHARDT, he obtained another proof that it was by no means the will of God to exclude him permanently from the number of laborers in his vineyard.

GERHARDT was seated in the family sitting-room, engaged in explaining to his little son, Paul Frederic, the wood cuts in the old Bible, when his wife, who had somewhat recovered from her late illness and who was now again overtaxing her strength in superintending her household affairs, entered and announced a stranger. GERHARDT immediately rose to conduct him to his study. When both had entered, the stranger said:

"My name is Hans von Carlowitz, and I come to you, reverend sir, in the name of my gracious sovereign, Duke Christian of Merseburg, with the hope that the object of my mission will meet with a kind reception and a favorable consideration."

"Whatever I can do for you," replied GERHARDT, "shall certainly be done with pleasure."

"Are you not," continued Carlowitz, "a Saxon by birth?"

"Certainly," assured GERHARDT, "Electoral Saxony is my fatherland, and Gräfenhainichen my birthplace."

"Would you like," asked the other, "to return again to your fatherland?"

GERHARDT regarded the ducal commmissioner with a look of surprise, and then asked: "What do you mean by this, gracious sir?"

"We have become fully informed," replied Carlowitz, "of the melancholy situation into which you, and many of your clerical brethren, have been placed by the Elector of Brandenburg, who, in order to heal the division existing between the Lutherans and Reformed, has strenuously insisted on your signing a Reversal, which a conscientious Lutheran minister cannot sign. Your refusal to add your signature has already resulted in your deposition from office, a circumstance which, apart from the pain it must cause you at being forced to a life of inactivity, is moreover calculated to fill your mind with many uneasy apprehensions in regard to what concerns food and raiment."

"No, not the latter, gracious sir," replied GERHARDT. "The magistracy and citizens of this city are so very kind to me that I cannot complain of bodily want. My dear old congregation heaps upon me so many favors that I am almost ashamed of their multitude. On the other hand, you are perfectly correct when you allude to the painfulness of my forced inactivity. It is a source of great grief to a servant of the

Word of God, who is still possessed of bodily and and mental vigor, to be compelled to stand idle. I would cheerfully suffer every other kind of punishment, I would rather wrestle with the hardest labor, than have my access to the house of my God forbidden. I seem to myself like a brook which has hitherto willingly and joyously pursued its course, but which, being overtaken by the frosts of winter, has had its wavelets turned into solid ice to the very bottom of its bed, and thus been doomed to a living death. Yes, gracious sir, I look with painful anxiety for the mild breezes of spring to release the imprisoned brook."

"And have you reason to hope?" inquired the commissioner.

"God alone knows," replied GERHARDT, in a mournful tone. "After the efforts that have already been made in my behalf by different parties, I have but little grounds for hope. And yet I do not altogether despair. Our great Elector, though a severe master, is yet only so in matters where he is called to maintain justice and right. And I am of the opinion that, in his laudable zeal to establish peace between the two churches, he is not yet rightly informed, and that he regards as contrariety what is only a matter of conscience. But the Lord in heaven does not grow weary in protecting his Church, and he will yet remove the bandage from the Elector's eyes."

"Do not be too sanguine in your expectations," replied Carlowitz. "I have heard *that* on my way hither, which leaves but little room to hope that the Elector will modify his views on this subject."

"To what do you refer?" asked GERHARDT.

"I refer to one of your colleagues," replied Carlowitz, "to Deacon Gigas, who had been called to the place formerly occupied by Reinhardt. I know not whether what has been told me is true or false. I was told that this your colleague, Gigas, who, at the time of his appointment, signed the Reversal, has since bitterly repented of it, especially as his confessor, Deacon Lorentz, felt constrained, on account of his denial of his Lutheran faith, to refuse him absolution. He, therefore, in his mental agony, has demanded back his signature, and in so doing incurred the sore displeasure of the Elector, who is said even to have carried the matter to such an extremity that he had Gigas transported as a prisoner to Spandau."

"This is, alas! but too true," answered GERHARDT. "It was a week yesterday since in pursuance of the express command of the Elector, Deacon Gigas was arrested and carried as a prisoner of State to the castle in question, and his melancholy situation deeply affects me. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that he is deserving of severe censure. Pressed by his conscience, he felt himself called upon to make amends for his inconsiderate compliance, by imprudently displaying immoderate zeal in the pulpit. He is said to have indulged, in St. Nicolai, on last New Year's day, in very severe censure against the Elector and his edicts. This is a zeal for God without knowledge, and a natural but lamentable consequence of thoughtlessness in matters of faith and conscience."

"The report is true, then," remarked the commissioner, "and this circumstance may show you, that the Elector is far from having moderated his conduct in

regard to this particular subject, nor will he be likely to do so hereafter. What, then, can you hope for yourself? Do you think it possible that you will in time become more yielding."

"God forbid!" replied GERHARDT, his blood mounting to his cheeks. "If I thought that I could ever become so weak as to sin against God, on account of the fear of man or of bodily want, I would fervently entreat the Lord to take me hence this very day."

"I trust that God will not do this!" exclaimed Carlowitz. "The Church in these unhappy times stands in need of men like yourself, reverend sir; therefore has my gracious Sovereign, Duke Christian of Saxon-Merseburg, directed his attention toward you, and asks you, through me, whether you would not feel inclined to accept a call to a vacant post in Merseburg?"

"This is an important request," said GERHARDT, in the utmost astonishment, "and it is altogether out of my power to give your excellency an immediate and decisive reply."

"Could this be because," continued Carlowitz, "you do not repose sufficient confidence in our sovereign?"

"Oh, no, no, gracious sir!" replied GERHARDT; "Duke Christian is a dear, pious, Christian prince and sovereign, and the distinguishing favor with which he is pleased to regard me, causes me to feel my unworthiness only the more. Yet I leave it to your own judgment, whether it would be right in me to accept an appointment to another charge before having been released from the one I still hold?"

"Have you then not?" asked Carlowitz, in surprise,

"have you then not, as is currently reported, been solemnly deposed from your office, at a regular session of the Consistory? Have not the repeated petitions, on the part of the magistracy and citizens, in behalf of your restoration, been most ungraciously returned by the Elector? Have not even the efforts of the States failed of success? Nay, more, has not the Elector ordered the magistracy to elect another minister in your place? And can you, after all this, still suppose that sentence of condemnation has not been pronounced against you?"

"All this is as you say," replied GERHARDT. "In the heart of the Elector, and in the hearts of those who in such matters act as the Elector's advisers, I have indeed been deposed; but not in the opinion and hearts of my congregation. Though all concede that I have nothing to hope for the present, not one among them doubts that all will eventually turn out for the best. And I myself must honestly confess to you that I live in the joyful expectation that God will one day so turn the heart of our great Elector, and enlighten his eyes, that he will again restore me to my congregation, which is bound closer to my heart than you may be willing to suppose. Believe me, gracious sir, it is by no means a trifling or an easy matter for a pastor to tear himself away from those for whose salvation he has labored, early and late, for so many years, and to leave a congregation where I may well say each family holds at least one soul whose confidence I still enjoy. With the same painful reluctance with which a father parts from his children, parts the pastor from his people; for it is a separation of the

spiritual father from his spiritual children. And as we say of a drowning man that he catches for safety at a straw, so the pastor catches at the slightest indication, as a support for the hope of remaining with his flock."

"And have you really such indications?" asked the commissioner. "On what do you build this hope?"

"I do not know," replied GERHARDT. "It may be that my wishes and prayers and the wishes and entreaties of my people constitute, in reality, the principal support of my hope; besides, the circumstance that since April of last year, when the second petition of the citizens was rejected by the Elector, nothing further has been done towards my expulsion, and still further my having hitherto been permitted to retain possession of the parsonage, and my congregation's continuing to provide for my maintenance just as if I was still in the active discharge of official duties—all these circumstances together, with which, I am fully assured, the Elector is not unacquainted, and which he has not made the least attempt to change, may constitute the ground of my own and my congregation's hopes. In short, gracious sir, I fear that I would be sinning against my conscience, if I should regard myself fully at liberty to go."

"These are, of course, reasons which forbid any further attempt on my part at persuasion and entreaty; and I wish with all my heart that you may fully realize your hopes, much, however, as my gracious sovereign and myself would have rejoiced at a different result. Permit me, therefore, reverend sir, to leave you with the sincere assurance that I part from you with the greatest respect." How fortunate the congre-

gation who have such a shepherd to watch over their souls."

Thus departed the ducal commissioner, leaving GERHARDT lost in deep thought. From this he was roused by his wife, who, somewhat anxious on account of his prolonged absence, had come to see what detained him. GERHARDT communicated to her the subject of the interview which he had just concluded, but singularly enough, with far less calmness and cheerfulness than he had exhibited in the presence of Herr von Carlowitz.

"May God preserve to me my peace!" he suddenly exclaimed. "A weighty thought just occurs to me. How, dear Mary, if this offer, on the part of the Duke, should, after all, be a command from the Lord! How, if I, conferring too much with flesh and blood, should have failed to recognize His will concerning me! Ah, Mary, how difficult, how very difficult it is to discover the ways of the Lord! How apt are we to obey our own will, just when we are least inclined to believe it! Mary, do you know of anything to comfort me?"

"This disquietude of yours surprises me," replied his wife; "for you have thus far, even amid greater embarrassments, always succeeded in preserving your peace."

"Yes," continued GERHARDT, "in cases where the will of the Lord is clear to my mind; where my whole inner man points only to the one thing to be done or to be left undone; where the Holy Scriptures regulate my faith, and the confessional writings of our church point out to me the standpoint which I must maintain—

there I am a courageous and willing champion, for there it is alone the obstinacy or weakness of my reason that has to be conquered, and the Lord has always given the victory. But here, dear Mary, where the light of my faith is too feeble to discern the will of my God concerning me, to determine between *where I would like to remain*, because false and impure hopes may detain me, and *where I ought to go*, because the Lord may be calling me—all this only increases my embarrassment."

"Can it be then, that the hopes that still bind you to this place are really false and selfish?" asked the wife.

"Whether false, God only knows; or whether selfish! But no, indeed no, I look for no other office than that which I have hitherto held; nay, I would cheerfully accept the least and most laborious, if I could only again serve my dear old congregation. I look for no other temporal reward than my daily bread, and for no other honor than the testimony of my congregation, that we both walked together in that liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and that I have not permitted myself to be tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive. I desire no higher honor than that of speaking the truth in love to every soul intrusted to my care, and with them grow up into Him in all things, which is the head, even Christ. And these I feel assured are no selfish hopes."

"Certainly not, dear husband," said his wife. "And since both your heart and conscience bear witness to this, you ought to be satisfied. Moreover, I think if it

be the Lord's will that you should leave Berlin and take charge of another congregation, He will enlighten the eyes of your understanding, that you may know what is the hope of his calling."

"How you refresh me with these words from the Holy Scripture," joyfully exclaimed GERHARDT. "The whole Bible presents no passage more applicable to my present condition than this: so deeply does it affect me. Yes, now I will rest satisfied and trust in the Lord, who has hitherto so graciously and so paternally guided me. He says by the mouth of his prophet: 'I will bring the blind by a way they know not: I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.'"

Not long after this the music-director, Ebeling, entered the room. His entire behavior betrayed such unusual disquietude, that it did not escape the notice of those present. "What is the matter?" asked GERHARDT. "You look as if some dire calamity had befallen you." And Mrs. Gerhardt added, smiling: "Are you tormented by a lover's cares? or has Miss Dorothea looked unkindly upon you?"

"Nothing of the sort," replied Ebeling. "That which disquiets me does not concern me—that is, me immediately—but rather yourselves."

"Us?" quickly asked the good wife, with some anxiety, at the same time hastening to the adjoining room, from which she however immediately returned. "I was almost afraid some misfortune had befallen our Fritz; but he is playing, and his aunt is with him."

"How can you all at once be so apprehensive of evil?" said GERHARDT.

"Pardon my fears," begged the wife. "A mother, to whom out of five children God has left only one, is apt to be very anxious and careful of that one."

"And yet you know, dear Mary," said GERHARDT kindly, "that where the Lord does not watch over the house and child, all the anxiety and care of a mother is in vain. However, we altogether forgot what friend Ebeling wishes to communicate to us."

"I am almost ready to accuse myself of an unmanly curiosity," now resumed Ebeling, "yet I could not suppress the thought that what I heard concerned you. It may be about half an hour ago, that my way led me past the Munzthurm, where I saw a number of stately dressed gentlemen coming toward me, in whom I soon recognized the right honorable members of the City Council, the Messrs. Counsellors Schardius, Zarlang and Tieffenbach, recorder Moller, Chamberlain Rheze, and the rest of the members—all in full dress. I saw them passing down along the Electoral garden, turning towards the court-apothecary's, and then entering the palace. If this had been New Year's day, I would have thought that the right honorable members of the Council were on their way to present their congratulations to the Elector."

"Might not such after all have been the case?" suggested GERHARDT with a smile. "The Elector, with his spouse, returned only late last night from Cleves, and the right honorable Council have not till now had an opportunity of offering their congratulations."

"Yes, that might be so," continued Ebeling, "but Strasburg, the chamberlain of the supreme court of judicature, has just informed me that every member of the worshipful Council of Berlin has been cited to appear before his Electoral Highness this afternoon at three o'clock. This shows that the members are not going of their own accord, but in obedience to a citation from the highest authority, and I therefore could not repress the thought that all this might concern you."

"But how could that be, my dear friend?" quietly asked GERHARDT. "Can you really believe that my humble person would induce his Electoral Highness to summon the united body of the Council into his presence? And must it be just concerning matters of faith and the church that these gentlemen jurists, of whom the worshipful Council is chiefly composed, are ordered before the Elector? Do you not know," added GERHARDT, smiling, "that jurisprudence has no special desire to meddle with theology?"

"Yes, yes," said the music-director, with a smile of approval. "It is for this reason that some of our godly and learned theologians have playfully asserted that no jurist will get to heaven, an assertion which, though it may seem somewhat strange to these gentlemen, may still be calculated to remind them of their relation to Christianity. In view of this I have also dedicated the third dozen of your sacred hymns to gentlemen of this description, with the remark: "That as God is no respecter of persons, I am of opinion that jurists, as well as others, may sing a spiritual song in the church during public worship, or also at their homes

whilst conducting family worship, not, however, as lawyers, but as Christians, and as members of one body, which is Christ the Lord."

"This is excellently said," remarked GERHARDT. "And I can give you, besides, the comforting assurance that there have been many jurists, who have written theological tracts, hymns and prayers, in conformity to the Word of God and for the benefit of Christianity. However, you are forgetting to tell me your reasons why the summoning of the Council disquiets you on my account."

My dear sir and friend," said Ebeling, "I may be like your dear wife, when a little while ago she felt anxious in regard to your only child. What we sincerely esteem and love, over that we faithfully watch; and what we have already lost in part, we naturally feel apprehensive of losing altogether. Yes, I will openly confess to you that the sad occurrence, relating to Deacon Gigas, has caused me greatly to doubt the clemency of our great Elector; and I am really beginning to fear, not, indeed, that you too will be carried to Spandau, but that, like your former colleages, Reinhardt and Fromm, you will be obliged to leave the country. For the princes and sovereigns of this world do not like to see those who are offensive to them enjoy the esteem and love of others. And as this is the case with you, and as your congregation is just as much disposed to afford you protection as the Elector is disposed to treat you ungraciously; and as the Council have left you to the enjoyment of your office, as much so as if you were still actively employed in the discharge of its duties; and as they have not yet

complied with the Elector's command to elect another in your place; I fear that these good, honest gentleman are just now under the disagreeable necessity of listening to some very ungracious words from the lips of the Elector, which, it is to be presumed, can have no very favorable bearing on your future destiny."

"Now you are truly a prophet of evil," replied GERHARDT, more seriously than before; and then added resolutely, "nevertheless you shall not destroy my hope. If it should be the Lord's will that I am about to undergo a new trial, I have full confidence that he will also impart to me the necessary measure of strength, courage and wisdom, wherewith I may walk worthy of the Gospel."

In this state of mind, into which Mr. and Mrs. GERHARDT were thrown by the communication of Ebeling, it cannot be wondered that the entrance of a gentleman standing in the immediate service of the Elector did not prove a very agreeable surprise. Mr. John Samuel Zehr, Electoral Private Secretary of the Chamber, entered the room. He was a man of sober mien, and had already frequently, as the direct organ of the Elector, brought knotty questions to a ready solution. The momentary feeling of fear and weakness which GERHARDT, with all his firmness of will, could not overcome at a time when some threatened calamity was yet undefined and undeveloped awaiting him, overcame him also now, as he met the new-comer with the words: "I know the object of your visit, Mr. Private Secretary."

"So?" asked he, in surprise; "and what do you suppose it to be?"

"You bring me my passport, with which I am to depart from my home and country," replied GERHARDT.

"That would be bad, indeed," replied the secretary, with a smile. "No, reverend sir, I am not a prophet of evil, but, as I hope, a welcome herald of grace and peace. I am sent by the Electoral Highness to inform you of your restoration to office."

This intelligence had a truly stunning effect upon the three individuals who heard it. Ebeling opened wide his eyes, and turned them half incredulously toward the Secretary; then stood perfectly motionless, like one who had received a sudden blow, and who could only be revived by some powerful shock. The good wife, on the contrary, presented the picture of the deepest emotion; her pale, wasted cheeks were overspread with a crimson glow; her hands trembled, and her eyes overflowed with tears. "This is the Lord's doing!" she exclaimed, and hastened into the adjoining room to communicate the glad tidings to her sister.

But GERHARDT, who was most concerned, dropped his head on his breast, laid his folded hands upon his knees, and said softly, as if speaking to himself: "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof."

"It affords me pleasure," now continued the secretary, "that his Electoral Highness appointed me the bearer of such a message. I will not make a boast of the fact that I have hitherto felt the warmest sympathy for you; for where high and low in the congregation have united in their intercession, such a declaration must be established by other testimony than such as I

am able to give. Yet this I can say, that I have anxiously longed for the moment when I might be the messenger of the returning favor of his Electoral Highness toward you."

"Pardon me, Mr. Secretary, for being unable to find words to express my joy and gratitude. For, notwithstanding all my unshaken confidence in the all-powerful Helper and Protector in heaven, and in the tender and paternal heart of our most serene Elector, this ray of light comes upon me so suddenly and unexpectedly, that it dazzles me and casts a shadow on my soul. Yes, sir, my joy is sorrow."

"But why should it be, reverend sir?" asked Zehr, sympathizingly.

"This unexpected favor depresses me?" replied the pious man. "For I know that I have not deserved it. I know that I, among all my unfortunate brethren, who, during this unhappy church controversy, have stood by their confession, am the first and only one, on whom, without seeking it, such a distinguished favor has been conferred. And where have I deserved such a rich display of the divine mercy?"

"Must we not all appear with this confession before the Lord?" said the secretary. "Therefore change your sorrow into joy and gratitude to God, who doeth great things to all of us. Let your next sermon loudly and publicly testify to this truth."

"My God, what will be my feelings, when, after nearly a year's silence, I shall again praise and adore my Saviour in his sanctuary, and preach his holy gospel! Oh how often have I latterly exclaimed in my distress, with David: 'One thing have I desired of

the Lord, that I will seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.' And now the Lord has answered my prayer; now I am again permitted to ascend the pulpit and speak, because I believe; now I am again permitted to stand before the altar and bless the congregation, who, in the day of my calamity, never forsook me; now I may again appear at the bedside of the sick and dying, to bring peace to the weary and heavy laden. Yes, noble sir, the all-merciful God has done great things for me. Blessed be his holy name for evermore."

"Amen, amen," simultaneously responded Zehr and Ebeling, and the former then continued: "I have, reverend sir, to make still another communication to you. Your restoration to office, is, of course, a special favor on the part of our great Elector. You know that you were deposed only because you refused to sign the Reversal; but his Electoral Highness having heard no other complaint against you, and believing that you hold yourself *without* your signature in duty bound to render all due obedience, has exempted you from signing the Reversal, and fully restored you to your office."

"This is more, far more, than I dared expect," said GERHARDT, lost in deep thought. "Yes, Mr. Secretary, I must repeat it, that I, on account of this great favor conferred upon me, in preference to many others, feel almost disposed to doubt whether, after all, it is not a dream."

"Certainly not," answered Zehr, smiling. "At this very moment, whilst I am making to you this communication, the whole united council of the city and

nearly all the privy counsellors are assembled in the presence of his Electoral Highness, whither they were summoned, in all haste, for the sole purpose of having this determination of the Elector in regard to you communicated to them by the President, von Schwerin. And now what in pursuance to the gracious command of the Elector is communicated to the Council, that, here in your dwelling I communicate to you in compliance with the same command. His Electoral Highness graciously desired you to know it, before information from the Council should reach you."

"All this only increases the measure of kindness lavished upon me," exclaimed GERHARDT. "Tell me, noble sir, to whom am I indebted for it all? Surely the angel of the Lord must have encamped round about the heart of the Elector, else this could not have happened."

"You may be right," replied the private Secretary, "only I have in my eyes a visible angel—the good angel of our Electoral house, and indeed of the whole country. I mean our pious Electress, Louise. For it is reported, if I am not revealing a secret, that our beloved Electress interceded for you and pleaded your cause before the Elector. To such an advocate even the stoutest heart must yield."

"The dear, pious and gracious lady!" exclaimed GERHARDT. "God bless her. The Lord has endowed her with the gift of song. I am acquainted with only one of her hymns: 'I will from my transgressions return unto the Lord,' but this one hymn breathes the language of faith and evidences the work of holiness so powerfully and so affectingly, that it seems to ad-

dress to me, whenever I repeat it, the admonition of the Lord: 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'"

"Well then," added the private secretary, "prepare yourself, that you, reverend sir, may soon announce this admonition, so necessary in our times, in the sanctuary to your congregation. So soon as the Council shall have officially announced to you this change in your affairs, which will doubtless be done to-morrow, you may, in the name of God, resume your labors in the vineyard of the Lord. As for the rest, you will endeavor to fully meet the expectations of our serene Elector, by avoiding hereafter, as you have done heretofore, in word and deed, whatever might be derogatory to the promotion of the peace sought to be established by our Sovereign. His Electoral Highness is confident that you, as an honest and upright man, will do nothing in opposition to the edicts, *even without your signature to the Reversal.* And now the object of my mission to you is accomplished, and the approach of night admonishes me to depart. Should your heart constrain you to an expression of gratitude to his Electoral Highness and his gracious spouse, I doubt not that permission for an audience will be graciously granted. And now the Lord be with you, reverend sir, and with you, too, Mr. Music-director, as the faithful family friend of our PAUL GERHARDT, and the accomplished singer of his beautiful hymns."

And thus the private secretary took his departure with many kind wishes, which, however, singularly enough, were not as cordially returned. GERHARDT'S countenance, during the private secretary's concluding

remarks, had assumed a very serious and thoughtful air, that betrayed a mourning soul within. And as now the good wife re-entered the room, and in a cheerful voice exclaimed, " O, my dear husband, how much joy has come to us ! " GERHARDT said in a low voice, as if speaking to himself, "*Even without your signature !* Did he not say so ? " Then, as if aroused from his thoughts, he turned his soft, dreamy eyes with a melancholy look toward his wife, and said : " Mary, I fear that, after all, my joy will be changed into sorrow. I must commune with my God. Leave me alone, dear friends."

And Ebeling and Mrs. Gerhardt left the room, with doubtful looks, altogether ignorant of what was then passing in his mind.

CHAPTER XVII.

A PICTURE OF THE PAST.

"Our fathers dealt proudly, and hardened their necks, and hearkened not to thy commandments, and refused to obey, neither were mindful of thy wonders that thou didst among them."—Neh. ix. 16, 17.

THE glad tidings of GERHARDT'S restoration, which, passing from house to house, caused a thrill of joy and gratitude in every heart, were welcomed with a universal outburst of exultation, when, two days after, on the 12th of January, 1667, its official announcement appeared in the Berlin weekly, *The Sunday Mercury*. The intense cold did not deter people from stopping along the streets and forming themselves into groups, and telling each other again and again as news, what everybody knew before.

That this intelligence caused no little excitement among those assembled at the inn near the long bridge, is very natural. Mine host, Mr. Matthias, had never before been so exquisitely happy as on this day; for not only did the unusually large number of guests cause an increased circulation of the mug, but the spirit that pervaded the entire assembly met his unqualified approbation. He heard nothing but expressions of joy and praise pronounced equally on men of both parties, a condition of things which was just in accord-

ance with his well-known position—aloof from all parties.

We find our old acquaintances and friends again assembled. Here were the honored citizens Lorentz Oertel, and Andrew Young the weaver, Gabriel Schumann the shoemaker, Joachim Liebrecht the baker, Wolf Starke the butcher, Christian Kunze the furrier, Jonas Seyffard the tailor, Hans Christoph Hassler the pewterer, Mr. John George Ebeling, the honest and sincere friend of the citizen, and many others, equally zealous in celebrating the important event.

"Our great Elector is indeed a great and magnanimous sovereign!" exclaimed Mr. Liebrecht. "After all that has transpired, we could not have looked for such joyful tidings. But just when we felt most desponding, and like the heathen were sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, the blessed sun broke forth and caused it to be light. I always had some little doubt, when the minister in the pulpit was speaking of the strict justice, and then again of the inexhaustible mercy, of God, because I could not well-reconcile the one with the other; but since our great Elector has afforded such overwhelming evidences both of strict justice and royal clemency, every doubt has been removed. For if such is already possible with men, how much more possible must it be with God, and how much more glorious the exhibition. Therefore, honor and gratitude to our great Elector."

"I will not mar your pleasure, dear neighbor," said Mr. Starke. "If any one is grateful to our Elector for having restored to us our pastor, and by this action affording us an opportunity to be again abundantly

supplied with the preaching of the Word of God, after our deprivation of it for so long a time, then I am that one. But if you feel disposed to believe in the justice and mercy of God, only because our great Elector is healing the wounds which he had before inflicted, your opinion as regards human justice differs widely from my own. For where punishment is inflicted without a cause, there justice is *very* human—that is, very imperfect."

Mr. Young, who was well-acquainted with the somewhat excitable temper of the butcher, and who did not wish the joy of the day marred by any discord, thought it advisable to cut short all further controversy by remarking: "Dear Mr. Starke, you are perfectly right in saying that all human justice is imperfect; for to be able to give to every one what in reality belongs to him, it would be necessary that we should possess the faculty of penetrating the innermost recesses of the hearts of our fellow beings. And since that which is just must, at the same time, also be true, it would, in addition be necessary, that we should be free from all self-deception and the possibility of erring. Since, however, this is not the case with even the best enlightened and conscientious, none being able to understand his own heart, much less that of another, it necessarily follows that all human justice must be very imperfect. For this reason, the hope inspired by the Gospel, that God will at last give every man according to his works, is the more refreshing. Hence it is always cause for joy when human justice, conscious of having erred, is changed into love and mercy."

"And then another thing," added the aged and

venerable Mr. Oertel. "You said, neighbor, that where punishment is inflicted without a cause, there can be but little justice. What would you say if I should prove to you that this is done by God himself? Yes, indeed! How great an amount of misfortune and misery is there to be found on earth, which man has not brought upon himself in consequence of his own individual offending; failure of crops, famines, conflagrations, floods, pestilence, and other plagues, that come at noon-day. And yet all these are punishments and chastisements from God; it is God's correcting grace which is ever resorted to by him, when his loving grace fails to produce the desired effect. But if you, Mr. Liebrecht, praise our great Elector, I shall praise our pious Electress, to whom we doubtless owe the sudden change produced in the conduct of her serene husband. Such a pious and Christian princess, like this gracious mother of our country, has never before entered the Electorate of Brandenburg.

"Dear friends and fellow-citizens, I am without doubt the oldest man among you, for the one-half here present could well be my children, and the other half my grandchildren. I look back upon a time in Berlin and Cologne, which, in view of the present condition of things, you will hardly believe it possible to have existed. And this applies not only to the citizens, but equally as well to the courtiers. The spirit of Christian propriety and order which now reigns within our Electoral palace, is solely the work of our pious Electress."

"Tell it to us," exclaimed a number of voices. "Tell us all about it, Father Oertel."

"If I were to relate to you," continued the old man, "only the life and conduct of the Lord High-Chamberlain, Count von Bergsdorf, you would imagine yourself in the centre of Babylon or Sodom. A man like him, who possessed not less than four hundred of the most expensive suits of clothes, who kept a more magnificent table than the Elector himself, who, at his table, reveled with his gluttonous companions, in sinful waste amid the most expensive viands; a man like this Bergsdorf, who boasted that in one night he had lost eighty thousand dollars at the gaming-table, and that at one sitting he drank from ten to fifteen bottles of wine, who lauded it as an heroic act that, on a wager, he had actually drunk ten other debauchees and gluttons to death, and who carried on this sinful extravagance at the expense of the hard toiling citizen and farmer; this man, whose dreadfully shameless and dissolute life cannot be described without transcending the bounds of decency and morality, and who, notwithstanding all this, could maintain, for so many years, his position at court, and was in fact the reigning power; this man alone presents to you a sufficient picture of those fearful times."

"But," asked Mr. Schumann, with sparkling eyes, "were there at that time, that is, some thirty or forty years ago, no faithful watchmen to be found on the walls of Zion? Was there no minister at court who hurled the Word of God, like a thunderbolt, into such a sinful life? Were all then what the Scriptures call dumb dogs, who cannot reprove? Was there no courageous John to rise up among the people and say; 'Repent ye, and believe.'"

With a painful smile, Father Oertel replied: "Yes, this same question was, at that time, asked by many a one, who had not yet fallen a prey to the general corruption, and who saw with terror the judgments of the Lord drawing nigh. And in reality, reproofs and warnings from the Word of God were not wanting. God, in his goodness and mercy, had always sent to the Electoral court eminently learned and truly zealous Christian ministers and pastors, who did not grow weary in exhorting their worldly-minded hearers, sometimes in mild and persuasive, and sometimes in severe and denunciatory language, to obedience to the law of God, and who also, by their own upright Christian walk and conversation, and by their truly godly lives, approved themselves as examples of true godliness. But all, alas! without effect. The majority of the courtiers only grew wilder, more dissolute, and more heathenish. Excessive eating and drinking, the most shameless debauchery in gesture, words and actions, the greatest recklessness in gambling, whereby entire towns and castles, with their inhabitants, were won and lost—these were day after day and night after night the occupations of the courtiers. And one would have thought that, after having spent six such days in sin and shame, the heart would have longed for a little rest; but far from it. These wickednesses were, if possible, carried to a still greater excess on Sundays and holy days than on ordinary days. These holy days were spent at court in luxurious feasting, gay tournaments and races, mirthful masquerades, obscene dances, and in whatever else the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life are apt

to invent. The life they led was indeed a life like that of the heathen, who know and who desire to know nothing of God. For the ministers at the court were only voices in the wilderness."

"I have no charge to make," here remarked Mr. Young, "against the ministers of that day, some of whom I distinctly recollect and respect as men of learning and of good intentions; still I think that it was their fault that so little good was accomplished, and that not one of those lost souls was reclaimed. In the pulpit they would often contend for hours for the sake of a word or even a letter, and when preaching the law, indulge in the severest reproofs and denunciations. But this alone is not enough. The heart must be touched, and the conscience must be fully aroused; the sermon preached must not only be a thunderbolt that splits rocks, but also a mild and gentle breeze of spring to awaken the torpid souls into new life. The minister must not only preach the law and the gospel according to the letter, but what he says must be the utterance of the deepest conviction of a sincerely believing heart, and call forth true faith in the hearts of his hearers. All admonitions, instructions, reproofs and denunciations are of no avail, and only exasperate, if the heart is not first humbled and brought to a knowledge of itself. This is the course our PAUL GERHARDT pursues; and if this dear man of God, at that time, had sung only one of his hymns among those courtiers, or could have preached one of his sermons, better times would have dawned upon them sooner. As long as the pride of the natural heart is not humbled, man will not even dream of sor-

row for sin, repentance, and sanctification of the inner life."

"You are right," said Father Oertel. "Pride was at that time the greatest enemy and opponent of Christianity. The extravagance in dress among the courtiers, who went about arrayed in velvet and silk, gold and silver, pearls and diamonds, and the silly fashions prevailing among them, were only the fruit of their sinful pride. I knew quite a number of these noble gentlemen, who were despatched to France, Italy, Spain, England, and even to countries beyond Europe, at an expense that would have saved thousands from want and misery, for the purpose of making themselves acquainted with foreign fashions, customs, and manners, to be immediately adopted and aped at home. Thus it happened that German simplicity and honesty gradually made way for frivolity in manners and customs, and increasing contempt for godliness."

"But," here suggested Mr. Seyffard, "the burghers and country people are, of course, to be regarded as having formed an honorable exception!"

Father Oertel shook his head mournfully, and said: "Alas, how much better is it now among us and the country people! If the corruption has once extended from the court to the people at large, then it becomes so deeply rooted that it takes several generations before it can be eradicated, and that not until it has reached the lowest depths of bodily and spiritual misery. This is deeply to be regretted. For as every minister of the Gospel must finally give strict account of all the souls that have been lost by reason

of unfaithfulness on his part, so also will every sovereign and man of authority and influence be held responsible for all the misery which he, by his bad example, in word and deed, has brought upon his country and nation."

At this point a deep silence ensued, which seemed more especially painful to mine host, Mr. Matthias, who feared lest this "Wo! Wo!" pronounced against sovereigns and men of authority and influence, might call forth, among his guests, a feeling of dissatifaction with the Electoral house. He therefore considered it advisable to direct the thoughts of his guests into a different channel, and with this view he turned toward Father Oertel and blandly asked: "Will you not tell us something further about the condition of the people and the customs prevailing among them at that time?"

"In doing so," replied the old man, "I would only be obliged to repeat what I have already said concerning the life led by the courtiers; for estrangement from God and apostasy from the faith produce everywhere, and among all classes, the same effects; namely, a godless and immoral life, which only varies in baseness according to the extent of the means and opportunities afforded to lead it—the same frivolity, voluptuousness, and lasciviousness; together with the most vulgar blasphemy, and habitual cursing and swearing. But the fact that unbelief is apt to incline to superstition, was very apparent at that time. There was such a resort to astrology and other modes of divination and soothsaying, that one fancied himself living in a heathen country; and the desecration of the

Sabbath had reached its utmost limit both in town and country, just as we unhappily find it in many localities to this very day."

"Still I remember," here remarked Mr. Kunze, "having heard my sainted father say that the churches at that time were unusually well attended."

"Very true," assured Father Oertel. "It was then as it is now. Many went to church on Sundays and holy-days even twice, simply to show off their finery, but without the least desire for spiritual food, and therefore without devotion and also without benefit to their souls. For no sooner had they left the house of God, than they would plunge into sinful dissipation. Every species of wickedness, for the perpetration of which they could not find time during week-days, was engaged in with a zest. Every hotel and tavern was crowded to overflowing, and drinking and debauchery were kept up, amid the sound of music, till after midnight. Yes, I even saw play-actors carry on their performances in church; and wherever one went, he would meet with fencing-masters, leapers, runners, dancing-masters, and mountebanks, who exhibited for the amusement of the people in town and country, and were patronized even by the city authorities and the clergy."

"This is a sad account," exclaimed Mr. Hassler; but the music-director added: "Nothing provoked me more than that the beautiful and glorious art of music should be perverted to minister to such a sinful and worldly life, an abuse which Isaiah denounces in language especialy designed for musicians, namely: 'Wo to them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow

strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them! And the harp, and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands.' Yes, my friends, music is one of God's most glorious gifts, and no other art possesses such a power over the feelings and so excites the heart to devotion and love to God. Hence I think that God has bestowed upon us the gift of music only to sing and make sweet melody in our hearts, to unlock the vast stores of magic sounds only for his glory, and that all melody and harmony is only to be the evidence that the human heart of man is in consonance with the holy will of God. Therefore I maintain that the true poet and songster is always engaged in the service of the Lord! But when I see how music in these days is so frequently employed to minister only to worldly enjoyment, how the sacred art is degraded into the unclean spirit of carnal pleasure, how the sound of trumpets and kettle-drums deadens every sense of decency and sobriety, and drives the last thought of God and holiness from the soul, then I could weep tears of bitter pain and sorrow over the desecration of this divine gift, and I can with difficulty restrain myself from exclaiming, with the mighty angel in the Apocalypse, who took up a great stone and cast it into the sea, saying: 'Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down and shall be found no more at all, and the voice of harpers and musicians, and of pipers and trumpeters, shall be heard no more at all in thee; and the light of a candle shall shine no more in thee.' It is with difficulty that I

can restrain myself from exclaiming, 'Yea, so let it be here and there and everywhere, wherever the heavenly Song Muse is compelled to serve Baal and Belial.' Therefore all honor to our PAUL GERHARDT, who has touched the clear-toned chords of his heart only for man's reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness, and for the worship, grateful praise, and glory of the Lord in heaven."

"Yes honor, all honor to our PAUL GERHARDT," was re-echoed by the whole assembly. "He is a man after God's own heart."

After the excitement had thus again been allayed by Ebeling's feeling remarks, Mr. Seyffard, the tailor, took the floor and said: "I am well aware that our trade, after that of the jeweler, is most employed to minister to the pride of this world; and although it is the means by which we gain a livelihood, nevertheless, dear friends and fellow-citizens, I assure you that I serve this idol with painful reluctance. My memory, too, carries me back far enough to know the beginning of this abomination among the wives and daughters of the nobility. I remember well the time when these women were no longer satisfied with the shape and color God, their creator, gave them, but in order to look fairer and comelier, they washed themselves with aromatic waters, adorned themselves with many-colored garments, powdered their hair with cypress powder, and carried towering caps upon their heads, looking as if they would demolish all before them. Nay, they carried things so far that they even regarded it as a disgraceful and dishonorable act to nurse their own children; but would entrust them, and that often

at great expense, to the care of ignorant, frivolous and immoral women. Therefore I say openly, that it is a great shame for Christian women to be so full of vanity as to fall below even heathen women, who, to their honor be it spoken, faithfully discharge their domestic duties, thus approving themselves, what God designs them to be, true help-mates of their husbands. I cannot think of all this without, at the same time, calling to mind the severe judgments denounced against them by the prophets."

"To what particular judgments do you refer, dear neighbor?" asked Mr. Young.

"I cannot remember the precise language," replied Seyffard, "but if any one will hand me a Bible, I can easily find it."

"Well, mine host," exclaimed Young, "you certainly have a Bible in the house; for the possession of a Bible, as far as I know, does not interfere with your standing aloof from all parties."

"Certainly not, honored Mr. Young," assented Matthias, meanwhile searching for the book in a side closet in the room; but being unsuccessful, he put his hand to his brow, as if trying to think: he then hastened out of the room, and up stairs, whence he brought a large, very dusty and double-clasped Bible, and laid it down before Mr. Seyffard.

"My good host," said Mr. Young, smiling, when he noticed Seyffard with difficulty opening the rusty clasps. "If God has closed his mercy against you as effectually as you have closed this book, your case must be hard indeed."

Mr. Matthias bowed, smiling, and was just in the

act of saying something in self-defense, when Mr. Seyffard exclaimed: "Here is the passage to which I refer. It is recorded in the third chapter of Isaiah; shall I read it?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed a number of voices, and Seyffard read: "'What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor?' saith the Lord God of hosts. Moreover, the Lord saith: 'Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth neck and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet; therefore the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion. In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets and the mufflers, the bonnets and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, the rings and the nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles and the wimples, and the crisping-pins, the glasses and the fine linen, and the hoods and the veils. And it shall come to pass, that instead of sweet smell there shall be stink; and instead of a girdle a rent; and instead of well-set hair baldness; and instead of a stomacher a girding of sackcloth; and burning instead of beauty. Thy men shall fall by the sword, and thy mighty in the war. And her gates shall lament and mourn; and she, being desolate, shall sit upon the ground.'"

"This is a terrible judgment, truly," remarked Mr. Oertel, after Seyffard had ceased reading; "but we will

have such confidence in the mercy of God, and in our own generation, that such calamitous events shall be far from us, especially since what is here said concerning the sword of his mighty war has already been realized by us, and the wounds it has inflicted are still bleeding. Since, however, our great Elector, during the six-and-twenty years of his reign, has removed many a heavy burden from his subjects, and is besides a pious sovereign, and since the free and unconditional restoration to office of our PAUL GERHARDT, in a churchly point of view, affords a most glorious proof of his genuine piety, I must repeat it, that with our beloved Electress a good angel entered into our country and city. For it was this pious, noble woman, who first took a firm stand against the wicked practices prevailing at court, and who, with true Christian wisdom, knew how to expel one evil spirit after another, from the presence of her serene husband. Nay, it can even be said that this noble woman restored the true fear of God to our country and the court; and even though it must be confessed that much is still to be done, and that many a burden still continues to rest upon the burghers and the Church which must yet be removed, it nevertheless becomes us to be truly grateful for every benefit conferred upon us, and one of these we all most sincerely acknowledge to be the restoration of our PAUL GERHARDT. For the sake of this, let us forget every other sorrow endured by us on account of this excellent man. Do you not also say so, dear Mr. Young?"

"Yes, with all my heart," was the reply. "The few days of sorrow I have endured on his account have

been to me a special honor and a sense of joy. To-morrow our PAUL GERHARDT will preach again, after a silence of almost a year. Let that be to us all a day of reconciliation."

"That is well said!" exclaimed Father Oertel, with enthusiasm. "It is true we have suffered much and severely; we have with difficulty and at a sacrifice saved what we still possess; we have, in addition to many temporal misfortunes, for a long time stood in danger of losing even the only comfort yet left to us, the crown of our Lutheran faith. But the restoration of our dear, pious PAUL. GERHARDT, without any effort on his part, but solely by the free and gracious will of our great Elector, has suddenly turned every sorrow into joy. Let all petty suffering be forgotten. A new star of hope has risen above us. This be our comfort, our support, and our staff. God himself has brought this about; the faithful Shepherd and Watchman who never slumbers or sleeps, the Lord of his Church, the Shepherd of his flock, has himself knocked at the hearts of men, and they could not do otherwise than open to him. Thanks be unto him, praise, and honor, and glory. And all who thank him, say Amen!"

"Amen, amen!" responded all present, as with one voice. Joy and peace reigned in every bosom, and none suspected that the man on whose account such joy and gratitude were expressed, sat at home in his study experiencing neither joy nor peace.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN AGONIZED CONSCIENCE.

"Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me."—Lamentations i. 12.

ON the following day the church of St. Nicolai was filled to overflowing. Every one was desirous of hearing PAUL GERHARDT'S first sermon. And though some were drawn there, doubtless, from motives of curiosity, to hear what a man who had been so sorely tried would say concerning himself and his treatment, still the great majority had been led to the house of God by a purely spiritual want. GERHARDT was unquestionably the man of the people. No one possessed an equal power with himself over the thoughts and feelings of his hearers: no one could so enter into the very secrets of their souls; no one could so edifyingly explain the Word of God.

GERHARDT spoke calmly, though with deep emotion; he hardly alluded to the religious controversy, and what he said concerning himself consisted only in expressions of gratitude to God for this day. This many considered, of course, far too little; they had expected that GERHARDT would warmly present the victorious cause of the Lutheran faith, and, whilst using his accustomed moderation and forbearance, boldly express himself in regard to the principal points of difference between the doctrines of the two churches.

For this was by no means prevented by the Electoral edicts. But not a word on these points was uttered.

"His strength is broken," remarked one burgher to several others, who, after divine service, had assembled near the church door. "And I do not wonder at it. Grief gradually wastes away the energies, and eventually weakens the strongest will!"

"One could see it," remarked another. "Though his voice has retained its former strength and freshness, yet his countenance showed such evident signs of deep sorrow and sadness, that I am at a loss to know what to make of him. O! with what brightness his eyes used to beam when he looked down at us from the pulpit, and his face so radiant with animation and joy that even a deaf man might have been almost as much edified by merely looking at him as if he could have heard him preach. But to-day this deep, sad earnestness—no, I tell you his power is broken; he is no longer our old GERHARDT."

This verdict on the sorely tried man was altogether just. Even the more thoughtful hearers could not deny that a change had come over him. Some hidden worm appeared to be gnawing at his heart, and to have destroyed all his pleasure in the performance of the duties of his office.

In order that we may learn the cause of this, let us follow a few of the more intimate friends of GERHARDT, who repaired to his house immediately after the conclusion of divine service, and who were none other than Young, Liebrecht, and Schumann. When they entered GERHARDT'S study, they found him seated in his arm-chair, wrapt in deep thought.

"Reverend and dear sir," said Mr. Young addressing him, "it would indeed sorely grieve us if our visit, at this time, should be an unwelcome one; but we feel such anxious concern about you that we are constrained to call. We are apprehensive that you are either physically indisposed, or that some secret sorrow troubles you. In either case, we would have to be pitied as much as yourself. Can it be possible that the day so much longed for by us has left desires in you that are still unfulfilled?"

"Yes, alas yes, my friend," replied GERHARDT, mournfully. "To-day, for the first time in my life, I entered and left the pulpit without joy. Nay, I freely confess to you, that I seriously debated with myself this morning whether or not I would resume the duties of my office. I did it, so as not to disappoint the expectation of my congregation; but I would now feel more at ease if I had not entered the pulpit."

"Alas," exclaimed Young, "what has happened?"

"Allow me to enter into details," replied GERHARDT, and then he continued: "You are aware that on the ninth day of this month, Mr. Zehr, the private secretary of the secret chamber, in the name of our most serene Elector, unexpectedly announced to me my restoration to office, with the express assurance that I should not be required to sign the Reversal. It was only when he was about to take his departure, that the secretary added, his Electoral Highness had the confidence that I would know how to act in accordance with his edicts without the required signature. This remark threw me into very serious reflection. For if this should be what the Elector expects of me, and if I

had only in accordance with this expectation resumed the duties of my office, it would be in reality equivalent to my having signed the Reversal. On the day following, the tenth, I was officially notified, on the part of the right honorable Council, of my restoration, again with the distinct declaration that no signature to the Reversal should be required of me. This quieted my fears, and all apprehension was finally removed by a distinguished member of the government, who on that day paid me a visit, assuring me that I was to be restored without signature or any other condition."

"Well, and does this not satisfy you?" asked Mr. Liebrecht. "For it seems to me that you are bound only by the official declaration of the Council."

"Not altogether," replied GERHARDT. "The private secretary holds a public office in the service of his Electoral Highness, and being under oath, would not be very likely to say either more or less than what he has been instructed to say. Hence I cannot arrive at any other conclusion than that what the Elector really expects of me, is that whilst my actual signature is not demanded, I will still hold myself in conscience bound so to act as if I really had signed it, and this circumstance causes me to feel uneasy. I torment myself day and night thinking how to satisfy my conscience; but the more I try, the more my uneasiness increases, and I am now, when permitted to discharge the duties of my office, in truth far more unhappy than formerly during the entire period of my deposition."

"Still it appears to me," suggested Mr. Liebrecht, "that you are a little too conscientious. If I were in your place, I would simply adhere to the rescript of

the magistracy, and as for the rest, attend to the duties of my office as becomes a faithful Lutheran minister, till further inquiry on the part of the Elector."

"No, no, dear neighbor," said Mr. Young, with a shake of his head. "This matter can not be disposed of so easily as that. When conscience is not satisfied, it is dangerous to establish a false peace. I, too, am of the opinion that the private secretary, in all he said, expressed only the declared wishes of his Electoral Highness. And if this be really so, if the Elector accepts an implied agreement equally binding with a written promise, then our church, on the whole, has gained nothing at all."

"There are still other grounds for uneasiness," continued GERHARDT. "In the *Sunday Mercury*, in which my restoration is communicated to the congregation, it is said that his Electoral Highness graciously reposes confidence in me, that hereafter, in the discharge of my official duties, and in the defence of the Lutheran faith, I will endeavor to observe the same moderation which has hitherto characterized my course. Now, my dear friends, what does all this mean? I have never understood this moderation in any other light than in that of loyalty to the confessional writings of the Lutheran faith, and among these, more especially to the Form of Concord, and in this light I shall continue to understand it in future. But if his Electoral Highness expects me to act in compliance with his edicts, how can I be loyal to the Form of Concord, which these edicts assail with so much violence? And if I were to keep silent, when on the part of the Reformed, as has frequently happened, the

one or other of our symbolical books is denounced as an obscene, slanderous and calumnious book, would I not be an unfaithful shepherd of my flock? Would I not then have bartered away my Lutheran faith for the fleeting favor of the Elector? Would I, in that case, not be more culpable than if I had at once signed the Reversal?"

"I must agree with you, reverend sir," said Mr. Young. "That we have not to look for many favors from the Reformed, we all know. This applies especially to our arch-enemy, the Court-chaplain, Stosch, who is secretly preparing a new assault on our church. Yesterday I happened to meet the Court-printer, Schulze, who with ill-concealed joy communicated to me the fact that the Elector has ordered the letters of the late Provost Fromm, addressed by him during the last ten years to the Court-chaplains, Stosch and Bergin, to be published and distributed among the public. Now, though the double-dealing of the Provost entitles him to but little respect, it must still be presumed that the publication of the letters in question is not so much designed to injure their author as to scandalize the entire Lutheran Church. But all this is the work of the Court-chaplain, Stosch; and as long as this man holds his present position, our Lutheran Church need not expect much peace. Nay, I openly confess, Mr. GERHARDT, that I cannot understand the intention of his Electoral Highness, and even at the risk of walking a second time into prison, I shall not keep silent. A clemency which takes away with the left hand what it bestows with the right, is neither kind nor just."

"Are you not judging too harshly?" asked Mr. Schumann. "It grieves me to the heart that the events of this day, which we hoped would bring us so much joy and peace, should cause so much pain. However, if it be true that we owe the restoration of our beloved GERHARDT to the interposition of the Electress, then I think we may trust to her influence hereafter."

"How cheerfully would I do this," replied GERHARDT, "if various adverse circumstances did not utterly forbid me from indulging in such a hope. Only think of my colleague Gigas, who this very moment is suffering the punishment of a high criminal at the castle in Spandau. Though I deeply regret his conduct, and blame him for having submitted to the edicts without conscientious conviction, and for having afterwards, by the use of improper means, sought to quiet his conscience by denouncing the Reformed doctrines in unmeasured terms, for which he justly merited the penalty due one who offends against the laws of Christian charity and toleration; still his punishment is too severe. Now, although we have no knowledge to that effect, yet if poor Gigas should be suffering this heavy punishment only because he refused further obedience to the Electoral edicts, what better or different treatment could either I or any of my colleagues expect? You see, therefore, Mr. Schumann, that our hopes are resting upon an exceedingly weak foundation. The light which illumined my mind was indeed cheering and refreshing, but the darkness which has followed has been all the greater."

"For what then have we to hope?" asked Liebrecht,

sadly. "Are we to find no relief amid this protracted and oppressive famine of the Word of God? Are our hunger and thirst after the pure doctrines of the Gospel, as they are set forth in the Confessional writings of our Lutheran Church, to continue unsatisfied? Can you, reverend sir, really leave us orphans in the house of God?"

"First of all," replied GERHARDT, in a tone of deep seriousness, "I must warn you of a sin which you are committing against me, and on my account. The favorable opinion you here express concerning me, I can only ascribe to the love and cheerfulness with which I have preached the Gospel to my beloved congregation, as well as to the fidelity with which I have hitherto adhered to our Lutheran Confessions. But apart from the fact that I would be but a mean hireling if I neglected doing this, I am still not the only one who manifests this love and cheerfulness in his office, and this fidelity to the Confessions. My beloved brethren in the faith, Lubath, Lorentz, and Hellwig, are equally deserving of your confidence; and we may expect from him who blesses and protects his Church, that those men who may be called to fill the vacancies occasioned by the removal of Gigas, the Provost, and perhaps myself, will supply your hunger and thirst after the pure Word."

"No, no, reverend sir," quickly rejoined Mr. Liebrecht, with some embarrassment, "this is not what I intended to say, but, rather, whether it will be such an easy matter for you to leave us?"

"My God," exclaimed GERHARDT, and his eyes became suffused with tears, "I would be the most cen-

surable among men if I did otherwise than leave with a bleeding heart my congregation, which loves me a thousand times more than I deserve. Yes, indeed, dear Liebrecht, I am ready to continue to serve my congregation with my whole heart, and to spend the few remaining days of my life in your midst. To do so, I have again made a beginning to-day, though with a heavy heart. Only this one thing I ask of the Lord, namely, that I may be enabled for the future to discharge my duties as a servant of the church without violence to my conscience."

"I never would have believed," here remarked Mr. Schumann, "I never would have believed that the conscientiousness of a minister could reach so far. But now I feel with you, reverend sir, that you cannot act otherwise."

"Yes, my old friend," added GERHARDT, "I know now, by the grace of God, and by my own experience, how much anxiety the great important work of the ministry causes him who endeavors to be found faithful in his office. If, in addition to this, I should have to bear about with me, in my conscience, a gnawing worm, would I not be the most miserable man on earth?"

Before those present could offer a reply to these remarks, Burgomaster Tieffenbach entered. "Honorable sir," exclaimed GERHARDT, "you come just in a time of need, and you are doubtless the one most able to advise and aid me."

"It is true then," said the burgomaster, "that you are dejected and cast down? The report has spread over the whole city concerning you, and everybody is

asking what evil has happened to you. I have therefore come to aid and advise you to the best of my ability."

After GERHARDT had stated to the burgomaster the cause of his anxiety, with which we are already familiar, he continued: "Therefore, I take the liberty of asking you to repeat to me, as far as your memory may serve you, the very words which his Electoral Highness addressed to the honorable Council of the city respecting me."

"You are aware," replied Tieffenbach, "that our gracious Sovereign, on the ninth of this month, summoned the Council to appear before him at three o'clock in the afternoon. Then and there his Highness caused it to be announced, among other matters, through the President, his Excellency Otto, Baron von Schwerin, in the presence of a large number of privy counsellors, as far as my memory serves me, in these very words: 'Inasmuch as his Electoral Highness has heard no complaint against PAUL GERHARDT, except that touching his refusal to sign the edicts, and inasmuch as his Electoral Highness feels constrained to believe that he has not yet comprehended the meaning of the edicts, he would therefore restore said PAUL GERHARDT, and permit him to attend to the duties of his office as heretofore."

When GERHARDT had heard this, he shook his head mournfully, and said: "If such was the language used, I must confess with pain, that so far from removing my doubts, it only confirms and strengthens them, and increases my uneasiness."

"And why so?" asked Tieffenbach, anxiously.

"My noble friend and patron," replied GERHARDT "Is it not plainly to be inferred from this language that I have refused to sign the Electoral edicts or Reversal, only because I did not sufficiently comprehend their meaning? But this is not so. I can attach no other meaning to these edicts than that which the plain letter sets before me and the entire public. Are the requirements and prohibitions therein contained not set forth in words so plain that every Lutheran cannot but understand the questions at issue? And is that either more or less than a partial surrender of our Lutheran Confession? For if nothing were prohibited save abusive and defamatory language against the Reformed, how cheerfully would I subscribe my name, especially since I have never been guilty of such unchristian conduct, nor ever intend to be. Therefore, my noble sir, do you not also think that, notwithstanding the ingenious construction put upon these documents, the case after all resolves itself to this, namely, that I, though excused from affixing my signature, am nevertheless expected to act in strict conformity to the edicts?"

"I cannot altogether see it," replied Tieffenbach, "though I feel that a conscientious man may take offence at this language."

"You are right, noble sir," assented GERHARDT, in a firm and decided tone. "My conscience can surely not have changed in so short a time! It was on account of my conscientious scruples that I was deposed from my office; and am I now to purchase my restoration to it by yielding these same scruples, which before prevented me from rendering compliance

with the Electoral will? Much as my own desires and inclinations draw me to the house of God and the service of my beloved congregation, still I cannot inflict the wound with my own hand which I endeavored to avoid, by willingly submitting to the shame and pain of my deposition from office, which I was enabled to do by the power of the Holy Spirit, who in the hour of trial strengthened me! Would not, in such an event, the entire year, during which I patiently and without complaint bore the wrath of the great Elector, have to be regarded as lost, lost to my congregation, who charitably supported me, whilst the voice of my conscience lay bound in chains; lost to my duties, for the faithful performance of which the Lord will require of me an account; lost to the good cause of the Lutheran faith, for the defence of which I have sworn to sacrifice my worldly means and my blood? Be assured, noble sir, the declaration of the Elector that I had not rightly comprehended the meaning of the edicts, causes me more pain and disquietude than all else I have hitherto suffered on account of these unfortunate documents. If it were possible for me to comply with these edicts, I would have done so from the beginning of this unhappy controversy; but what my conscience forbids me, that I can never do, though with wife and child I should be brought to want and misery."

The conscientious servant of his church, during the latter part of these remarks, had become unusually excited, which made such a strong impression upon those present, that for some time after GERHARDT had ceased speaking they continued to regard him in

silent astonishment. At length the burgomaster asked: "What then do you intend to do?"

"What can I, a poor, humble man, do?" he exclaimed. "Am I not in the power of those who have the rule over me? I only know that I shall not a second time ascend the pulpit with the same agony as I did this morning. For a distracted and tortured mind is of service neither to the Lord in heaven nor to his church on earth. Yes, I must again abstain from public preaching till it shall please the Elector to leave my conscience perfectly free in the discharge of my office—or if he will not consent to this, do with me according to whatever his conscience may give him the power and the right to do."

"How suddenly has our joy been again turned into sorrow!" remarked the burgomaster, in a tone of deep sadness. "Of what advantage to us now is the unexpected favor of the Elector, since, instead of roses, it has only brought thorns? Something must be done to put an end to this unhappy condition between hope and fear."

"Yes, something might be done," added GERHARDT, quickly. "If the right honorable Council, in consideration of my mental anxiety and distress, would intercede with the Elector on my behalf, by the help of God, all might be satisfactorily arranged."

"Yes, this shall be done," cried the burgomaster. "Though our last petition on your behalf met with such ill success, that it did you no good, and caused us a great deal of mortification, you, reverend sir, shall nevertheless find the magistracy of Berlin not slow when liberty of the faith requires them to speak and

act. Therefore, I would advise you to address to us a written statement of your case. Till then, let us live in the joyful confidence that all will yet turn out for the best. Thanks be to God, we have a pious, Christian and godly sovereign, who will suffer free speech in regard to the temporal as well as spiritual welfare of his subjects."

"The Lord bless these your words!" said GERHARDT. "His Electoral Highness cannot regard it unfavorably when the right honorable magistracy of this city speak a good word on behalf of the poor and troubled soul of a minister who has faithfully served his congregation for ten years. All of us hope for salvation through the intercession of our only Mediator, Jesus Christ. Why, then, should we not expect our peace on earth from the intercession of one Christian with another?"

And with this common hope all left the house.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE AFFIANCED.

"And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment; that ye may approve things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ."—Phil. i. 9, 10.

AS we have thus far related without interruption the events that befell PAUL GERHARDT, it is now time that we should return once more to some other individuals who are deeply interested in his fate. Among these we mention first that charming maiden, Miss Dorothea Young, whom on a certain morning we find busily engaged at her piano, practicing the melody of one of GERHARDT'S hymns, a work which she performed all the more diligently and earnestly because the music was from the pen of her intended, whom she knew she could not please better than by accompanying him in singing and playing one of the holy songs of that gifted poet.

Without her being aware of it, the composer had quietly entered and placed himself behind her chair, where he listened with exquisite delight to the playing of his affianced. She had just sung the verse:

"The wife who loves the Lord indeed,
And ever to His truth gives heed,
Far more of love and praise is worth
Than all the pearls of earth;"

When Ebeling, no longer able to restrain his joy, exclaimed: "How beautiful, how true! And how charmingly it sounds from your lips!"

"O!" exclaimed Dorothea, hastily rising from her chair in some confusion. "How dare you come in so stealthily!"

"Do not be angry with me!" he said deprecatingly. "I might in justification of my stealthy entrance make a great many flattering little speeches; but I will honestly confess that I did not do right in so startling you. But you do not know what an irresistible charm music has for me. When I came to the door and heard you practicing this beautiful hymn, I had not the courage to interrupt you in it. Therefore I entered quietly. And in order to secure your pardon, I will sing and play, as the language of my own heart to you, two verses of GERHARDT'S composition. Listen:

"'The husband, sure within his heart
That she will do her wifely part,
His home with plenty shall abound,
There too shall bliss be found.

"Pure is her love, without alloy,
She addeth to each fleeting joy,
With ready comfort in each grief,
She brings a sweet relief.

Is he not a happy man to whom such a wife has been given?" asked Ebeling when he had finished these verses. "And am not I a happy man, dear Dorothea?"

The maiden, who with all truly good people had this in common, that she blushed at every word of praise addressed to her, and who, whenever not able to

defend herself with a serious reply, strove to repel her assailant by some repartee, said: "Aye, aye, Mr. Music-director, who has given you cause for such hopes? Suppose I should prove to you that what you have sung in these verses in my praise does not at all apply to me?"

"This you cannot do," replied Ebeling decidedly.

"Well then," continued Dorothea warmly, "since you challenge me, I must needs attempt it. You seem, first of all, to rely on my devotion. If you choose to do this, I can, of course, not hinder you; still I would not advise you to do it. I have doubtless committed a very foolish act in forcing myself upon you, especially as I did not even know whether you wanted me. If I mistake not, I told you that I sincerely loved you; but from this it by no means follows that you can rely on my devotion. Yes, yes, my dear intended, besides yourself I have many others whom I love from the depth of my heart, for which reason my devotion you boast of after all might not be as reliable as you suppose."

Ebeling regarded his affianced with a perplexed stare, because he seemed somewhat in doubt whether Dorothea was in jest or in earnest. He therefore asked, somewhat dejected: "Who *are* these others?"

Dorothea maintained her seriousness, and replied: "There is, first, little Paul Frederick Gerhardt, to whom I belong, at least, two hours every day; then there is my father, who, at the least calculation, can lay claim to three hours daily. Here you have already five hours each day, which must be subtracted from my expected devotion."

"Well, this sort of want of devotion I shall doubtless be able to endure," exclaimed Ebeling, laughing, and with a lighter heart. "Moreover, I shall pay you back in your own coin. Nay, I must even tell you that I, in the event of your becoming my beloved wife, shall be the husband of two. My first wife, Dame Music by name, will doubtless continue to assert her former claims on me, in which case it may not unfrequently happen, that whilst communing with my heavenly mistress, I may forget my earthly one."

These words, though spoken in jest, made a far deeper impression upon Dorothea than Ebeling had anticipated. A woman's heart can most easily be wounded, if, though it may be only in jest, the least doubt be raised as to the preponderance of her influence over the heart of the man she loves. The maiden assumed an expression of genuine seriousness, as she said: "I am not done yet with the enumeration of those whom I sincerely love and honor. I know a man who for many years has possessed my whole heart, for whom I have already wept many a silent tear and offered to God many a silent prayer, for whose welfare and happiness I would willingly and cheerfully make any sacrifice, whose sorrow is my sorrow and whose joy is my joy. And do you wish to know why? Because I owe to him the most blessed hours of my life—yea, because he first taught me to know what life really is; because his word affects my soul like a mild and and gentle breath, and because his own walk has been to me a light on my path. I feel bound to tell you this, Mr. Ebeling; and if you are satisfied with such a divided heart—"

Poor Ebeling found himself in the most painful embarrassment; the undeniable seriousness and the passionate warmth with which Dorothea made this revelation, which could by no means be agreeable to an intended bridegroom, and on the other hand the firm conviction touching the unsullied purity of the heart of his affianced, produced such a confusion of ideas in his mind that he did not know what to do. And Dorothea ceased speaking, because she saw by his face the pain her words gave him. She felt that she had gone too far; and therefore added, almost in a tone of self-condemnation, and with down-cast eyes: "Do you not wish to know who this man is?"

After a short pause, Ebeling replied: "If it did not at this moment occur to me, my dear, to whom you allude, verily, you would have shrouded my soul in deep darkness. You allude to our PAUL GERHARDT, do you not?"

"Yes, to him," said the maiden, with a smile of reconciliation. "I knew well that I could speak in these terms of this man, since you are partly the cause of my reverencing and loving him so devotedly, and since you yourself are not behind me in this love and reverence. Yet have you not somewhat deserved this slight punishment?"

"How so, Dorothea?" asked Ebeling.

"Well," continued the maiden, smiling, "because you ignorantly applied to me the words of GERHARDT:

> "'The husband, sure within his heart
> That she will do her wifely part.'

Understand me rightly—*with his whole heart.* But can your heart, supposing of course that I possess it, be

said to be wholly devoted to me, if you are so completely wedded to your first wife, Dame Music? What is to be left for poor me, when you commune with this heaven-born lady, since I, a poor, humble woman of earth, would always have to make way for her celestial ladyship? Hence I intended only to tell you that my fidelity will depend upon the wholeness of your heart. Do you now wish me to explain to you the other verses, which you so prematurely sang to my praise?"

"Certainly," replied Ebeling, smiling; "for with the rest you will not find it so easy, unless you do injustice to yourself. For there it is said:

> "'His home with plenty shall abound,
> There, too, shall bliss be found.'"

"What exception can you possibly take to this? Do you intend to prove to me that it would grieve me if you, as my beloved wife, were cheerfully and attentively to apply yourself to the duties of your position? Or are your looks to bring gloom and darkness instead of light and warmth to my heart? Or do you mean to say that you will make me poor in earthly goods, so that we shall suffer from want of the necessaries of life? I will consider you an adept, if you can prove the contrary."

"My dearest friend," replied Dorothea, with renewed earnestness, "how fortunate would a poor mortal wife be if she possessed the power within herself to bring joy and light to every house, and constantly hold them there! Are we not in all things subject to divine Providence? Think you that the solicitude

and efforts of a wife can keep all care away from the house? and that a woman's prayers are a sure protection against pain and sorrow? On the contrary, are not our hearts so weak and timorous that we are far more easily discouraged than the sterner sex, more inured to hardships than we? I know well that our GERHARDT'S description of a wife applies only to pious women; but what woman has attained such a degree of perfection that she is altogether free from fault? No, this alone will not insure us success! You know well, dear Ebeling, that the possession of external, perishable means, is no index to the real condition of the heart. There are many rich and distinguished men who walk without the fear of God, and there are, on the other hand, many pious and faithful souls, who are never free from temporal misery and want. Nay, since our Christian faith points out tribulation as one way to salvation, and since the Bible expressly declares that God chastens those whom he loves, that wife who brings tribulation into the house is deserving of a title of honor. Therefore I say, that you cannot seriously expect our house to be always full of light and joy by my endeavors alone. Besides, we need tribulation, so that we may, by our united endeavors and prayers, work out our salvation; we must and will, at times, be surrounded by darkness, so that the beams of divine grace and mercy may shed a light so much the brighter upon our hearts and lives. Do you not agree with me, dear Ebeling?"

"Of course, I must," he replied, "when you plead your cause with such arguments. Yet all this does not, in the least, destroy my hope that you will prove

the joy and delight of my house and heart, and by your humility and your constant submission to the will of God, a shining light to my path. But there is one other point on which you must agree with me—on that of my realizing what is expressed in the words: 'His home with plenty shall abound;' I know well your contented and frugal disposition, your aversion to all extravagance and outward show, and your love of industry and activity. And since, in this particular, you are able to bear a similar testimony in my favor, the Lord will not withhold from us that blessing which he has assured to those who pray and work. Do you not agree with me in this, dear Dorothea?"

"May God fulfil this our united hope," said the maiden, cordially extending her hand to her intended.

"You are just this very moment doing," remarked Ebeling with a smile, "what I further sang in commendation of you, but what you were not willing to acknowledge, namely:

> "'With ready comfort in each grief,
> She brings a sweet relief.'

"This cordial extending of your hand toward me, and the kind and affectionate expression of your eyes, moving my soul like a soothing spiritual harmony, undisturbed and uninterrupted by the least discord, proves the truth of what both Mr. GERHARDT and myself sing concerning you."

"You challenge me anew," replied Dorothea, "and I am almost glad of it. These very lines I had intended to explain to you, in my own way, mainly with a view to my special edification. That I sincerely and

truly love and honor you, you know fully as well as I do. And, my dearest friend, it may appear singular to you that I speak of this matter with such unusual earnestness. But what I have witnessed, partly in my father's house, partly in other respectable families, and among these more especially in that of Mr. GERHARDT has taught me to regard love between husband and wife in a light different from that in which unhappily it is regarded by many who have entered the marriage relation. May I relate to you the events of one day in the domestic life of my dear parents?"

"Certainly, with pleasure," replied Ebeling earnestly. "As I did not know your sainted mother, I shall be doubly delighted to hear you relate something concerning her."

Dorothea continued: "Only in the house of Mr. GERHARDT, and nowhere else, have I found that same spirit of love and friendship which characterized the daily intercourse of my father and my sainted mother. In the morning, my parents and my father's journeymen and apprentices assembled here in this very room, for the purpose of uniting in family worship. When I had become old enough, I also took an active part, and sometimes read the morning prayer. This over, each went to his work, and father and mother frequently did not meet again till noon, when all of us sat down to dinner at the same table. The afternoon was spent in a similar manner till supper-time, after which father, as is still his custom, went several times in the week to the inn, where he spent an hour with a few other burghers. On his return the real family life began. First of all, he related his experience of the

day, how far the work had progressed, how the journeymen and apprentices had conducted themselves, the thoughts that had occurred to him by this or that event, or whatever else he had said or done. Then my mother did the same, in regard to the affairs belonging especially to her management, and both had a free and cordial interchange of opinion on these several topics. At such times it happened not unfrequently that their views and opinions did not agree; nay, I even remember that very earnest words at times fell from the lips of both, and before I could properly comprehend what their object in these debates really was, I always experienced a feeling of uneasiness. But by degrees I learned to understand it all. I found that my parents continued to maintain peace; nay, that after they had settled these little differences of opinion by coming to a mutual agreement, they addressed one another with increased affection, and our evening worship constituted, so to say, a praise and thank offering for all the goodness and faithfulness which the Lord had manifested toward us. And now only I begin to realize the blessed influence of such a life. May I also tell you of this?"

"I anticipate what you wish to tell me," replied Ebeling, with a significant air. "Say on, Dorothea, you shall find me both willing and anxious to hear."

"We," continued Dorothea, "will strive to give each other only pleasure and no pain. But the giving of pain is often the actual proof of love. When a day has passed over our heads, the record of our lives will show sorrowful and pleasant hours, thoughts, words, and actions accusing or excusing us, and caus-

ing either peace or disquietude in our consciences. For our knowledge is very imperfect, and our imitation of Christ still more so. But if, in accordance with the will of God, we are to become day by day better, we will need whatever is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction. To impart these is the privilege of the minister in the house of God, and at all times, when and wherever, in all our bodily and spiritual distresses, our hearts direct us to him; but who is to enjoy this privilege in our own house? Not, indeed, a stranger, or an acknowledged friend of the family, but the husband and wife alone, the one to the other. Dear Ebeling," continued Dorothea, with increased warmth, "for many years I have had but one desire and one prayer to God. I would like to become a pious and faithful hand-maiden of the Lord! There are times when the great end of my temporal life stands clearly and distinctly before my eyes, when I feel deeply conscious how much divine wisdom I must attain, and how my heart must be cleansed from worldly and sinful feelings and thoughts. I would like to come to the unity of the faith and the knowledge of the Son of God. I know that I am promised aid in this from above; but I also stand in need of a human guide, a visible friend, who feels and speaks and faithfully labors with me, so that the kingdom of God may come to me. Will you be this dear friend and guide?"

"O how willingly!" replied Ebeling; "but are you also considering that I myself, even more than you, stand in need of such a guide? Does not the word of the Lord: 'Be ye perfect, as the Lord your God is perfect,' apply also to me?"

"Well then," added Dorothea, "let us be one another's friend and guide to the upbuilding of the kingdom of God in our souls. I herewith give you the full and unconditional right to sit in judgment on all my actions. You are to reprove, warn, and correct me with all the earnestness of the Word of God, because you love me and seek the salvation of my soul. You are to inquire into my secret thoughts, and give me no rest until I have permitted you to look into the innermost recesses of my heart; you are to examine and weigh my words and actions, and release me from no correction they may have deserved. You are to be the faithful and conscientious gardener, who shall permit no wild shoot on the tree of the fear of God, planted in my heart by the hands of my parents and the Holy Spirit, but who shall remove every blind blossom and dead leaf, and nurse it that it bear fruit. Will you do this, dear Ebeling?"

"What is it that you require of me?" exclaimed Ebeling. "Is this not more than man's work?"

"No, no, by no means," said Dorothea, with warmth. "Believe me, my dear friend, a good man, who sincerely loves God, never lacks the true knowledge of the divine will; he knows well what pertains to his peace. But if he at times fail to use this knowledge for his salvation, it is because his self-righteousness, or pride, or haughtiness, or the false security of his soul hinders him. Yet the more blind we are to our own faults, to the condition of our inner man, the more clearly can we discern the faults of others. If men with what Christian knowledge they possess would deal honestly and candidly the one with the

other, by mutually pointing out each other's weaknesses, errors, and sins, do you not think that each one would behold himself in his true light? But why is it that every one goes on in his sins quietly, securely, unrestrained, and unmindful of consequences? Why is it his self-delusion is not dispelled? Undoubtedly because no one approaches him and says: *Here* you have erred, *here* you have sinned, *here* you must mend your ways, if you desire to enter into life eternal. And why do Christians not engage in the mutual performance of this act of love? Because they are actuated by an abject fear of man. Because we are afraid lest men might injure us in our honor, or property, or deprive us of our ease and comfort, or even endanger our bódies or our souls, if we would freely and openly judge them by the Word of God; and, therefore, where we ought to speak we prefer to keep silent, and permit our fellow-men to continue in their sins."

"You are perfectly correct, dear Dorothea," replied Ebeling. "But do you also remember that there are many who, notwithstanding the reproof administered to them, still refuse to be corrected? Yea, I know several instances when even a just reproof only increased the hardness and obstinacy of the heart."

"This is, alas! but too true," remarked Dorothea, "but certainly because it was not done in the proper manner. For what good does it do for one to say to his brother, 'Repent,' as long as others encourage him in his wrong course, and either through mistaken friendship, or timidity, or perhaps for the sake of temporal gain, confirm him in self-delusion. Oh!

dear Ebeling, how happy would we be here on earth, if we would all mutually instruct and admonish each other, lovingly and faithfully and from the sincerity of our hearts, and if all would receive such instruction and admonition in the spirit of meekness! But if this is to be done, if a better state of things is to be brought about in the world at large, the beginning must be made in the family. Husband and wife must first of all perform this act of love and friendship toward each other. And this is what I entreat you to do. You shall cease to love me whenever I, at any time, receive your reproof in a spirit of unkindness, or seek to justify myself in a spirit of self-contentedness or self-righteousness. Indeed, I shall love you so much the more sincerely, the more you labor for my real improvement."

"Dear Dorothea," said Ebeling, "how you humble me with such language! Are you not then taking the scales from off my eyes, and causing me, to my deep regret, to see how very unworthy of you I am? Do I not occupy a position far, far beneath you? Are you not already good, and gentle, and kind, and God-fearing? Must I not look up to you as my model?"

"God pardon you this language!" replied the maiden, earnestly. "I feel and know best of all how far I still fall short of what I ought to be; but, thanks be to God, I also know the enemies who threaten to rob me of my soul's salvation and peace. Know, then, of what I must accuse myself before you. My heart is still secretly, and on that account so much the more strongly, inclined to pride and self-esteem. Knowing as I do that, owing to the care of my dear father, I

have received a far better education than many another daughter, and that God has endowed me with greater capacity and talents for it; knowing also that my face is neither ugly nor disfigured, and that I have not unfrequently won the affections of people by my personal appearance and conversation; knowing all this, it often happens that very dangerous thoughts force themselves upon me. I say to myself that I belong to the *elite*, and that I am better than others. I look at the homage that is paid me, not as the manifestation of a vain desire to be agreeable; not as the language of self-interested flattery; nay, not even as an incentive to become what, according to praise of others, I already ought to be; but rather as a tribute due to my superior excellency, to which I am justly entitled. Yes, dear Ebeling, no matter how often I say to myself, 'A froward heart is an abomination in the sight of the Lord,' and that God resists the proud, that a haughty spirit comes not from above but from below, and whatever else the holy Scripture says concerning this matter, the temptation still returns again and again. Oh! how many silent and bitter tears have I shed on account of this, when I have found that my heart had unconsciously given way to these feelings. How often have I solemnly vowed no longer to cherish proud thoughts in my heart. To will is indeed present with me, but to do that which is good I fail. Therefore, I anxiously beg of you faithfully to assist me in carrying on this severe conflict; and the more sincerely you love me, so much the more persistent you must be in teaching me self-knowledge and humility."

As Ebeling had observed silence for a few moments

after Dorothea had concluded, she turned toward him, and with a touching smile asked: "Do you know now, my friend, how I would interpret the words:

"'Pure is her love, without alloy,
She addeth to each fleeting joy.'"

"Yes, yes," replied he. "In this sense I must, by all means, entreat you to afflict me, in so far as being put in mind of our faults and failings brings affliction to the heart. I already perceive that, though you have appointed me your master, I shall nevertheless find abundant reason to become your scholar. And how willingly will I be such! As it is, you have become the good angel of my life, by drawing me out of my solitude, teaching me to love you, arousing me to new hopes, and elevating me to a true life. In a few days, if it please God, our union will receive the sanction of the Word of God; let us therefore unite in asking him to furnish us with strength from on high, so that we may be enabled to follow after peace and whatever tends to our mutual improvement. And," he added with a smile, "since our dear Mr. GERHARDT, with one of his hymns, has caused somewhat of a contention between us, he may with another again reconcile and unite us."

And Ebeling, taking his seat at the piano, played and sung, in concert with Dorothea:

"Oh, Jesus Christ! how bright and fair
The state of holy marriage where
Thy blessing rich is given.
What gracious gifts Thou dost bestow,
What streams of blessing ever flow
Down from Thy holy heaven,

When they
True stay
To Thee ever,
Leave Thee never,
Whose troth plighted,
In one life have been united.

"When man and wife are mated well,
In harmony together dwell,
Are faithful to each other,
The streams of bliss flow constantly.
What bliss of angels is on high
From hence may we discover;
No storm,
No worm
Can destroy it,
Can e'er gnaw it,
What God giveth,
To the pair that in Him liveth."

"God bless you for these words," exclaimed Mr. Young, who had entered unseen whilst they were singing. "Mr. Ebeling, if you were not such a good man, and if I did not so sincerely love and esteem you, you could not have carried off my Dorothea, my only earthly treasure. However, if the aged father should grow weary of his solitude, you will doubtless not grudge him a corner in your house. May God's blessing attend you, my dears. I, at the same time, can impart to you the joyful intelligence that our beloved PAUL GERHARDT, though after much persuasion and entreaty, has finally consented to unite you in holy wedlock, that being perhaps, as he supposes, his last official act. For all hopes of a peaceable solution of this unhappy controversy have grown very faint. May God in his mercy overrule all for good."

CHAPTER XX.

THE WEDDING.

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you; we bless you in the name of the Lord."—Ps. cxxix. 8.

IT was noon, when the marriage-bell of St. Nicolai in Berlin was tolling. An unusually large concourse of people had assembled within the church, and their numbers were still increasing, till it was filled to overflowing. Among those present were many well-to-do citizens and gentlemen, with short mantles and broad embroidered ruffles, some of whom kept up a lively conversation.

"Really," remarked one, "our music-director leads to the altar the prettiest bride that is to be found, either in Berlin or Cologne."

"That is the least part of it," added another. "The best is, that she is a Lutheran, such as she ought to be, and the like of whom are daily growing less in number. For the mixing up of creeds is fearfully on the increase."

"I wonder whether it is true that we are, after all, to lose our Mr. GERHARDT. There is a report current that this wedding is to be his last official act. If this be so, it is sad news for us."

"Yes, indeed," answered the former. "Things with us will come to such a pass that we shall have to do our own preaching, because one of our ministers after

another is either driven out of the country or put into prison."

"Do not talk so loud!" whispered a neighbor. "In these times even church walls have ears, and the right reverend Consistory have many secret friends and spies. Do you see that pale and cadaverous-looking man in yonder corner, who has assumed such a look of indifference as to give him the appearance of one present by accident, or against his will? But I know to a certainty that that man hears a great deal more than he lets on, and again tells more than many like. It requires, after all, a good deal of courage to appear among so many Lutherans."

The pale and cadaverous-looking individual who was the subject of these remarks did certainly present a very strange appearance; but that he was, as had just been said, an indifferent spectator, was far from true. On the contrary, his countenance indicated a severe inward struggle. His small and somewhat sunken eyes were wandering restlessly about, as if seeking for something to allay the tumult within. Yea, at times a dark and sinister look would dart from his eyes, and the spasmodic workings of his lips betrayed dangerous thoughts. The man was evidently sick, sick both in body and in mind. His clothes bore unmistakable marks of having been worn for a long time, and his cloak, by its many creases and its rumpled condition, gave evidence that it was used for a cover by night. It was therefore difficult to see how such a man could inspire others with dread, except that he did so by his shabby appearance and his wretched looks. He seemed to have intentionally se-

lected the place where he stood, for however often the swaying to and fro of the assembly would force him either forward or backward, he invariably managed to regain his corner, whence he had an unobstructed view of all who passed in or out.

All at once the crowd became more eager, and from different directions was heard the exclamation: "The bridal party are coming!" And so it was. The crowd fell back spontaneously, and formed a living avenue into the church. First came Ebeling, with his bride on his arm; and following them, Mr. Young, accompanied by Burgomaster Tieffenbach, and all the burghers to whom we have already been introduced as Young's friends.

"How earnest and sad the bride looks," the people remarked in whispers to one another. "At other times so fresh and blooming, and to-day, on her wedding day, so pale and wan. And dressed in black too! That is not a good omen."

"The reason of this is, that she is in mourning," remarked some one. "She is in mourning on account of the distressed condition of our church. On this account they have no music. Have you ever seen a bridal procession that appeared so much like a funeral?"

"But this is as it should be; we ought all to put on mourning, for the season of our rejoicing is past."

As Dorothea was passing through the crowd, saluting with an almost mournful smile, now to the right, and now to the left, the many who greeted her with kind wishes, her step was suddenly arrested, and her pale countenance became slightly flushed. Her eyes

had fallen upon the haggard-looking man in the corner. She put her hand to her forehead, as if to aid her memory in recalling something that was indistinctly floating through her mind; then, after taking a second look at him, a cold shudder passed through her. She clung convulsively to Ebeling's arm, and moved on with quickened pace.

"Does anything ail you, Dorothea?" asked the bridegroom, sympathizingly.

"No," replied she, somewhat agitated. "Let us devoutly ask God to bless us." And she then pressed forward with unusual haste.

The bridal pair stepped before the altar. Dorothea, deeply moved, knelt down, and engaged in silent prayer. "She weeps," was whispered among the crowd. "She is doubtless thinking of her sainted mother, the good, pious child."

The door of the sacristy now opened, and forthwith a deathlike silence pervaded the entire assemblage. PAUL GERHARDT appeared in the full dignity of his office. But his countenance did not beam with that elevated and holy joy which formerly illumined it, when he was engaged in the service of his Master. A deep shade of sorrow overcast his features, and with eyes bent to the ground, he ascended the steps to the altar with a slow and unsteady tread. One could see that he was inwardly wrestling with God for strength and courage, calmness and peace, as he continued to bend longer than was his custom with folded hands over the altar Bible. The solemn silence that was maintained by the large concourse of people, the praying minister, the deeply affected bridal pair kneel-

ing before the altar, the serious appearance of Young and his friends—all these conspired in causing those present to feel the importance of the moment with all its deep significance, in which, in the presence of the omnipresent God, and within the place dedicated to his service, the destiny of two immortal beings was to be determined.

Then GERHARDT at once, turning to the bridal pair, and using the words prescribed by the Church Form of that time, in a subdued and trembling voice, began:

"Inasmuch as you have agreed to be united in holy matrimony, and have given public notice of the same, I therefore ask you, John George Ebeling, do you take this maiden present, Anna Dorothea Young, to be your wedded wife? If so, announce this your intention by saying, 'yes.'"

"Yes," replied Ebeling, in a firm and steady voice.

"In the same manner," now continued GERHARDT, "I also ask you, Anna Dorothea Young, will you take this man, John George Ebeling, to be your wedded husband? If so, answer 'yes.'"

"Yes," responded Dorothea, in a clear and distinct voice, which showed that she had fully regained her self-possession.

The minister then bade them exchange their bridal rings, united their hands and said: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder! Since, then, these individuals here present desire to be united in holy matrimony, and have avowed this their purpose before God and man, in confirmation whereof they have also joined their hands and exchanged their bridal rings, I, therefore, as a—"

Here GERHARDT suddenly stopped, and cast down his eyes. A solemn silence pervaded for a few moments the entire assembly. GERHARDT'S countenance showed signs of a severe inward struggle; but soon calm returned to his sorely-tried conscience, and he continued: "Therefore, I, as an ordained minister, declare them man and wife, in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The pair, with their hands still joined, remained standing before the altar, as GERHARDT continued: "Inasmuch as in the name of God you have entered the holy state of matrimony, so as not to begin it, as do the unbelievers, without the knowledge and fear of God, it becomes you to consider first what the Scripture says concerning the institution of marriage. For there it is written: 'And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a helpmeet for him. And the Lord caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept, and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib which the Lord God had taken from the man, made he a woman and brought her unto the man. And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh.'"

Here GERHARDT laid down the book, and continued: "These words treat of the sanctity of marriage as a divinely appointed institution. The creation of the woman out of the man was intended to show that the helpmeet whom God has given him is not to be treated

as a stranger, but to be united to him in the closest and most intimate manner, sharing with him the same physical and spiritual wants, and pursuing with him the same paths. When, however, it is said, that the man, and with him the woman, are to forsake father and mother, and cleave to each other, the meaning is not that the child is to tear loose from the affections of the parents, as many have done, who make their father's house an abode of strangers, and forget their aged parents in their weakness and helplessness. On the contrary, the child, if need be, is to transfer father and mother to the new household, whilst the father is to take along with him his industrious habits, and the mother her maternal love and solicitude. They are to take along with them their Christianity, their pious example, their blessing, their peace, and the same grace that has hitherto watched over and protected their own house. Whoever can depart from his parents' house without regret, does not know how much trouble he has given his mother, and how much anxious care he has caused his father. Hence the fourth commandment, 'Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee,' is still applicable to married people. And as you, the bridegroom, have long since lost both father and mother, and you, the bride, your mother, let me exhort you to concentrate all the love and kindness which is due to the sainted dead, upon the man who is your father on earth. Blessed be every word with which you comfort him, blessed the hand with which you minister to his wants in his old age. The blessing of the father es-

tablisheth houses for children; the curse of the mother rooteth out foundations."

Hereupon GERHARDT took up the book and said: "Secondly, listen to what, according to the commands of God, is made the duty of those in the married state. St. Paul declares: 'Ye husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish."

"So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife, loveth himself, for no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the church."

"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord; for the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church; and he is the Saviour of the body. Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their husbands in every thing."

"And from this," continued GERHARDT, in his own words, "you are to learn three things: First, that married people are to be like the church of the Lord. Just as a Christian congregation carries all its concerns to Christ, taking him alone for its light, applying only to him for strength in its weakness, and desiring no other peace than that which he left, so also is the life of married people to have its beginning, middle and end in Christ. They are not separately to provide for their temporal and spiritual welfare, nor engage in the

conflict against the world and its lusts, but they are to be a congregation, a unity in all that pertains to the wants of soul and body. 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name,' saith the Lord, 'there I am in the midst of them.' This he says to all Christians united in marriage, and who, in their common destinies, amid the burdens they bear and the labors they perform, and in their concern for their souls, desire to thank Christ that he came into this world, died and rose again for their sake also. This he says to you, who from childhood have known the Scriptures, and who above many others have early learned that we need not be ashamed of the gospel of Christ, because it is the power of God unto salvation to them that believe. Therefore continue in the things which you have learned and have been assured of, knowing of whom you have learned them."

"Secondly, you as the bridegroom are to learn from this that you are to love your wife as you love your own body. For than her you have no truer friend, no more intimate companion, in your journey through life. Therefore, if you mean it well with yourself, and wish to secure your own happiness and comfort, you must love your wife; for there is no other way in which you can love yourself than by loving your visible soul, which is your wife. And thirdly, you, the bride, are to learn from this, that you owe obedience to your husband in all things. For love is not to rule, but to serve; and the wife is to be subject to her husband as the natural protector and guardian of her life, as the pillar of the house and head of the family, who must one day

give a strict account as to whether he has conducted himself in this capacity as his wife's lord or tyrant, defender or oppressor, friend or enemy. But the wife is to be subject to the husband, because she expects nothing from him but kindness, and because she knows that the man who loves his wife cannot harm her."

After these remarks, GERHARDT again took up the book and read: "You must also consider the cross, which by reason of sin, following the fall, in kindness has been sent to those bearing this relation. God said to the woman: 'I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children, and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.' And to the man he said: 'Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee, saying Thou shalt not eat of it; cursed be the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.'"

"This is," added GERHARDT, "the cross which you must bear. For there will and must come seasons upon you, when you shall eat your bread with tears, when sickness will prostrate you and death enter your house. Seasons must come upon you when you shall sit down and complain of the injustice of men which you are made to suffer, but still more of the justice of

God to which your sins have exposed you. Seasons must come upon you, when relying upon your own wisdom you shall walk in darkness, when your last measure of strength shall have been spent, and your souls shall be without peace; when you shall be stripped of everything, so that you may know how poor and miserable you are before God, and be constrained to strive more earnestly and perseveringly after holiness. If you, or some one among the friends that now surround you, should ask God not to afflict you, I would pray, Lord, do not answer their prayer, for they know not what they ask. For affliction will purify your hearts and sanctify the love that binds you together. Only the anxieties connected with your temporal life will enable you to understand what life eternal is; for we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God. Just as you will fully know the power of love, only when one of you shall have been laid upon the bed of death; so also will you learn to know the unsearchable riches of the grace of God, only when the light of reconciliation, proceeding from the cross of our Lord, shall shine for the first time upon your broken and contrite hearts. The Lord do unto you as his wisdom and goodness may direct."

And for the last time GERHARDT took up the book and read: "And finally, let this be your consolation, that you know and believe that the state into which you have entered is well pleasing to God, and enjoys his blessing. For thus it is written: 'God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God

blessed them and said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. And God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good.'

"Let this be your consolation and your joy," added GERHARDT. "Amid all your wants, distresses and guilt, you are still children of God through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, if tribulation and sorrow be sent upon you, comfort yourselves by reflecting that they are blessings from the Lord; for blessed is every one that feareth the Lord, that walketh in his ways. For thou shalt eat the labor of thy hands; happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee. Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine by the sides of thy house, thy children like olive plants round about thy table. Behold that thus shall the man be blessed, that feareth the Lord. The Lord shall bless thee out of Zion, and thou shalt see the good of Jerusalem all the days of thy life. Yea, thou shalt see thy children's children! Peace be with you. Amen."

The moment GERHARDT ceased speaking, there was heard issuing from the assembled company a low and indistinct sound of voices singing, which momentarily grew louder and stronger, and more distinct, till at length, rising to a full chorus, it became easy to distinguish the words:

"Be of good cheer, it was not we
Who first this order did decree,
It was a higher Father,
Who lov'd and loveth us for aye,

And from whose lips when griev'd each day
We friendly counsel gather;
Good end
He'll send,
What we're doing
And pursuing,
Or conceiving,
Wise and happy issue giving."

The unexpected singing of this hymn made a deep impression on all present, especially on those more immediately concerned. No one could tell who had started it; all they knew was that they had heard in their immediate vicinity the sweet and charming melody of this popular hymn of GERHARDT, and that they also had involuntarily joined in the seductive strain. Thus it seemed that the singing was the spontaneous outgush of an overflowing heart, a suppressed whisper of a soul which cannot refrain from blessing, because it is full of blessing, the magic sound of a heavenly lyre which finds an instant echo in every heart.

Dorothea was so powerfully affected by the hymn that she burst into tears, which she permitted to flow unrestrained. Ebeling, on the other hand, felt as if that was the happiest moment of his life. He rapturously drank in every note, and his countenance was radiant with joy. Even GERHARDT felt the effect of the unexpected interruption. The almost painful earnestness which during the entire ceremony had marked his features, and which was understood only by those who could estimate the incessant torture under which his conscience labored, namely, that of whether he could really stand there with a clear conscience as a servant of the Church, inasmuch as under

the circumstances he could not regard his restoration as valid. But this sense of oppression fled at once before a brighter light—the sudden acclamation of the whole congregation: "Be of good cheer!" which, though intended for the bride and bridegroom, appeared to him like a voice from above, and lifted at once every shade of sadness from off his soul. There he stood before his congregation with the same pleasant smile upon his countenance, and the same peaceful look beaming from his eyes, as of old, when engaged in the performance of the duties of his office in the house of God, and where he had been accustomed to meet with a cheerful gaze every eye that sought his own.

After the conclusion of the singing, the same solemn silence that had at first reigned again ensued, Ebeling and Dorothea sank upon their knees, whilst GERHARDT, in deep sympathy with them, prayed:

"Merciful God and Father! According to thy gracious will, thou hast united us in the bonds of holy matrimony, that we should live therein as thou hast commanded. Therefore, we also confidently look for thy blessing according to thy Word, which saith: 'Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord.' Let us live together in thy fear. 'For blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments. His seed shall be mighty upon the earth; the generation of the upright shall be blessed.' Grant, above all things, that we may love thy Word, as thou hast caused it to be proclaimed unto us by thy faithful witnesses, and which we have vowed to obey amid all

bodily and spiritual conflicts. May we be enabled joyfully to hear and learn it, that we may be like the tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. These things please both thee and man, namely, if brethren live together in unity; if neighbors love each other, and husband and wife agree. Let us, therefore, live in peace and harmony, that one of these three things may abide with us, for where these dwell thou hast promised blessings and life for evermore. Grant that our union may be characterized by Christian propriety, that honor may dwell within our house, and we enjoy an honest name. Give grace, that we may bring up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, that thou mayest prepare praise for thyself out of their mouths. Give to us also our daily bread, and bless our food and the labor of our hands. Surround our hearts and house with thy holy angels, that the evil enemy and his servants may not assail us. Protect our house and all thou hast given us according to thy good pleasure; and if it be thy will that we suffer poverty and want, let thy promise that the Gospel shall be preached to the poor be our consolation. For all power and might belongeth unto thee, O Lord; wherever thou dost not build a house, the builders thereof labor in vain; where thou dost not guard the city, the watchmen thereof watch in vain. Give us pious, faithful and obedient servants, for thou orderest and governest all things and art Lord over all; thou also rewardest all fidelity and love, and inflictest punishment upon the unfaithful. And when thou Lord

visitest us with tribulation and the cross, give us patience, that we may humbly submit to thy paternal chastisements; and be merciful unto us. The Lord prosper our way and take pleasure in our doings. If we fall, cast us not away, but hold us by the hand and raise us up. Lighten our crosses and comfort us again, and forsake us not in the day of trouble. Preserve us from setting our affections upon things below, and from neglecting the things that are above; for we have brought nothing into this world, and we shall take nothing out of it; therefore permit us not to be given to covetousness, which is the root of all evil, but enable us to follow after faith and love, and take hold of eternal life, to which we are called; and bless our going in and going out now and evermore. Amen."

Then GERHARDT repeated the Lord's prayer, and when he laid both his hands upon the heads of the two who were still kneeling, to bless them, the entire assembly likewise participated by falling upon their knees. It seemed as if every one felt that their beloved pastor was blessing his congregation for the last time in the house of God. And when they again rose, every countenance gave evidence of divine peace within.

After this solemn moment it seemed as if an invisible hand was simultaneously touching every heart and tongue in that vast assembly, for they sung in full chorus:

'Come hither then, my King so bless'd!
In trials guide, in pain give rest,
In anxious times relieving!
To Thee we shall ascribe the praise,

Our hearts and voices we shall raise
In one loud song, thanksgiving,
Till we
With Thee
Ever dwelling,
And fulfilling
Thy will ever,
Thy name cease to praise shall never."

The ceremony was concluded. GERHARDT returned to the sacristy ; the bridal party left the church in the same order in which they had entered, and the people followed them.

As they neared the door, there was standing in the same corner, silent and immovable, the same haggard-looking man, with the pale cadaverous countenance. His eyes were seeking Dorothea, but as the thronging crowd prevented him, and as Dorothea, leaning on the arm of Ebeling, passed on with downcast eyes, and without noticing any one, he quietly remained till the people had dispersed, when he too departed, and wended his way slowly and mournfully toward Spartan street.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE REFUSAL.

"O Lord, how long shall I cry, and thou wilt not hear! even cry out unto thee of violence, and thou wilt not save."—Hab. i. 2.

ON the fourth of February, at the hour of noon, Burgomaster Tieffenbach, arrayed in his official dress, passed through the gate leading to the Electoral palace in Cologne. After he had entered the ante-chamber and made known to one of the guards in waiting his desire of having a brief audience with his Electoral Highness, he was immediately conducted to an apartment where he was to await a further summons.

Here the Burgomaster found seated, at a table near a window, a man with a long snow-white beard hanging down over his breast, whilst his bald head, covered on each side with a small tuft of hair, glistened like a polished mirror. This was Nicholas, the captain of the guard, a man of fourscore years, who obstinately retained his post, though the Elector, in consideration of his long and faithful services, had long since wanted him to retire on full pay. Nicholas was no less universally known than the Elector's Ethiopian valet, who accompanied him in all his travels, and who, owing to the prevailing ignorance regarding the negro race, was by many looked upon as the devil

incarnate, and generally addressed with: "Your Grace, Mr. Devil."

Old Nicholas, on the contrary, passed as a sort of tutelar genius of the Electoral house, whom no one ventured to address in any other than the language of kindness, and to whom all showed that respect which his venerable appearance commanded. Tieffenbach approached and saluted him cordially.

"Do you wish to have an audience with our gracious sovereign?" asked Nicholas, and, without waiting for a reply, added: "If so, you will be obliged to wait a long time. General Derfflinger just now has the floor in the cabinet meeting, and when the discussion runs on war, it is usually protracted. Do you bring war or peace, Mr. Burgomaster?"

"I do not know, my old friend, what you mean," replied he.

"I mean," replied Nicholas, "whether what you intend to lay before his Highness is calculated to put him into a good or into a bad humor."

"This is indeed a difficult question to answer," replied Tieffenbach. "I hope for the best, for I come to sue for peace."

"Only do not come with anything pertaining to your Lutheran ministers," continued Nicholas, "for if you do, you will find that you have not chosen a favorable time, nor will you ever be likely to choose one. For pardon me, honored Mr. Burgomaster, but your Lutheran ministers are a little stubborn."

"This is a heavy charge, my old friend," replied Tieffenbach. "Stubborn, in my opinion, can only he

be called, who obstinately and with an evil design persists in holding to his opinion, even after he has been convinced to the contrary. Are you prepared to consider our ministers capable of such an evil disposition?"

"Evil disposition?" repeated Nicholas, and then, after a pause, added: "Mr. Burgomaster, there is a great deal of turbulent blood coursing in the veins of these Lutherans. I could tell you incidents which, though they happened fifty years ago, are still as fresh in my memory as if they had happened only yesterday. I tell you, these Lutherans are a violent people, and do not wait long till they strike both with their tongues and hands. Shall I prove it to you?"

"If you can, yes!" replied the burgomaster, not particularly pleased with the intention of his opponent, who, as it appeared, understood sufficiently well how to defend the interests of the Reformed.

"Well then," he continued earnestly, whilst his eyes glistened with truly youthful fire, "what I wish to relate to you, I confess, happened long ago, and that too before your worshipful father was born. I was then a youth of twenty, and with soul and body devoted to my gracious Sovereign, just as much as I am now, though the present one is the third gracious Sovereign whom I have served; for you must know that I speak of the time of the most serene and godly Elector, John Sigismund, the grandfather of our present great Elector."

Tieffenbach would willingly have excused old Nicholas from bringing his proof, but he could not escape, and had to submit patiently, till a summons

from the Elector should happily relieve him. "Now listen," continued the old man: "It happened Anno Domini 1615, during Passion week. His most serene Highness was just then out of the country, and his gracious brother, the Margrave, John George, was vicegerent. Well, it was during Passion week, and ten o'clock at night; I was in waiting upon the Margrave, and had just prepared his bed and bidden him good night, when suddenly a noise was heard in the street, a noise as of yells and shouts, which approached nearer and nearer. It seemed as if an army of savages had come to burn, rob and murder. And do you know why?"

"Yes, I know," replied the burgomaster somewhat carelessly, "my grandfather told me all about it."

"No, you do *not* know," vehemently exclaimed old Nicholas. "How can you know, seeing you were not present? And if you know it from your grandfather, then he told you the Lutheran version of it; but I was present, and saw it with my Reformed eyes, and my version will therefore be different and more truthful. Well then, there was a chaplain of St. Peter, by name Peter Stuler; I knew the man well, for his wife kept Bernau beer, and we young fellows often remarked that it was the best in the whole city, and we were in the habit of frequently calling on her; for the Lutherans go in for something good to drink, that cannot be denied."

"I beg you," earnestly remarked the burgomaster, interrupting him, "to abstain from such remarks. For though you are familiar with a period when unfortunately the enmity existing between the Lutherans and

the Reformed caused them mutually to indulge in such vulgar calumnies and in violence, you are surely aware that things are quite different now."

"Sir," exclaimed Nicholas, "it is *not* much better now; for how does it come that one of your Lutheran ministers is in confinement in Spandau? Has he not from the pulpit abused and slandered the entire house of the great Elector, and all the Reformed in the whole world, in the most outrageous manner? But, I am forgetting my story. This Lutheran chaplain, Peter Stuler, just like chaplain Gigas, who is now in Spandau, had publicly abused and slandered his serene Highness and his brother beyond all measure—and why? Because the Margrave had caused the cathedral to be cleared of all the images that had been kept there from the time of the Papists, and with which the Lutherans were well pleased. But soon the chaplain's conscience smote him, because he saw that the vicegerent, in his just displeasure, was about to mete out to him his merited punishment. And what did the chaplain do? He fled to Schoenberg, whilst his wife told all her friends that the Margrave sought the life of her husband on account of his religion, and wanted to apprehend him for that purpose. This was something for the Lutherans to rejoice over, inasmuch as this furnished them with a good pretext to inveigh against the Reformed. For what happened? On that same night, about a thousand Lutheran citizens collected in Bruder street, some armed with muskets and halberts; whilst others tore up the streets, and armed themselves with stones. In this manner they marched toward the house of the chaplain, and barricaded it.

It was in vain that they were told that the chaplain was no longer there, but had fled and was in safety: they heeded it not, but continued to yell and rage. The reason of this was, the chaplain's wife had opened her cellar, and treated the mob to plenty of beer, and, it must be confessed, the Bernau beer is a delicious beverage, and drives the blood into the veins and the head. When satiated, they showed their gratitude by marching with closed ranks, like a company of musketeers, twice up and down Bruder street, made a halt before the court-chapel, where the Reverend Court-chaplain Tuessel resided, broke his windows, and shouted: 'Come out, thou Calvinistical priest,' and menaced that gentleman and his whole family with death, from which with difficulty they saved themselves only by making their escape over the roof of the back building of their dwelling. Then the mob marched toward the long bridge, to the residence of the Court-chaplain, Fink, where they perpetrated similar outrages; yea, even the court-physician, Dr. Saffe, who resided opposite the Council-house, did not fare any better, and all because he was Reformed. Now I ask you, Mr. Burgomaster, whether these Lutherans are not a dangerous and turbulent people?"

"Those were the poor misguided among them," replied Tieffenbach. "The refined and educated took no part in it. Moreover, you must not forget that the Reformed had provoked them to all this by their abusive and slanderous language."

"But do you suppose that that was the end of it?" warmly continued Nicholas, without noticing the burgomaster's reply. "No, the outrage now only

commenced, for the Bernau beer began to work. Just when his Grace, the Margrave, after having finished his evening devotions, was about retiring to bed, he heard these boisterous shouts, and being immediately made acquainted with their cause, he quickly dressed himself, commanded me to saddle his horse, ordered some six or eight guardsmen, beside myself, to accompany him on horseback, and as many more on foot. We rode in full gallop towards St. Peter's church-yard, with the good and gracious design of restoring quiet among the turbulent crowd. But now the excitement only increased, and to this day I hear the wild yells sounding in my ears. The Margrave addressed the mob, and kindly asked them to disperse and go quietly to their homes. He swore upon his honor, that no harm had been done to chaplain Stuler, and that none was intended; yea, I heard the noble Margrave with my own ears say: 'My dear people, to prove to you that it never entered my mind to apprehend your chaplain, I will surrender myself to you as a hostage, and follow you whither you will!'

"But all was of no avail; the uproar increased in violence, and the mob became more enraged and bloodthirsty. And now, Mr. Burgomaster, what say you?

"I deeply deplore all such outbreaks," replied Tieffenbach; "but I must again remind you that these poor people were deluded and misguided. Nay, I know from what my grandfather told me, that it was just the arrival of the vicegerent with his guards and lackeys, that made matters worse, because the report had been circulated that the chaplain was about to be arrested."

"Out upon such a calumny!" exclaimed Nicholas. "I vouch with my head for the truth of every word I am telling you; for I was present. I rode next to the Margrave, and heard every word he said. But I tell you, the Lutherans did not wish to be better informed; they intended nothing less than to murder all the Reformed, and wanted to make a beginning with the vicegerent. For it afterwards leaked out that a number of these rioters, with loaded muskets, had secreted themselves behind the churchyard wall, in the direction of Green street. For when we arrived in the neighborhood, a shot was heard, and the ball whistled past, between the Margrave and myself. That was the signal for a general assault; for just then they rang the bells of St. Peter's, thus throwing the whole city into excitement. Sir, that was an awful night. I have since then fought many a battle, and was often in danger of death, but never have I experienced such a feeling of terror as I did on that night during Passion week, Anno 1615. It seemed as if hell had opened, and all the fiends had broken forth to destroy. Sir, this reproach will attach to you Lutherans as long as the world stands."

"I neither can nor will defend the outrages of that time," quietly remarked the burgomaster. "But you do us great injustice, by holding us responsible for the evil that was done by a misguided people more than fifty years ago."

"Oh, I am not done yet!" interrupted Nicholas, who would listen to no reply. "When the vicegerent, to save his own life, retired from that spot, and rode to the house of the Burgomaster George Jahn, in Bruder

street, requesting that gentleman to accompany him, in order by his presence to quiet the tumult; and when his honor complied by addressing the mob, affairs grew much worse. 'Look at our burgomaster,' they cried, 'currying favor with the court, by bartering away our Lutheran faith!' 'On to the palace,' yelled another, in a voice which sounded as if it proceeded from hell itself—'Come on, let us sack and raze the palace.' Thereupon we rode forward with the view of protecting the palace, when suddenly the mob behind us set up a most hellish shout, and indulged in a truly demoniacal laughter. We turned back, and as we did so, I made bold to say to the vicegerent: 'Your grace, shall we fire on these hounds, and have at them?' But the noble Margrave, who was not even armed with a pistol, but carried only a useless rapier, forbade it, and by kind words attempted once more to pacify the excited mob. He swore again by all that is high and holy, that no one had been or should be harmed in the least on account of his religion: but all this was only pouring oil on the flames. Derision and scorn were the only reply, and I heard with my own ears one near us shout: 'A Calvinist may swear as much as he pleases, no one will believe him. Down with the Calvinists! Rather Papist than Calvinist?' Mr. Burgomaster, this your Lutheran citizens have done; yes, this they have done."

"You seem determined," said Tieffenbach, "to sit in judgment on us Lutherans, and to blame the grandchildren for the sins of their grandfathers. We, however, only learn from all this how dangerous it is to use force in matters of religion."

"But," continued the old man with youthful fire, "who was it that first resorted to force? Did not his grace, the Margrave, try his best to restore peace by kind words? But the Lutherans did not want peace; they wanted only to rob and murder. For do you know what further happened? For more than an hour the Margrave had maintained his position against the mob, and exposed his precious life to the assassins —yes, the assassins, I say; for just as the Margrave was speaking to the raging populace in the most feeling terms, several reports of musketry were heard, our horses reared, and the man next to me fell bleeding to the ground. After that we could restrain ourselves no longer; we drew our pistols and fired upon the furious mob. But what could we do against a legion of demons? Bullets came pouring in upon us thick as hail; I saw my comrades falling to the right and left; I myself received a shot through my hand—here, here, Mr. Burgomaster, you can still see the Lutheran keepsake! But this was not enough yet; our good Margrave escaped death only through the merciful protection of God; at the very moment a ball whistled past his ear, he felt a powerful blow on his thigh. One of the rebels had thrown a large stone at him, and so wounded him that the blood gushed out, and his Grace could no longer maintain himself in the stirrup. Now we thought they would desist; but no. The rioters, in the mean time, had forced in the door of the cathedral, and were ringing the alarm bell; others had brought the drums from the town-hall, and were beating an alarm about the streets. Thereupon we earnestly besought the Margrave to save himself; but

the noble man refused, and we were obliged to remove him by main force. Those of us who were left seized the Margrave's horse, drew our swords, and cut a passage through the ranks of the murderers, and, with the help of God, succeeded in reaching the Electoral mansion in Bruder street, thus saving the life of the Margrave. And now, Mr. Burgomaster, what think you of your Lutheran citizens?"

"My dear friend," replied Tieffenbach, calmly, "there are good and bad to be found everywhere. But it becomes neither you nor me to inquire into the beginning of that outrage, and thus to discover to whom the actual blame belongs. The decision we will leave to God."

"Yes," added Nicholas in a decided tone, "God will punish the transgressors; that is my consolation. I too am firmly attached to my faith; and in a case of extreme necessity I can excuse even the commission of murder in the defense of the faith; for when the soul's most precious treasure is in danger, the body is always bound to protect it, even though it should require blood for blood. But when one's faith incites him to commit theft and robbery, then it becomes a disgrace."

"What mean you by this?" asked Tieffenbach, sternly, and with emphasis.

"I refer to that very time!" added Nicholas, in explanation. "After the Margrave had been stoned half to death, and become disabled, and after the mob had lost sight of him, it became evident that their only design had been to take vengeance on him; for from that moment the crowd dispersed, not, however, to return

to their homes, but only to enjoy the fruit of their infamous labors. Yes, Mr. Burgomaster, they were Lutheran men who broke into the dwellings of the two court-chaplains, Fuessel and Sachse, destroying everything that could be destroyed, and carrying away all the silver plate and whatever else of value they could lay their hands on. It afterwards also appeared, and the Reverend Fuessel told me himself, that there were six assassins among their number, whose object was not to rob, but only to murder, and who consequently searched every nook and corner of the house, from cellar to garret, for its inmates. But God had already provided for the safety of the poor family, though they lost all they had. For when the reverend gentleman was obliged to preach on Good Friday following, he had nothing left but his waistcoat and shirt, in which he had fled; and in this apparel, to which some compassionate soul added a cloak, the poor man ascended the pulpit. It was not till four o'clock in the morning that these savage Lutheran tigers became quiet. I shall never forget that night, even though I should live a hundred years. And now I ask you whether a Reformed can speak well of a Lutheran?"

"Why not?" asked the burgomaster, who forced himself not to act discourteously toward the old man "I hope that his Electoral Highness will be milder in his judgment than you are, Mr. Nicholas. Even the Elector, John Joachim, if I am not misinformed, continued to think well of the Lutherans, inasmuch as he did not attribute those outrages to them as a body, but only to a few fanatics, who had deceived and misled the people. For though a number of the citizens

of Berlin and Cologne are said to have been arrested and subjected to an investigation, no punishment was ever known to have been inflicted upon them; yea, even Chaplain Stuler, who in some respects may be said to have been the cause of the disturbance, received no other punishment from the Elector than that of being prohibited from keeping beer and from entertaining guests. You see, therefore, my old friend, that there is a distinction to be made, not only between peaceable and turbulent Lutheran citizens, but also between to-day and fifty years ago. Moreover, I am inclined to believe that at the bottom of your heart you are not as hostile to the Lutherans as you pretend."

"It is not much better now than it was then!" said the old man, obstinately and evasively. "Were not the Lutheran citizens last year engaged in various intrigues against our gracious Sovereign? Our great Elector has now been trying for twenty-seven years to establish peace among our churches, but without success. During all this time he has had to contend with one Lutheran priest, and must do it even yet."

"My friend," replied the burgomaster, "in regard to this matter neither of us has to decide. No one can more sincerely desire peace than the magistracy and citizens of Berlin and of Cologne."

"What good does desiring a thing do?" quickly rejoined Nicholas; and it seemed as if he was about meditating another assault upon the Lutherans, when the burgomaster, to his great joy, saw himself delivered from it. For the door-latch leading into the private chamber of the Elector opened, and a stately

military-looking man, the clanking of whose massive spurs resounded through the hall, stepped out. His countenance, upon which the hardships of war had left deep furrows, bore a martial look, and his large dark flashing eyes indicated the man of courage and daring. This was Baron George von Derfflinger, a man who, born of poor and mean parents, and following for some time the occupation of tailor, had entered the army as a private, under the Bohemian count, Matthias von Thurn, fought through the whole of the thirty years' war, and had now, for a period of twelve years, held the important position of Major-General in the Electorate of Brandenburg. As Tieffenbach bowed to him, he returned his salutation with a short, quick nod of the head, and said: "Mr. Burgomaster, I wish you good success."

"I thank your excellency," replied Tieffenbach. "Your kind wishes shall be to me a favorable omen."

"Has this old war-horse taken you to task?" asked the general, with a glance at the guardsman; and then continued with a smile: "What say you, Mr. Burgomaster, our old Nicholas must one day relieve St. Peter at the gate of heaven, for he is certainly preparing himself for that post here on earth. He, like Israel's God, will have mercy upon whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth. How is it, old Mr. Blunderbuss—will you take St. Peter's place?"

"The Lutherans might object to such an arrangement, your excellency," replied Nicholas, dryly.

"And why, pray?" asked the General.

"Because I wouldn't admit a mother's son of them into heaven," defiantly replied the captain.

"That would certainly be right, old war-horse," said Derfflinger, with a loud laugh, and then passed out of the room, whilst the burgomaster was summoned into the presence of the Elector.

Tieffenbach, greatly depressed, and with anxious feelings, followed the valet, who conducted him. For though the hostile language used by old Nicholas against the Lutherans, and the equivocal behavior of the General, were no certain index to the sentiments of the Elector, the impression which this scene had made on the mind of the Lutheran was nevertheless calculated to dishearten him. Therefore Tieffenbach, much as he strove to hope for the best, still could not divest himself of an uneasy apprehension that foreboded no good, especially when he called to mind his ungracious reception in Cleves. However, he trusted to the good and peaceful object of his intention, and therefore in God's name he entered the princely apartment.

The first sight that met him here was far from encouraging; the President of the Consistory was present, and the presence of this man dampened his hopes considerably. The Elector, Frederic William, was seated in his gilded arm-chair, with his legs crossed, and returned the respectful salutation of the burgomaster with an almost imperceptible inclination of the head.

"Do you appear on business concerning yourself?" asked the Elector, in a somewhat harsh manner, "or as a delegate from the Council?"

"In the latter capacity," replied Tieffenbach, adding, "I hope to secure the confidence of your Electoral

Highness, by assuring you of the love and loyalty of the magistracy of Berlin."

"What do you want?" asked the Elector.

"Grace and peace," replied Tieffenbach solemnly. "I stand before my gracious sovereign as a suppliant, and cherish the joyful hope that my humble petition will receive a favorable hearing. Your serene Highness will remember that you graciously announced to the magistracy of Berlin on the ninth of last month, that our faithful pastor, Mr. PAUL GERHARDT, had again been restored to his office."

The Elector did of course remember, for he angrily exclaimed: "We hope you are not again annoying us about this GERHARDT. Or is it true, what has been told us about this same PAUL GERHARDT having refused to accept our favor."

The burgomaster thought it prudent to give an evasive answer, and therefore replied: "It would deeply pain both the Council and the citizens if your Electoral Highness should unfavorably regard the concern which we have for the salvation of our souls, and the well-being of those who are called and appointed to labor for this purpose. Your exalted person is our chief bishop in all ecclesiastical affairs pertaining to the Protestant establishment: to whom else therefore can we apply, in time of difficulty, but to our gracious Sovereign, who has at all times employed the power conferred upon him by the grace of God, with equal love and fidelity toward both confessions adhered to in his dominion."

"Really," exclaimed Frederic William; "then you come to preach us a sermon and remind us of our duty."

"Gracious Sovereign," replied Tieffenbach, earnestly, "I come as a suppliant, and suppliants are anxious to gain the favor, and not to incur the displeasure, of those to whom they apply. If by my candid statement I have committed an impropriety, I humbly beg pardon of your Electoral Highness."

"Well, then, what do you want?" impatiently exclaimed the Elector, though less unkindly than before. "You ought to know that your minister, PAUL GERHARDT, has already caused us a great deal of vexation, and that our patience with him is nearly exhausted. What, therefore, do you want concerning this PAUL GERHARDT?"

"Your Electoral Highness," replied the burgomaster, "doubtless remembers that PAUL GERHARDT was restored to his office without any condition."

"Are you and he not satisfied with this?" asked the Elector, in a sharp, quick tone. "Have we not done more to favor this man than we actually should have done? Have we not even laid ourselves open to the charge of not meting out equal justice to all? And still you want more."

"O no, no, gracious sir," joyfully exclaimed Tieffenbach. "If we only have what your Electoral Grace promises in these words, then shall we have more than we expected, and may God abundantly bless your Electoral Highness for it here and hereafter."

"We do not understand you!" replied the Elector, angrily. "If you have what you want, why wish for more?"

The burgomaster, by this somewhat ungracious reasoning, was thrown into momentary embarrass-

ment. He was at a loss to know whether he should act on the supposition that the Elector labored under a wrong impression, and therefore attempt an explanation. At one moment the thought even occurred to him to regard the electoral declaration, by which everything PAUL GERHARDT could wish was granted, as an assurance of full and unconditional favor, and after respectfully expressing his thanks, to take his leave. But soon his conscience told him that he was in danger of perpetrating an act of insincerity, and thus assuredly would not succeed in quieting the conscience of GERHARDT. He therefore took courage and replied: "Then the private secretary, who was the bearer of the gracious message of your Electoral Highness, announcing to Mr. GERHARDT his restoration to office, must have been in error when he added that GERHARDT, even without his signature, would be expected to act in compliance with the edicts."

"Do you call this an error?" passionately exclaimed Frederic William. "Will you call our most gracious expectation that your minister, like all other subjects, should render obedience to the laws, an error? Or perhaps you desire us to accord to your Lutheran minister the right to be exempted from all civil law, as is claimed by the Papists? But this is the well-known domineering spirit of your Lutheran clergy; this is the power arrogated by Wittenberg, and designed to be extended over our domain. But we give you our Electoral word that this shall not be."

The violent manner of the Elector was far from inspiring the delegate of the Council with courage. Tieffenbach felt that without in the least violating the

rules of propriety, he must speak freely and openly, especially as he had been unjustly represented. He therefore calmly replied: "Most serene Elector, I have the great misfortune to again incur your displeasure; but I declare before God, that the meaning your Electoral Highness attaches to my language never entered my mind. I am aware that our ministers in days gone by, from a false and ignorant zeal for our faith, often failed to show the respect due to our most gracious Sovereign; but, thanks be to God, those days are past, and your serene Highness has kindly forgiven and forgotten those offences. The very man, for the quiet and peace of whose soul and conscience I here venture to speak, during his whole official life, has regarded it as a sacred duty to serve his Lord in heaven with as much fidelity and willingness as his Sovereign on earth. There is abundant evidence that the evil which called forth both these edicts can not be attributed to Mr. GERHARDT, as that gentleman did not even in one word offend either against the person or religion of your Electoral Highness. But since his conscience, with which alone he stands or falls before his God, forbids him to sign the edicts, he has cheerfully borne the temporary punishment to which his refusal exposed him. Now, therefore, as your Electoral Highness has graciously resolved to restore this poor distressed man to his office, he hopes that this will be done only with the remission of the Reversal."

"Well, and has not this been done?" quickly asked the Elector.

"Yes, gracious sir," replied the burgomaster, with

renewed courage. "The magistracy of Berlin, in that ever-memorable hour, learned from the lips of the President of the Consistory that whereas your Electoral Highness has heard no complaint against Mr. PAUL GERHARDT, except that touching the refusal to sign the edicts, and whereas your Highness was forced to conclude that he had not properly understood the import of said edicts, your Electoral Highness fully restored him to his office, and permitted him to discharge the duties therewith connected as heretofore. Now, as your serene Highness has just now assured me, that Mr. GERHARDT has been restored to his office without any condition whatever, I cannot see how the private secretary's addition, that Mr. GERHARDT would be expected to obey the edicts without his signature, can well be reconciled with your declaration."

"And why not?" asked the Elector.

"Because the pious and conscientious man," replied Tieffenbach, "would consider himself bound in his conscience just as much as if he had really signed the edicts. For it is not the signature that does it, but the heart."

"Very true!" remarked the Elector. "And it is just for this reason that we, as a special favor, wish GERHARDT simply to promise with the heart, what others must promise by their signature."

"But," replied the burgomaster, "Mr. GERHARDT'S conscience does not permit him to comply with the requirements of these edicts, not indeed on account of the abuse and calumnies which they forbid, for to such u- hristian conduct this pious man is a stranger, but

because he is of opinion that they lay a restraint upon the liberty of our Lutheran Confession of Faith."

"This then is it?" excitedly exclaimed the Elector. "And I will tell you what that restraint is. Your Lutheran ministers are henceforth no longer to denounce the Reformed and accuse them of heresy, they are no longer to dispute our claim to a relationship to the Augsburg Confession, they are no longer to exclude us from the Westphalian peace! Go now, Mr. Burgomaster, await further orders. We shall see whether we will not succeed in putting down this Lutheran insurrection."

But Tieffenbach remained; the conviction that injustice had been done him and his Lutheran brethren, gave him courage to expose himself still further to the displeasure of the Elector. He therefore said calmly, though in a tone truly affecting: "Most serene Sovereign, for proof that we Lutherans are far from cherishing such an evil spirit, we can only appeal to the omniscient God, who searches the most hidden depths of our hearts. If the magistracy of Berlin, though already resting under the displeasure of your Electoral Highness, has still, in the name of God, ventured to interest itself in his distress of conscience, for their most faithful minister, even at the risk of incurring additional displeasure, I can give your Electoral Highness the most solemn assurance that I have been induced to come here, partly because we repose the most implicit confidence in your paternal love and solicitude, and partly out of Christian sympathy for a pious minister who is tormented by a burdened conscience. Had your Electoral Highness witnessed the

agony which Mr. GERHARDT suffered in regard to his faith; had you seen him as he disclosed to me, with many tears, that his peace of mind would be destroyed forever, even if in his remotest thoughts he were to give a promise which his conscience does not approve and permit him to keep, and if your Electoral Highness would only read how he expresses himself in this his petition addressed to the Council, you would at least take back the charge of disobedience and opposition. The congregation of St. Nicolai finds itself placed in a most painful position; for Mr. GERHARDT, in this anxious state of mind, is incapable of attending to the duties of his office, and of administering the holy sacraments. The condition of our congregation is truly lamentable. The place of the Provost is still vacant; Gigas, the recently-elected deacon, has been dismissed from office; the deacons Lubath and Hellwig must follow other pursuits, and Mr. GERHARDT is restrained by conscientious scruples from attending to his office; so that the only one left us is Mr. Lorentz, who cannot possibly preach on Sundays and week days both in St. Nicolai and the monastery. Ought not such a sad state of things, in a forsaken congregation, move the heart of your Electoral Highness?"

"We are really at a loss to know what you want," replied the Elector angrily, though somewhat less violently. "It seems almost as if you meant to charge us with being the author of this lamentable state of things in your congregation. Is it not the fault of your ministers that things have come to such a pass? Or are you afraid we might interdict your Lutheran worship? What is it you want?"

"Only a few gracious words will relieve Mr. GERHARDT of his anxiety and restore peace and quiet in our congregation," replied the burgomaster.

"And what are they?" asked Frederic William.

Tieffenbach continued: "We, the Council, do humbly request that your Electoral Highness would deign to explain to Mr. GERHARDT, in what sense and with what expectations he has been restored by your serene Higness to his office."

This request made a deep but unfortunately also an unfavorable impression upon the Elector; his countenance grew livid with suppressed rage, and he regarded with a look of contempt and displeasure the poor burgomaster, who was destined a second time to be dismissed as an unsuccessful mediator between Church and State. The final quivering of the Elector's lips indicated to Tieffenbach his intention of giving full vent to his anger against him; and this unpleasant and menacing attitude continued for some time, until at length the Elector turned to the President, and in a scornful tone said: "Schwerin, please relieve the deputy of his petition, and write upon its margin the explanation desired of us."

After the President, in obedience to the command, had taken his seat at the desk, the Elector said, in a loud and commanding voice, "Write!

"If the Minister, PAUL GERHARDT, does not feel disposed to avail himself of the gracious permission granted him, on the part of his Electoral Highness, to assume the duties of his office, in which case he must answer before God, the magistracy of Berlin, as soon as possible, will invite other peace-loving and compe-

tent individuals to preach trial sermons, none of whom are, however, to receive a call till they have first made report to his Electoral Highness of their qualifications.

"(Signed.)

"*Cologne, on the Spree, February 4, 1667.*"

When the President had done, the Elector rose, stepped up to the desk, signed his name, FREDERIC WILLIAM, in a bold hand, then handed back the petition to the Burgomaster and said: "Here is our explanation! You are graciously dismissed, Mr. Burgomaster."

Tieffenbach cast a beseeching look toward the Elector, but when he saw by the expression of his eyes none of that graciousness with which his dismissal had been previously announced to him, he took the paper, and passed silently and quickly, but with a bleeding heart, out of the apartment.

In the ante-chamber he met the captain of the guard, who approached him with the question: "Well, were the good wishes of his Excellency, the General, of any assistance to you?"

"Nicholas," replied Tieffenbach, seriously. "May God grant you some day a happy departure out of this world, and a blessed entrance into that which is to come."

And with this the burgomaster left the Electoral palace.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DEATH OF THE OUTCAST.

"My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and thou hast brought me into the dust of death."—Ps. xxii. 15.

BEFORE proceeding further with the relation of the succeeding events in the life of PAUL GERHARDT, it will be necessary to speak of another individual, who, in various ways, is connected with our story.

The young wife, Mrs. Ebeling, on a certain forenoon, was making preparations in her new and well furnished house, for the reception of her father, when a faint knock at the door aroused her from the pleasant reverie in which she was indulging. A boy of about twelve years of age entered, holding in his hand a letter, which he timidly presented to Dorothea.

"For me?" asked the young woman in surprise, "and from whom?"

"I don't know," replied the boy. "A woman in Spandau street, near the corner of George street, gave it to me, and after telling me where you lived, charged me very particularly to hand the letter to you."

After Mrs. Ebeling had fully convinced herself that the letter was really addressed to her, she dismissed the boy with a gift, and with a sense of misgiving

began to read it. The handwriting appeared altogether strange to her, though the irregular manner in which the letters were formed showed plainly enough that it had been written by a weak and trembling hand. Its contents were as follows: "If you have Christian compassion, you will not delay in calling upon a poor, sick, dying man, who anxiously desires to see you, and who cannot die until he has received a word of consolation and pardon from your lips."

Then followed a minute description of where in Spandau street the writer was to be found, but there was no signature. "Singular," exclaimed Dorothea, whilst at the same time a mingled feeling of fear and commiseration seized her. Fortunately Mr. Ebeling just then entered, and she at once handed the letter to him.

"What do you intend to do, Dorothea?" he asked.

"I do not know," was her reply. "Who can it be that desires to see me?"

"If it be a sick person," replied Ebeling, "or some one dying who desires consolation and pardon, why not send for a minister of the Gospel."

"Ah," replied Dorothea, "the request does not at all surprise me, for I can well conceive of an instance where, at a dying bed, consolation and peace are desired from other lips than those of a minister. But my suprise is that *I* am called."

"Would you go?" asked Ebeling again, "if danger were likely to threaten you?"

"I?" asked the young wife, with a forced smile. "Who would think of doing me, a poor, humble woman, any harm? No, my dear friend, that is the

least of my fears. And yet I cannot deny that a feeling of uneasiness steals over me."

"Do not go then, my dear Dorothea," said Ebeling, in a tone of entreaty. "We live in a time of great excitement; if anything should befall you, it would affect me with two-fold severity."

After a few moments of earnest reflection, the young wife said: "I must go! The call comes from one dying, and it would be a sin not to heed it. But you will accompany me, Ebeling, will you not?"

"O, willingly!" he answered; and soon after both might have been seen on their way toward Spandau street. When they had reached the small hall from which a door opened into the sick chamber, Ebeling thought it best to stay back at first, and let Dorothea enter alone.

Timid and anxious, she knocked at the door; a feeble, almost inaudible voice from within bade her enter. "In God's name," said Dorothea as she advanced. Ah, what a sight met her eyes!—a miserable hovel, through whose only window a few sickly rays of light fell upon the few scanty articles of furniture it contained, and which indicated the greatest poverty. In one corner stood a bed; before it a broken chair, upon which was placed a pitcher of water. The stillness of death reigned in this abode of misery. Dorothea hesitated long as to whether she should make known her presence, or retire and call Ebeling.

At length some one in a feeble voice exclaimed: "Who is there?"

"Are you the person who desired to see me?" asked Dorothea, with a faint shudder.

At this a human form was seen to raise itself up slowly and with difficulty. When Dorothea beheld the pale and haggard countenance and the hollow eyes, with their dim but still piercing gaze, and heard this corpse-like figure pronounce her name, she uttered a scream of terror. It was Stolpe at whose bedside she was standing. Overpowered by fear, Dorothea rushed toward the door with the intention of fleeing, when the sick man called out to her in a mournful voice: "If you are resolved, and if a feeling of pity does not detain you, I cannot prevent your going." And the dying man fell back exhausted upon his pillow.

These words, uttered in a tone of the deepest suffering, moved her compassionate heart to pity. With conflicting emotions, she remained standing near the door, and with averted face asked: "What is your wish?"

"A drop of water!" beseechingly replied the sufferer. "I am burning with thirst."

Again was Dorothea seized with a desire to flee, or at least to call her husband; but suddenly she changed her mind. Slowly, yet resolutely, she approached the bedside, and not finding a glass or any other small vessel, she took the pitcher and held it to the poor wretch's lips. Stolpe regarded her with an earnest look; tears started to his eyes; he drank, and in a broken voice said: "God reward you for this! This is the first act of kindness ever performed for me by the hand of a human being." Then he fell back upon his bed, and wept in silence.

"Are you then so very poor and forsaken?" asked Dorothea. "Have you no one attending you?"

"No one!" he replied, almost in a whisper. "An old widow, residing in this house, has hitherto come once a day and brought me bread and water, but I judge that she will do so no longer. I gave her my last guilder for sending you my letter. She doubtless will not return, because she knows that I have no more money."

"I am sorry to see you so destitute and forsaken," said Dorothea, deeply affected by the abject misery presented to her view. "Tell me, what can I do for you?"

Stolpe smiled mournfully, and replied: "Can you give me back my ruined life, out of which men have defrauded me? If so, then do it, and quickly, for in a few brief hours it may be too late."

"If you are really so near death," replied Dorothea, "you should be engaged with different thoughts. It is no trifling matter for a man to pass out of this world with the language of denunciation and complaint upon his lips. Do you remember that you too will have your accusers before God?".

"And will you be one of them?" asked Stolpe, significantly.

"God forbid!" replied the distressed woman. "Do we not daily pray, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us?'"

"Listen to me," exclaimed Stolpe, "you are the first and only being on earth whom I could not hate, often as I have wished it. I would not like to pass out of this world without telling you the secret of my miserable life, weighed down as it has been by a perpetual curse. I will thank the Judge above at least

for one being at whose hands I experienced kindness, though he has thrust me, poor and naked, out upon the desert."

"Sir, such language is wicked," replied the terror-stricken Dorothea, quickly interrupting him; for the sudden passionate excitement indicated by the look and tone of the speaker alarmed and frightened her.

"You decline then to listen to my confession?" asked the sufferer.

"Permit me, at least," replied Dorothea, "to call my husband, who is waiting in the hall."

"You are afraid of me," remarked Stolpe, with scorn. "You are, of course, not aware that I have not strength sufficient to raise myself up, that my bones are dried up, and that I could not resist if the ravens were to pick out my eyes. Yet if this be the condition on which you consent to listen to me, you may go and call your protector."

The tone and manner in which all this was said was far from inspiring Dorothea with confidence, and the more so because she was under no obligation whatever to remain. A sense of Christian compassion, and, perhaps, a certain undefinable feeling that she stood in some way connected with the unfortunate condition of the man before her, alone constrained her to comply with his wishes. After Ebeling, in answer to her call, had entered the room, Stolpe turned toward him, and said: "Mr. Music-director, if you should not be able to recognize me, know that hunger and sickness have been, for a long time, my only companions; and knowing this, you may easily understand why so little is left of me."

"Mr. Secretary," said Mrs. Ebeling, with more courage than before, "if you intend talking to us in this wise, then—"

"Mr. Secretary!" repeated the sick man, interrupting her, almost with a laugh, "aye, are you then not aware that yourself had the goodness to drive me from my office? Yes, young woman, you may well take pleasure in staying here, for what you behold is after all only your work."

As Dorothea offered no reply to this accusation, seriously apprehensive that this language might be the ravings of a disordered mind, Stolpe became calm, and in a voice of sincere entreaty said: "Forgive me if I have wounded your feelings; I have personally experienced so little kindness that I really do not know how to show it to others. And now hear my story.

"If you chase a poor dog out of your house he will run into that of some one else, and there find food and shelter. I have not been so fortunate. I am, in the fullest sense of the word, a stranger on this earth, one that is deserted and cast away. I have no country, no house into which I could enter and say, This is my home. I have not one human soul on earth of whom I can say, that he or she has ever manifested an interest in me. And if there were a law prohibiting any one from dying who did not know who on earth had loved him, I would have to live for ever."

"This is a dreadful confession!" exclaimed Dorothea.

And Ebeling added, "You certainly had parents, and perhaps brothers and sisters?"

"Parents?" repeated Stolpe, smiling. "Yes, of

course! I had a mother who told me that my father had lost his life during the war before I was born, because he had been caught as a spy, and that she wished I was with him rather than with her. This is all I remember about her; for soon after I was informed by a stranger that my mother had run away and abandoned me, and that I would become a charge on the town. This is the second reminiscence from my early life. From that time forth the curse of orphanage has rested upon me."

"Stop!" broke in Dorothea; "I cannot listen to such talk, for your words cut into my very soul. Will you, by your terrible accusation, rob suffering humanity of all hope? Will you turn into ridicule the grateful acknowledgments and prayers of the thousands who have realized the truth of the divine assurance, that God is the Father of the fatherless?"

Stolpe smiled compassionately, and replied: "I know not how old I am, and I also believe that my name is recorded in no other books than in such as contain the criminal records of some of our cities; yet my age may be about forty. Now, if you show me one being who, during this whole period, manifested any interest in this unknown, deserted boy, cursed as he was with poverty, and driven about in a state of misery; one being who, though he did not express it in so many words, yet thought in his heart, 'Poor, forsaken orphan boy, I will be a father to him!'—I say if you can do this, maiden, I will take back my charge, and thus enter with one accusation less into the presence of God."

"I neither can nor will believe this," replied Dor-

othea, unconquered. "If you should really be able to show from your experience that you had never been delivered from danger and anxiety; that, homeless, you had ever been without food or shelter; that no bright prospect ever held out its promises to you, and that you had never enjoyed the sympathy and confidence of even one human being—I say, if you should be able to show all this, then I would unite with you in saying, with sorrow and regret, that there are men on earth who have no Father in heaven; but this you cannot, no, you cannot do."

Stolpe cast an earnest, mournful look at Dorothea; then, as if disregarding all further opposition, he continued, more coolly: "When I had been informed that I had no longer a mother, and must consequently become a burden to the town, I perceived that the authorities were anxious to get rid of me. I was to die by inches. Such was the gracious intention of the powers that be. I was obliged to wander from house to house, eating sometimes with the dogs in the kitchen, and at others with the beggars out of doors. Whenever I complained and cried, I was driven out of the house as a bad and dangerous boy. If I approached a company of children at play, they would flee from me, as if I were an evil spirit. If I mingled with beggar brats to appease the pangs of hunger, even these would cast me from them, and denounce me as a dangerous vagabond. Hence I was obliged at night to sleep out in the fields and woods, or, during winter, in caves, eating and drinking with the beasts of the field; till no longer able to find food anywhere, I would steal at nights into the town to appease the

cravings of hunger. Then it was that men for the first time manifested any concern about me. They arrested me because I had broken into a house and stolen some bread; they flogged me three days in succession, and then confined me in a dark dungeon with a man who for many years had followed the profession of a highway robber. Here I entered the school of the knowledge of the world; here I learned to understand why it was that I was hated, cast out, and beaten. That man became my instructor in what the administrators of justice call crime, and I was an attentive pupil. Every one of his words filled my heart with burning hatred against mankind. My sleep was short and broken, on account of the joy I experienced in anticipation of the revenge I intended in future to take on my fellow-men. But that man did still more: he taught me the letters of the alphabet, and it was not till later that I knew how deep a debt of gratitude I owed him for this favor. After I had served out my time, I was discharged, and it was affecting to hear how those dear gentlemen admonme, and informed me how many lashes I would receive, and how long I would be confined on bread and water, if I should be brought a second time before their honors. Yes, it was quite touching; for when the constable had conducted me to the gate, he gave me a farewell kick, and then called out after me to conduct myself better hereafter. Now tell me, young woman, and you, Mr. Ebeling, whether all this did not indicate a great deal of philanthropy? It was true, I was clad in tattered garments; my appearance, owing to the want of sufficient food, was wretched

and pitiable, and I had neither father nor mother, sister nor brother; there was not even so much as a stone to which I might have laid claim as a pillow for my weary head. I was driven with dogs from the doors. I was free, as free as the birds in the air. I had been reduced to the lowest stage of misery—still, I might do good and reform, an exercise to which the right honorable members of the magistracy had so kindly encouraged me with blows. Now, good people, I ask you what becomes of the Father in heaven?"

"Sir, do not blaspheme!" said Dorothea, beseechingly, deeply moved, and with tears. "You still live, and is not the wonderful preservation of your life, amid so many dangers and vicissitudes, an evidence of the love and mercy of our heavenly Father? Was not time given you in which you might really have learned to do good?"

"Do you think so?" asked Stolpe, with a bitter smile; "or are you perhaps ready to maintain that hunger and misery constitute a pleasant abode, from which one may take a comfortable view of the beauties of nature, the starry firmament, and the high life of the rich? If there were really such a thing in this world as goodness, it could be found only with him who has never experienced any evil, or suffered hunger, or been reduced to misery. Shall I tell you what men are worth?"

And without giving his listeners time for a reply, he continued: "I know you divide men into two classes—good and bad. And who are the good? People who have been nurtured in affluence and splendor, and who, from time to time, throw to the hungry a few of

the crumbs that fall from their tables. What compassion, what philanthropy! *These* are the people who preach from their pulpits, declare from their judgment seats, and command from their thrones, how and with what decency, propriety and order everything is to be conducted in this world. But what good does your preaching, reproving, and law-giving accomplish? If a poor man, forsaken of God and man, seeks to raise himself from a depth of misery, which no one but himself can know, and which all shudder to know, in order to save himself from death, you at once open the statute-book and tell him: 'Here it is written, that you must suffer punishment in your goods and chattels, life and limb.' Tell me, what law pronounces sentence against those who sell the souls of their children into misery, who drive away the hungry from their doors, who, seated in the lap of Mammon, live by the blood and sweat of the poor man's brow? What law pronounces sentence of condemnation against those who, called of God to maintain justice and righteousness, can yet, amid their pleasures and enjoyments, not find time to interest themselves for the distressed? None. The law pronounces them good men, because they do not break into houses, or because they are not lurking about on the highway for the purpose of robbing, or because their hands are not stained with human blood. But, for the blood that stains their souls, on account of those whom they permit to die in their helplessness, or for the misery, want, and destitution which they might relieve if they would, no one arraigns them before the magistracy, and from heaven no one descends to punish them.

But lay the children of the rich into the cradle of poverty, expose the sons of princes to misery and want, drive all your good people out upon the street, where no one knows them, where no one cares for them—drive them out into the desert of vice, and then tell me what becomes of the good. Among all those who pass out of this world covered with ignominy and shame, with a stain upon their honor and name, soul and body, there is not one who will not stand before the throne of God and declare a thousand times over, that his having been a bad man on earth was the fault of *good* men. And this is my joy and consolation."

As Stolpe, exhausted by his over-exertion, here ceased, Dorothea said: "How I pity you, that, on your dying bed, you have no other joy and no other consolation than this. May God in mercy open your eyes before your departure, that, whilst sitting in judgment on men, you may not ridicule the all-wise government of God."

"Ridicule?" repeated the sufferer, with a scornful smile. "Do you call the painful cry of distress, the agonizing wail of despair, *ridicule?* However, I feel that my hours are numbered, and I have much yet to tell you. After wandering about for a long time in a state of wretchedness, I at length was taken in by an old man, who supported himself by fraud and robbery. He rented me part of his room, and gave me a place at his table. Here then I had food and shelter, but at what a price? Here, in this high-school of vice, good thoughts were entirely out of the question; nevertheless I cherished one thought, which like a ray of light

lighted up my vale of tears. I intended to avenge myself on humanity in a manner, which already in anticipation was to me a source of delight. The revenge of the defrauder and robber seemed low to me; for I meant not, like these, to avenge myself on the property and lives of my fellow-beings, but only on their souls. To do this, however, it was necessary that I should become a distinguished man, a man of power and influence. I therefore began to be my own preceptor. Every day and hour that I was not engaged by my employer was studiously employed by me in learning to read and write. I greedily devoured the contents of every book that came within my reach, and during many a bright moonlight night I scarcely allowed myself more than an hour's sleep. When at these times I sat at midnight before my dormer window, engaged, by the light of the moon, in my studies, and looked down upon sleeping humanity, on whose account I watched, then it was that my bosom swelled with joy and delight. Of course, this affected my eyes injuriously, and that may have been the cause of my having such a peculiarly staring look, which at first frightened even myself when gazing by twilight into a mirror; but this was a small loss in comparison with what I gained. And do you know what task I had set myself to perform? There was no longer to be a happy being on earth. I transformed myself into an evil spirit, who was to steal into every heart, find out its secrets, and remove one after the other of the pillars upon which human happiness rests. My pleasure was to introduce disquietude among all who were living in the enjoyment of peace."

"Monster!" exclaimed Dorothea, with a shudder.

"Do you detest me?" asked Stolpe. "Then tell me, how came it that, like a miserable worm, I was doomed to crawl in the dust of wretchedness? What crime have I committed that the curse of sin should be pronounced over my cradle? Am I not too a human being, with a rational soul, suffering hunger and thirst, from want of food and drink? Who had given men a right over me to rob me of my childhood and youth, to drive me, like an outcast, from place to place, and account it in me a crime that I lived, and that misery and want did not make away with me? I know well the blame first belongs to my mother; and who it was, that in the great chain of sin and vice, had sinned against my mother, I, of course, do not know; I hold her responsible, and when, on the great day, God shall summon the murderers of children to appear before his judgment bar, I myself will accuse my mother."

The strength of the sufferer had been so completely exhausted by the feverish excitement into which he had wrought himself, that he fell back upon his bed almost lifeless. Dorothea could not repress a cry of agony; she requested her husband to attend to the dying man, whilst she herself ran into the street for the purpose of procuring some restorative. On her return, still finding him in a state of unconsciousness, she bathed his brow, and wiped the cold perspiration from his wasted cheeks. At length he opened his eyes, and when he felt Dorothea's hand touching his brow, he wept aloud, and said: "Now, for the first time, I believe that there may be angels of God who pity

poor, lost humanity! Ah could I once more be a child, and play upon my mother's lap! O, Lord of heaven, why so late? Hadst thou no love for me? Why didst thou not incline one heart on earth toward me whilst it was yet time?"

"I pray you, dear sir," remarked Dorothea, in a tone full of emotion, "give peace to your soul. Lay hold of the glorious promise of God, that he is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. I entreat you not to go hence unreconciled."

Here a long pause ensued, which no one ventured to interrupt. Stolpe lay with closed eyes, resembling more a corpse than a living man, only his low and gentle breathing giving evidence that he still belonged to earth. Dorothea stood beside him, with folded hands, her lips moving in silent prayer, whilst her tears fell unrestrained. They were the tears of compassion for the unfortunate, the tears of pardon for all the sufferings the dying man had caused her and her father. Even Ebeling was deeply moved, and, with his hand to his brow, seemed to be engaged in solving the great mystery of God's government of the world.

At length Stolpe again opened his eyes, and in an entirely different tone from that in which he had before spoken, a tone which was more mild and gentle than either Ebeling or Dorothea had ever heard him use, he continued: "I still owe you the conclusion of my story, and I feel that I must hasten with it. I gradually succeeded in tearing asunder the ties that bound me to a low and common life, and my appointment to the private secretaryship of the President of the Con-

sistory was the crowning triumph of my labor. The President had found that I would be serviceable to him; I exerted myself to the utmost to gain and permanently enjoy his confidence; I succeeded. I stood upon the very pinnacle of the elevation I had so assiduously striven to attain. But the old spirit of revenge still continued to live in me. My position introduced me to scenes of contention and strife, which greatly delighted me. My secret labors were directed against all whom I looked upon as honored and happy. I knew no greater pleasure than from my hiding-place to send arrows into the hearts of those I hated, simply because I esteemed them happy; and the more sudden and unprepared the stroke would fall upon them, the more it pleased me. Why, I would say to myself, should I not do this? There was not a being on earth to whom I owed any gratitude; on the contrary, all mankind were my debtors, and I paid myself with the tears and sorrows I caused them. I might say that the confidence reposed in me by the President was a mark of his kindly disposition toward me. At first I was inclined to think so, but I soon found that I was nothing more than his tool, which he used at pleasure. He praised me whenever I did things to his liking, and loaded me with censure whenever I, in the least, failed to execute his commands. I was his slave, having sold myself to him for my weekly wages, to whom he showed a smiling countenance whenever he deemed it advisable. But I bore all patiently, whilst my soul was bleeding, and my only compensation was my secret endeavors for the destruction of the happiness of others.

"But matters with me were destined to undergo a sudden change. Up to this time I had never felt one kindly feeling toward any of my fellow-beings. I loved no one, because no one loved me. Then I saw you, Dorothea, if you will permit me to call you so. From that time forth I had no rest either day or night; a war between my purpose and feelings arose such as I had never known before. I imagined to myself that you were in the world just for my sake, and in some of the better moments of my life the thought would come to me that God himself had sent you to me to restore my faith in mankind.

"I approached you; you repulsed me. Why? I know now; for angels of light can have nothing in common with evil spirits. But at that time I regarded your conduct in the light of a summons to prosecute my secret work. The more you hated me, the more I felt myself drawn toward you; and as I dared not do you good, I sought to do you harm, as far as I was able. I was foolish enough to imagine that hearts could only be gained by compulsion and force, and that one must sow hate in order to reap love. I assailed your peace in the happiness of those whom you loved; I persecuted your father; I ridiculed your husband; I gloated over the misfortunes of Mr. GERHARDT, because I knew you loved and revered him. Your courage, Dorothea, your pure heart, your filial love, your piety, were the mighty weapons with which you overcame my wicked power. You informed the President of my underhand doings, and your exposure gave such publicity to my conduct that I could not hope for escape. I was dismissed from my office,

and entered anew upon a life of wretchedness; and the most violent hatred incited me to revenge. I intended to kill you."

Dorothea shuddered and uttered a cry of terror.

"You hate me!" said Stolpe, "ah, but can you fathom the depth of despair into which I was plunged? Can you feel what it is to be poor, despised, hated, and persecuted from childhood up, unable to love any one, and then to be rejected by the only being who could still have saved me, and in whom my first and last hope of life was centered. Yes, Dorothea, I intended to murder you. Not being able to drag you down with me to a life of wretchedness and misery, I wanted at least to rob you of earthly happiness, and gloat over the tears of your father, your husband, and all others who might mourn your loss. And what had I to risk for all this? Nothing but a life of sin and vice, of hunger and want.

"I learned the hour in which you were to be married. Here under my pillow lies the pistol, still loaded, with which I had intended to take your life. I watched for you as a tiger watches for his prey. You came. Tremblingly my hand felt for the weapon; your eyes fell upon me, your look was that of a mourning angel, and my hand sunk powerless to my side! Dorothea, the expression of your pious face saved me from the crime of murder. I remained rooted to the spot till you returned. You bore upon your countenance the evidences of blessing and peace, but I, paralyzed and disappointed, went back to my abode of wretchedness."

As Stolpe here ceased speaking, Dorothea asked:

"With what feelings do you pass out of this world? Do you still cherish animosity toward your fellow men, as well as entertain doubts concerning the parental love of God toward all his children?"

The dying man continued long in silence, before he began to reply, and then only in broken sentences: "Judge not, that ye be not judged—Forgive and you shall be forgiven—This is what I know of Christianity, and I will not sin against it—Let God decide, for how much of my mis-spent life others are responsible—All that I may have to answer for may not be much—To whom nothing has been given, from him nothing can be required."

"Sir," said the young wife, in a tone of entreaty, "do not speak thus. This is not the language becoming one who is about to appear before the throne of God. Has not God given you the power to discern good and evil? Have you not, amid all the dangers that threatened your life, been preserved till you have learned that the sufferings of this life are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us? Even though I cannot deny that mankind have grievously sinned against you, yet you cannot bring this as a complaint against the divine government. God compels no one to be good, but he has so constituted our hearts that they can believe, love and hope. You look upon your temporal life as lost; you should not do this, it is not lost; neither to yourself, for you do not pass out of it without a better hope; nor to others, for you too form part of that great and holy chain of means and ways and occasions through which men are mutually to learn the end of their

being. Though you may not know what blessed benefits have resulted to others from your sufferings, God knows it. A Christian derives pleasure from the thought that his own sorrows here are a guide and comfort to others."

"To others?" asked Stolpe, with an incredulous smile. "Think you, that among all those who have ill-treated me, there is even one who condemns himself for having heartlessly thrust the poor orphan boy from him, and consigned him to a life of misery and want? For me no eyes have ever wept, nor lips moved in prayer; the crawling worm has never elicited any sympathy from the passers by."

"O no, no!" replied Dorothea, gently. "You do not know who, through his unkindness toward you, has been brought to a knowledge of his sinful condition. You know not, dear sir, how your misfortunes, under the guidance of an all-wise God, may become or have already become a seed, from which shall spring up fruit for eternity. And if it were no one but myself who has learned how easily we may sin against others, would that not be a blessing already sufficiently great?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Stolpe, "your words fall like the gentle dew upon my parched soul. Can you forgive me all the evil I have done you?"

"At the very moment," replied Dorothea, solemnly, "when you meditated murder against me, I had already forgiven you all the wrong you had ever committed against me and mine."

"Lord God!" exclaimed Stolpe, folding his hands. "Now I know how wonderful are thy ways, how

graciously and mercifully thou guidest the hearts of the children of men, how thou savest where we imagine ourselves lost, how thou raisest up where we are cast down. Yea, Lord, in reliance on this thy grace and mercy will I die."

These solemn words the sufferer spoke with closed eyes, and in a voice which grew momentarily weaker. He was now quiet, his breathing becoming easy and calm. God had sent him a refreshing sleep. Dorothea noticed, for the first time, a fourth person in the room; the old woman of whom Stolpe had spoken had noiselessly entered, and remained standing near the door. Dorothea approached her, handed her a piece of money, and said, "Take this, my good woman, and nurse this sick man carefully; do all that he wishes; to-morrow you shall receive more from me."

The woman looked at the money, gave a nod of satisfaction, and promised not to leave the dying man.

Then Dorothea approached the sleeping sufferer once more, pressed his hand gently, took the arm of her husband, and weeping, passed out of the room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ZEAL WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.

"It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing."—Gal. iv. 18.

MEANWHILE, in the family of PAUL GERHARDT, to the troubles that pressed from without and the painful disquietude of his own mind, had been added another anxiety, which weighed upon him, if possible, still more heavily. Little Fritz was down with a severe and dangerous fever, and the family physician, Dr. Weise, had declared his case beyond the power of human skill, and one in which the Great Physician alone could send deliverance.

It was a sad and sorrowful picture of human weakness, and the transitoriness of all things earthly. The boy once so sprightly was now lying in his little bed, pale, emaciated, and with half-closed eyes, his respiration so quick and labored that those witnessing it were painfully affected. The mother, who left the bed-side of her child neither by day nor by night, was almost helpless from sheer exhaustion. When, with trembling hand, she gently poured the medicine into the mouth of the child, and her faded eyes sought the almost vacant stare of his; when she pressed her pale, withered cheeks against his wasted head, it seemed as if one corpse were kissing the other farewell, and her tears were the only indications that she was still a

living being. The father sat in silence, and with an earnest look, his eyes resting now upon the mother and now upon the child, with equal pain and solicitude.

"Fritz!" called the mother, taking the thin hand of her son in her own. "Fritz, do you not hear me? Do you not know me?" And as the child remained altogether motionless, without betraying the least sign of consciousness or recognition, she exclaimed, in her deep distress: "GERHARDT, our child is dying! The Lord requires of us even this last sacrifice."

"If the Lord see fit to take him," replied GERHARDT, calmly, "what more can we do than say: 'The will of the Lord be done?'"

"I did indeed think," continued the mother, amid her tears, "that the Lord would not bereave you of all. Out of five only one. GERHARDT, this is surely not asking too much of him."

"And yet," replied the father still calmly, though his tearful eyes showed the inward conflict, "and yet even this is too much, if it please the Lord to give us less. Do not grieve, Mary, what the grace of God has committed to our parental hearts, he will never take from us. Death can indeed remove my children from my bodily eyes, but it has no power over the bond of love, which our heavenly Father has wound about the hearts of parents and children. Yes, Mary, our children can never be lost to us. Could we but see how they fare in heaven, how in Christ's paradise they are raised so high above all earthly sufferings, we would sorrow, not for them, but rather for ourselves, because we weep whilst they are filled with unspeakable joy.

Our consolation is, that the time will come, when, delivered from every ill, we shall there, in yonder eternal mansions, enter upon a new and glorious family life, which no death shall destroy. Now, Mary, if it should be so, that our Fritz was longing to be with his little sisters and brothers, with Elizabeth and Catharine, with Andrew and Christian, ought we to murmur and complain if our Heavenly Father should grant the child's wish?"

"But," said the poor woman, "are a mother's prayers and earnest entreaties to be no longer of any avail with God?"

"Mary," replied GERHARDT, earnestly, "our children belong to us, it is true, but you must not forget that God has nevertheless the best right to them."

"Am I, then, not even so much as to wish that God would leave me this, the last of my children?" asked the mother.

"Ah," said GERHARDT, "if one's wishes governed the world, what a different state of things would then be found! Think you, my dear wife, that I have no wishes before God? When I behold this last little earthly star of our hearts disappearing, does not my soul then say, 'Dear child, stay with me! Thou shalt be the ornament of my life, the joy and delight of my old age! I will continually learn from you how to love you more and more.' This is the language of my heart, and I mean well, but God means better. We look at it with human eyes and with a reference to time only, but God in a heavenly manner and with reference to eternity. When I say: 'My son, stay with us,' our heavenly Father says: 'Thy son shall

live with me in heaven!' When I weep and complain: 'The light of my eyes is gone out if this child dies,' God says: 'Welcome dear child, I desire thee to dwell with *me* now.' Shall we therefore refuse submission, and say: 'No, Lord?'"

"I know full well that you are right, dear GERHARDT," replied the wife, "but still it does not dry my tears. I know that it is good and glorious to be with Christ, that with him no misfortune, no sorrow, no want can befall us; I know that the soul provided for by God can nevermore suffer pain, and yet—and yet I cannot refrain from weeping."

"Nor need you, my Mary," said GERHARDT. "Tears are evidences of love; but you are also to remember the Word of the Lord: 'God will wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, nor shall there be any more pain.' Christian parents at all times mean well with their children. What are we poor human beings not willing to do for the sake of the temporal and spiritual welfare of our dear little ones? Are we not concerned by day and by night how we may do them good? Would we not, for their sakes, even change the earth, so as to rid it of all tribulation? Would we not make their passage through life so smooth that they could not even dash their feet against a stone? Are we not like an industrious and faithful gardener, who carefully nurses and tends the tender plant, that it may thrive, and not be destroyed by some gnawing worm? Is it not our desire to prepare the hearts of our children as temples of the Holy Ghost, that no evil may dwell in them? And

yet we see, Mary, how painfully the hopes of parents are often disappointed! I do not now allude to the fact that children are not unfrequently made to experience misfortunes and sufferings which all the caution and care of parents cannot prevent; for whatever comes from God is only good and gracious, even though it should cause our very life-blood to flow. I speak merely of the misery into which children plunge themselves when grown up. If a father see his son walking in the ways of vice and crime, if a mother see her daughter carried away by the shameful lust of this world, if the wicked lives of the children bring disgrace and reproach, ignominy and shame, on the home of their parents, and overwhelm the hearts of father and mother with grief, so that they go with sorrow to their graves, do you not think, Mary, that in such an event it would be a very great consolation to parents if their children had been saved from all this misery by a premature death? I would much rather lay my last and only child in his grave than vehemently importune the Lord to preserve him, for I do not know how thankful I might afterwards be to him for not answering my prayer. When the father comes to be ashamed of his child, then he feels that the angel of death would have been a messenger of divine mercy at its cradle. From all such fears the death of our little son would deliver us."

The mother listened in silence, but yet with an expression of deep sorrow. There are moments in our lives when the love we cherish for our own makes submission to the will of God difficult. Even GERHARDT himself appeared not as fully composed as he

desired his wife to be. His anxious gaze rested upon the eyes of the sick child, as if in apprehension of their closing for ever.

In this anxious hour, when the afflicted parents had neither eyes nor ears for the outer world, when all their senses, cares, and anxieties were taken up with the dying child, an unusual uproar and a confused noise, produced by human voices, auguring no good spirit, was suddenly heard from without. GERHARDT shuddered, for it was in frightful disharmony with the profound sorrow he was then suffering on account of his child; still he hoped the noise would cease. But he was mistaken; the uproar increased; his name was repeatedly mentioned, and noisy footsteps were heard in the hall and upon the stairs.

"Alas," exclaimed his wife, "what does this mean? Is our poor child not to be permitted to die in peace?"

Before GERHARDT could make a reply, his sister-in-law, Mrs. Fromm, entered, and announced a number of citizens, who anxiously desired to speak with him.

"Do not receive them!" called out the wife to her husband in great agitation. "They are not friends; they are your enemies and opponents, who seek to destroy you! Oh! is then our poor child not to be permitted to close its eyes in peace?"

"Calm yourself, Mary!" besought the husband "Do not at once fear the worst. If they are citizens, desiring to see me, I dare not refuse them audience. I am still their pastor. The tie which binds me with all I have, with soul and body, to my congregation, is not yet severed. Go, sister, show those people into the parlor, for I would not have them enter here."

"Will you then leave me alone in this dread hour?" asked the sobbing wife. "Will you not see the last one of your children die? Will you add the pain of the husband's absence to the anguish I am enduring on account of the son?"

"Mary," replied GERHARDT, earnestly, "why do you indulge only in fear and anxiety, and not in hope? Are not life and death in God's hand? Can not the Almighty and Merciful Father in heaven say to this child, 'Arise!' And what harm can possibly come to me among my people? Take courage, my dear life; I hear with what impatience they await me. If I do not soon return, send me word how it fares with our child. Watch and pray, Mary, that you may not fall into temptation."

He bent over the child, imprinted a kiss upon its cold brow, and repressing his tears, left the room."

On entering the parlor he was startled; he found a large number of men crowded together, who, on his approach, uncovered their heads in respectful greeting.

"What brings you hither, my dear people?" asked GERHARDT.

Thereupon Mr. Schumann stepped out and said, in a tone of excitement, which he vainly strove to suppress, "God be praised that we still behold you, reverend sir! There is a report current about the city that the Elector had caused you to be sent to Spandau. But what has not yet happened, *may* happen. So we wish to remain here as your guard. God have mercy on the hand that touches you, even though it should be that of the Elector himself. Say I not right, fellow-citizens?"

A wild muttering passed through the crowd, which sounded awful within that narrow space.

"I beg of you, for God's sake!" exclaimed GERHARDT, "compose yourselves, my friends. My child lies in the next room, dying! Take pity on my poor wife."

"That causes us deep sorrow," replied Mr. Schumann; "but our souls too are dying. We have been assailed in the most vital point. We have long sat quietly, whilst our very heart's blood was flowing! We have suffered one after another of our ministers to be driven away. We permitted Mr. Gigas to be laid in irons like a criminal. Where there were formerly six ministers laboring for the salvation of our souls, there is at present only Mr. Lorentz; and he, it is reported, intends to leave us. You, Mr. GERHARDT, are the last on whom we build our hopes. We have sworn that we will suffer no injury to be done you, though it should cost our worldly means and our lives."

"But, my dear Mr. Schumann," replied GERHARDT, "I beg you to compose yourself. You see that no injury has been done me. Are you, by your impetuosity and zeal, determined to destroy the last hope that is left us?"

"We have no other hope than that resting on you!" continued the fearless shoemaker. "We will show them that Lutheran citizens will not stand tamely by and act the part of cowards, when attempts are made to destroy their faith. Therefore we beg of you to again enter upon your office; speak and preach without fear or favor, defend our precious treasure,

and we swear to you, that injury shall only then befall you when the last among us shall be disabled by death from defending you."

"This is not a proper kind of speech," replied GERHARDT. "This sounds like rebellion against the government and its laws!"

"And whose fault is it?" asked Schumann, quickly. "Have we not done all that was possible for us to do? Have we ever grown weary of petitioning and entreating? Have we not kept quiet, whilst our hearts were bleeding from a thousand wounds? But now it cannot longer be endured. Has our Lutheran faith suddenly become a lie, that it must be abolished? Are we to have Reformed to preach to us? Are we to sit at home in joy and gladness, whilst our faithful pastors are reduced to misery and want, or are forced to pine in dark dungeons as if they were common criminals? Are we then to join in driving you, Mr. GERHARDT, out of the country, or laying you in chains, simply because you have preached to us the Word of God?"

"Mr. Schumann," said GERHARDT, "I commend your zeal for our Lutheran faith, but have a care lest you be found exercising this zeal not according to knowledge. That no injury has as yet been done to my person you see, and I assure you that I have not the least cause for apprehending any bodily injury."

"You take too favorable a view of matters," replied the artisan, "but we know better. Do you know, dear sir, what we have to expect? Do you know what this enmity against the Lutheran Church, now exercised for fifty years, means? Nothing less than

the suppression of our faith! We are to become Reformed by main force, and despair may soon drive us to it. Where do we yet hear the Lutheran faith preached? Neither at St. Nicolai, nor at St. Peter, nor at the convent, nor in the church of St. Gertrude. The present is the time of contending for the faith; and dare we remain quiet? The Reformed do everything to guard their faith; and are we unresistingly to permit ours to be assailed? Do you really hope for any good from the Calvinists, who dishonor the Holy Sacrament of the altar? Have you not yet learned that the Zwinglians and Manichæans, which the Reformed really are, believe in their hearts altogether different from what they confess with their mouths? Has not the court-chaplain Stosch furnished sufficient proof that, under the garb of his assumed kindness, he meditates our destruction? Have not those Sacramentarians abused our Lutheran faith from their pulpits, and denounced it as heresy? And what has been done to them? Nothing; they live sumptuously every day; they lay up treasures, and build themselves houses; they are in high favor and preferment; whilst *our* ministers suffer misery and want, and live in dungeons."

"Mr. Schumann," said GERHARDT, "if you will not moderate your language, I must request you to leave my house. Not one among you can be more deeply pained than I, in view of the present melancholy condition of our church; but the exhibition of a rebellious spirit does not improve it. I know, Mr. Schumann, that you have an excitable temper, but when you have grown calm, you are ever willing to

listen to instruction and admonition. Therefore I entreat you to fight against this evil spirit of rebellion, and be assured, for the present, that the danger threatening our Lutheran faith, as well as our ministers, is not so great as you suppose."

"Reverend sir," replied the citizen in a calmer but saddened tone," if you could only see how it looks in our houses, you would not denounce us. Once there was joy and gladness when Sunday morning dawned upon us. I would like to have seen the Lutheran citizen who wanted to stay at home when the ringing of bells invited him to church. It was a holy pleasure to sit in the house of God and feed one's soul with the Word of God. Now every Sunday is a day of mourning for us; we have churches, but no ministers; we are hungering and thirsting after the pure gospel, but there is a famine in the land. If one neighbor visit another, they can only indulge in mutual complaints and regrets. We have among us sick and dying, who long for the holy communion, but there is no one to administer it to them. What have we done, that we should be sent into the desert? Is it just to punish poor congregations because their ministers remain true to their ordination vows? Pardon me, reverend sir, but if you enjoy consolation where we do not, why do you not preach to us? Why do you not ascend the pulpit in the name of God, and proclaim to us this consolation?"

This question embarrassed GERHARDT, and before he was able to frame a reply, Mr. Schumann continued: "Confess it to us, dear sir, you yourself cherish but little hope of a brighter future for our church.

In the end nothing will be left to us but to take our wives and children and leave the country, or, what may God in his mercy avert, to turn Reformed: for this unhappy state of things we are not able to endure much longer."

"No, not much longer," repeated the crowd, "not another day!" Then a single voice continued: "Rather will we become Papists than accept the blasphemy of the Calvinists."

"Yes, yes," echoed the crowd in wild confusion. "Rather Papists than Calvinists! So thought our fathers, and so think we."

"God forbid that things should come to such a pass!" said GERHARDT. "Be assured, dear friends, you fear too much. Some dreadful misunderstanding has excited you. Have you all at once lost confidence in our heavenly Shepherd? Have you forgotten the word of the Lord, where he says: 'Fear not, little flock: it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom?"

"We have not forgotten it," replied Mr. Schumann, "but it affords me no consolation. Explain this passage to us; come with us, we will carry you in triumph to the church. Declare these words to us from the pulpit!"

"Yes, to the church," repeated the crowd, and a number of the citizens at once prepared to put the suggestion into execution.

"Hold," exclaimed GERHARDT, and a holy zeal filled his soul. "Am I to be a preacher to a disorderly crowd? Will you enter the house of God ranting and yelling? Will you, by your mutinous conduct,

supply our opponents with the weapons for our destruction?"

"Reverend sir," said Mr. Schumann, "Necessity has reduced us to the last extremity, but we intend no violence. We are all unarmed; we have nothing but our hands wherewith to protect you, nothing but words wherewith to entreat you that you will not forsake us in this extremity. Yes, dear sir, something must be done if our Lutheran faith is not to be overthrown. The Reformed are rejoicing over our distress! Everywhere among Lutherans we behold nothing but depression and sorrow, whilst among the Reformed all is joy and exultation. They look upon our cause as lost, and sneer at and ridicule us in word and gesture. Sir, is a Lutheran citizen quietly to put up with all this? Have our fathers sacrificed their treasure and their blood for their faith, only to be an object of ridicule among the Calvinists? And it will not be surprising if it should come to this. For we have no longer any one among us to defend our faith; our churches stand empty, and our ministers have been driven away. Dear sir, we will honestly confess to you that we have come here for the purpose of asking you to preach us a sermon. You are our only dependence; if you keep silent, then we are lost. Therefore come with us: we will accompany you quietly and in silence. I tell you, that so soon as you shall have entered the street and directed your steps toward the church, the entire Lutheran community will follow you. They wait only for a signal from you to show them that you still have the courage to maintain our cause. Therefore come, dear sir, and by

your words, addressed to us from the sacred desk, inspire us with courage, hope, and confidence."

As GERHARDT remained silent, and cast upon the assembly an earnest and inquiring look, as if to convince himself of the truth of what had been said, Schumann, who regarded this silence as an affirmative reply, continued in animated tones: "You will comply with our request? God be praised, reverend and dear sir, that you do not disregard the entreaties of your poor and scattered flock! Now all will be well again! Our cause is not yet lost! Come, therefore, fellow-citizens and friends; our march to the house of God is to be a triumph of our Lutheran faith."

A sensation indicative of joy passed through the entire assembly, and some were already making for the street, when GERHARDT suddenly called out to them in an earnest and solemn manner: "If you wish to go, go. I am too weak to detain you, but I will remain, and, upon my knees, pray God to calm the tumult of your hearts. The spirit that constrains you is not the spirit of Christ. I repeat it, I am not the preacher for a disorderly crowd. The fear of the Lord, and not imprudent zeal, should lead the Christian into the house of God. Go, therefore, if you will; I shall remain where I am."

These earnest words, calmly spoken, affected the excited crowd like a clap of thunder; and disappointed and crestfallen they turned back, and ranged themselves once more around the room. But Mr. Schumann said: "So then, all is lost. Let us go and attend our Lutheran Church to her grave. We will lock up our houses of worship, and go with our wives

and children where Lutheran ministers are still to be found."

"Sin not," exclaimed GERHARDT, his eyes filling with tears. "Your words pierce my very soul. For the sake of my Lutheran faith I have for years endured insult and reproach, have been deposed from my office, and have for many days been suffering an amount of mental agony which you neither know nor are able to estimate. My whole life bears witness that I mean to be a Lutheran Christian, and still you denounce me as a faithless shepherd of my flock. Oh, this is hard!"

"Not so, dear sir," quickly replied Mr. Schumann, in a tone of sincere apology. "God is my witness that I did not intend to wound your feelings. What I said referred not to you, but to the land in which we live, to the Sovereign who, with exile and the prison, opposes our Lutheran faith. Sir, we are already sufficiently miserable in being a stricken and scattered flock; if your curse, too, should follow us, then we may indeed dig our graves, for I know of none whose life, in such an event, would not be consumed by grief."

"Compose yourselves, then, dear friends," remarked GERHARDT, in a milder tone. "Return quietly and orderly to your homes, and do not arouse the power of our enemies by violence. We live in a time full of trials, which, however, will not pass away without profit to us, if we only remain faithful to the end. Go quietly to your work, and commit your bodies to him who doeth all things well. Seek the honor of a Lutheran citizen in standing fast in the faith, in quitting you like men, in being strong, and in not departing

one jot from the traditions which ye have been taught, and withal walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye have been called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love, endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. Avoid all appearances of evil! Let all disorderly conduct, all untempered zeal, all violence, be far from you; and remember the words of Paul, where he says: 'Study to be quiet, and do your own business, and work with your own hands as we commanded you; that ye may walk honestly toward them that are without, and that ye may have lack of nothing.' All may yet be well, and far better than the present condition of things permits us to hope. Therefore comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, and be patient towards all men. See that no one render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves and to all men, rejoicing in hope, being patient in tribulation, and continuing instant in prayer. Yes, my dear friends, pray without ceasing, for faithful is he who calleth you, and who will also do it, and in his own good time hear and deliver you. And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and preserve your spirit and soul and body blameless, until the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

This mild, conciliatory language from the lips of a faithful and pious servant of the Lord restored peace and quiet in the assembly; and the death-like silence with which the men received the words of their pastor gave evidence both of the love and respect they entertained for him in their hearts, as well as of the spiritual power he exercised over them. They stood before

him with downcast looks, as if ashamed of the vehement zeal with which they had entered the house.

But the calm was delusive—a smouldering fire, which in time only breaks forth with greater power and rages with increased fury. After the citizens had continued in this death-like silence for a few moments longer, and GERHARDT was about to return to the chamber of his distressed wife, hurried steps were heard in the hall below. This brought terror to all present, and one among them suddenly exclaimed: 'The Electoral guard! They come to carry our PAUL GERHARDT to Spandau! Up and to the rescue!"

This cry acted upon them, still glowing as they were with excitement, as an electric spark would act upon a powder magazine.

"Let them not come up here!" was heard from every side. "Guard the stairs! Let them come if they are tired of life!" And whilst some were crowding towards the stairs, others formed themselves in a compact circle around poor GERHARDT, upon whose mind the anxious cry that the guards were coming made a deep impression. But at this moment, in the midst of that terrible uproar, the door opened, and the unhappy wife, wringing her hands, burst in, and weeping violently, exclaimed: "GERHARDT, my husband, if you wish to see your child die, come quickly!"

But GERHARDT stood like a statue among the raging crowd. He neither heard the anxious call of his wife, nor the confused shouts of the citizens. There he stood motionless, with bowed head and folded hands, as if waiting for counsel and direction from above in this hour of sore distress. The sound of a voice, which

rose far above the din around him and proceeded from the direction of the stairs, suddenly aroused him to consciousness, and, as it were, to new life, and he exclaimed: "Leave me, misguided people! Woe to him who obstructs the way of the servants of the government. Clear the stairs!"

And immediately a voice from that direction was heard exclaiming: "Shame on you, for entering the house of your pastor as if you were a gang of blood-thirsty robbers. The rumor has spread all over the city that there is a riot in progress, and you Lutheran citizens have caused the rumor. Shame on you, to bring such a reproach upon our church."

"Mr. Young!" exclaimed GERHARDT, and a heavy weight fell from his heart. "Is it you? Where is the guard that has come to apprehend me?"

"Reverend sir," replied Young, "none but the enemies of our church can have spread such a report, and they are mean cowards who believe it. Mr. Schumann, is this the way you keep your word? Did you not last night, when a similar fit of uncontrollable zeal possessed you, promise us that you would take no steps that might lead to violence? What do you want here? Will you cause the sword, resting as yet in its scabbard, to be drawn and hung over our heads? Will you end the work begun by us, and thus far carried on in honor, in dishonor?"

"We have done no harm," replied Mr. Schumann, sullenly, though in a tone of despondency. "Are we deserving of censure for offering our hands for the defence of our minister?"

"God forbid," quickly replied Young, "that in this

manner we should protect our ministers and Church! We want no riot! Our patience and our fidelity, and not acts of violence, must weary our opponents in their warfare against us."

"We have perpetrated none," continued Schumann, somewhat more boldly. "Will you account it sinful or criminal in us that we desire the Word of God preached to us? Does it really throw shame upon a congregation when its members unite in saying to its minister: 'Preach to us, give us food, for we hunger and thirst?'"

"Yes," answered Mr. Young, in an earnest tone. "It is a shame when it is done in the manner in which you have attempted it. Does Mr. GERHARDT'S hesitancy to enter upon the duties of his office proceed from cowardice, or infidelity, or want of love to the Word of God? No!—but from conscientious scruple. It is the solemn voice of conscience that restrains him, and whoever does not heed this, dishonors both himself and his cause. Therefore, friends and fellow-citizens, return quietly to your homes; but, first of all, beg Mr. GERHARDT'S pardon."

"No, no!" interrupted GERHARDT, quickly, "no one has offended me. Nothing but some unhappy misunderstanding has brought them here. And I thank God that it was only a mistake. Pray him that he will graciously maintain our cause."

Thereupon a profound silence ensued, which was painful to all present, and Mr. Schumann stepped out and said: "Reverend sir, we call God to witness that it was only fidelity to our faith, a delight in the Word of God, and love to you, that has brought us here. We

desired to do you good and not to cause you pain. We are going, but in the meantime we entreat you not to forget that we are sheep without a shepherd, craving food, with none to appease our hunger."

"Do not leave us thus!" insisted GERHARDT. "Let us part in peace, and commit ourselves to him who has never yet failed to provide for his own. The Word of the Almighty, which is able to cast mountains into the sea, can also change our sorrow into joy. But do not be offended at me, if I fail to comply with your request to resume again the duties of my office. How can I preach peace to you when I myself am destitute of it? And though a large part of the congregation might not take umbrage at my occupying the pulpit, in the sense and on the conditions of his Electoral Highness, yet any one might accuse me before God of the fear of man. Nay, and even though there should be none on earth to regard as a violation of conscience the resumption of my office under such implied condition, my own conscience would loudly upbraid me for it. So far, however, I do not look upon all as lost; when I remember the former judgments of the Lord, I take comfort. When I, above all, remember how the Lord in heaven had once before turned the heart of the Elector when we least expected it, why should the same Lord not interpose in our behalf a second time, especially as it concerns both our spiritual and temporal welfare? Therefore, depart in peace, dear friends, and let there be no distrust between us. Unite with me in being fully confident that he who hath begun a good work in us, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

After these conciliatory remarks, as the citizens were preparing to leave the room, the door again opened, and Mrs. Gerhardt entered, her face beaming with a happy smile. "Our son is saved!" she exclaimed, "the crisis is past; for just when we were expecting him to close his eyes in death, he opened them wide, and looking about, cheerfully asked for you. Come, my dear husband, and rejoice with him and us."

This message had a most powerful effect upon GERHARDT'S spirit. Encircled by that crowd of citizens, and with his mind completely occupied with what passed, he had, for the moment, altogether forgotten the dangerous condition of his little son. But now the cry of distress uttered awhile ago by his wife, again pierced his very soul, and for the first time, as he received the tidings of victory, did he realize the pain of the death-struggle of his child. Overcome by this double shock he sunk upon his knees; tears coursed down his cheeks, and folding his hands, he said: "Father, I thank thee! This my son was dead, and behold thou hast again restored him to life. O Lord, I am not worthy that thou camest under my roof with the word of thy power."

Then raising himself, he said to the citizens: "Now I know what the Lord requires of me. I am to go and plead my cause in person. Friends, pray for me. To-morrow, God willing, I shall go the Elector."

Hereupon GERHARDT retired slowly to the next room; his wife awaited him at the door, and, falling upon his breast, wept for joy.

The citizens went away in silence.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FINAL EFFORT.

"I will walk at liberty, for I seek thy precepts; I will speak thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed."—Ps. cxix. 45, 46.

NICHOLAS, the old captain of the guard, had just taken his place of honor in the ante-chamber of the Electoral Palace, when one of his subalterns entered, and reported that his Highness, in consequence of most urgent and repeated importunities, had granted an audience to a Lutheran minister, who was to wait here till called to the private audience chamber.

"Very good," replied the old man, surlily; "or rather, not good. I cannot conceive how our gracious Sovereign can squander away his precious time with such Lutheran black-coats. I, for my part, shall not concern myself about him."

Soon after PAUL GERHARDT, arrayed in his robe of office, entered. Nicholas cast a few stolen glances toward him, and, as he was personally unknown to him, assumed the air of a man of distinction, who sees himself in the presence of an inferior, and considers it degrading to himself to show the least recognition of his presence.

GERHARDT saluted him politely, and added: "I have been shown in here to await further orders from

his Electoral Highness; you will therefore pardon my intrusion. You are doubtless old Mr. Nicholas!"

"At your service," replied the person addressed in the tone of one who was anything but willing to serve. After this a profound silence ensued. The captain of the guard seated himself at his table near the window, and began to read in a huge volume. This silence was just what GERHARDT desired; he needed quiet to compose his mind, which was excited by the most varied thoughts. He felt the hazard of facing the powerful Elector, on whose word depended the weal or woe of his country; he had to confess to himself that the courage which had inspired him on the day previous, had, by this time, cooled down considerably; yea, his constitutional timidity had so completely overpowered his inner man, on entering the Electoral palace, that he was more than once tempted to leave without an effort to accomplish his purpose. Nothing but the conviction that he had been forced to take this last step for his own peace sake, and the confidence he felt in the aid of his heavenly Protector, restrained him, and determined him to abide, though with a trembling heart, the issue. "We have the injunction of the Lord," he said to himself. "But when they deliver you up, take no thought how and what ye shall speak." And these words comforted him.

Nicholas, however, could not contain himself. Old people are loquacious, and cannot therefore long preserve silence when they find an opportunity for conversation. "You are a minister, I presume," he said querulously to GERHARDT, without looking at him. "In that case, you of course can explain the Scriptures?"

"Yes, this is the office to which God has called me," replied GERHARDT, quietly and courteously.

"Well," continued the captain of the guard, "here I have just been reading the passage, 'O full of all subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?' (Acts xiii. 10). Say, do you know to whom this applies?"

"This is," said GERHARDT, "the Apostle Paul's denunciation against Elymas, the sorcerer, who sought to prevent Sergius Paulus, proconsul of the Isle of Cyprus, from accepting the Christian faith."

"No, no," replied Nicholas, angrily; "I do not refer to those times, but to the present. To whom are these words applicable in our day?"

"To all," continued GERHARDT, "who from an evil heart oppose the spread of the kingdom of God, and also to those who, out of enmity to God, deprive others of the consolations of the Gospel."

"And do you know who these fine people are?" asked the captain. "Can you mention them by name?"

As GERHARDT remained silent from surprise, the other quickly resumed:

"I will tell you. They are the Lutheran ministers in Berlin and Cologne."

GERHARDT was startled at that severe charge: but before he could find suitable language for a reply, Nicholas continued: "And do you know to whom this applies more especially? To that Lutheran wrangler, PAUL GERHARDT, whose name one is forced to hear on every street, and in every inn; a man who had the

audacity to defy our great Elector. All Lutherans are an abomination to me, for I know something about them; but most of all do I detest the Lutheran preachers, and among them, most of all, that PAUL GERHARDT."

That this outrageous charge could not but make upon poor GERHARDT a deep and disheartening impression, is natural. He stood there for a long time in perfect silence, and altogether at a loss either what to do or say; at length he asked the captain, timidly: "Do you know this PAUL GERHARDT?"

"No," quickly replied Nicholas; "nor do I want to know him. In my youth I have had some very disagreeable experience with the Lutherans, you understand, on occasions of riot and rebellion, of murder and bloodshed, theft and robbery; and I need only look at my hand to know what a Lutheran is."

"Have you," asked GERHARDT, "since then formed no better opinion of the Lutherans? Have you not become acquainted with one, at least, to whom this severe sentence does not apply?"

"Not one!" insisted Nicholas, stoutly. "Neither have I given myself the trouble to search for any. Lutheran blood is bad blood; this I live and die by."

"Then must we comfort ourselves with the reflection that the Reformed are not all of your opinion," replied GERHARDT, quietly. "But tell me why you hate the minister GERHARDT above all others?"

"Why?" exclaimed the captain. "First, I hate him because he is a Lutheran; secondly, because he is a Lutheran minister; thirdly, because his party exalt him to heaven; fourthly, because he is a disobedient

subject of our serene Elector; fifthly, because by his defiant conduct he has stirred up the Lutheran subjects against our sovereign; and sixthly, because, as the Rev. Mr. Stosch remarked only this morning, 'he is a paid opponent of the peace measures of our great Elector.'"

"A *paid* opponent?" repeated GERHARDT, wonderingly.

"Yes, truly," continued Nicholas bitterly. "This man has been deposed from his office, and though not doing anything, he is still receiving pay from his old congregation. Why else does he accept of this money, if not to be able, without exposing himself to want, to maintain his defiant attitude? Does not the Bible say: 'If any would not work, neither should he eat?'"

GERHARDT cast down his eyes in deep shame. To regard the support that had been uninterruptedly continued to him, both by the citizens and magistracy, in this light, had never yet occurred to him. This charge contained a bitter truth, and he became at once clearly convinced that he could no longer accept support from that source. "You are right!" he said, with a mournful look. "'If any would not work, neither should he eat.' I could not have believed that I, who have so often proclaimed this old truth to others, should have to learn it for myself from your lips. On account of this rough but true remark of yours, which so plainly points out my future course, I willingly pardon you all the other undeserved and unjust charges. You do not know me—my name is PAUL GERHARDT. If you hate me because I am a Lutheran, and more especially a Lutheran minister, I cannot help it. I have been

called to the ministry by the grace of God, and I am happy in my calling. If, in view of the unmerited love my congregation bestows upon me, you maintain that they exalt me to heaven, I can, on the other hand, assure you that I, ever sensible of my weakness and sinfulness, never lift up my eyes to heaven save for light and grace. When you called me a disobedient subject, and charged me with the intention of seeking to excite the Lutheran citizens against our serene Elector by my defiance, as you call it, you made a heavy charge indeed, yet I willingly pardon you on account of your confirmed prejudice and excited feelings. Notwithstanding my advanced years, I might be your son: therefore will I receive your words as if they had been a reproof addressed to me by an austere father, not to my hurt, but for my good. Only this one thing allow me to say: if you should go out of this world and appear before the judgment bar of God with these sentiments of hatred against us Lutherans, do not give utterance there to your charges till you have first obtained mercy for yourself. For he who knows himself pardoned of God can never more be angry with his brother. *There* you will at least learn brotherly love."

The old captain of the guard received these words like an unexpected dose of unpalatable medicine. He peevishly stuck out his lips and turned away, unable for a moment to frame a reply. From this embarrassment he was relieved by the entrance of a third person, who came out by one of the doors leading into the Electoral apartments. It was the Electress Louise, that good, pious woman, out of whose eyes, in

a truly blissful manner, beamed the sure hope of her childship with God. When she saw the waiting minister, who saluted her by making a profound bow, she approached, and kindly addressed him by saying: "Reverend Mr. GERHARDT, is it you? How glad I am to be able personally to thank you for your dear beautiful hymns, which have so often refreshed and strengthened me. I have for a long time been looking very anxiously for a new effusion of your pious thoughts, but you have thus far left my thirst unappeased. Do you not intend to sing any more, reverend sir?"

"Gracious madam," replied GERHARDT, "O! how cheerfully would I praise the Lord with a new song; but when anxiety and pain fill the heart, then the strings of the harp are out of tune."

"Trust in God," said the Electress, significantly, and in a tone of kindness. Then, feeling that she dared stop no longer, she bowed her noble, beautiful head before the singer of the love of God, and passed slowly out of the hall.

At the same time a servant entered, and summoned GERHARDT into the cabinet of the Elector. "Noble, pious woman," he said, with a feeling of admiration, to himself, and calmly and composedly he followed the servant.

Frederic William was entirely alone, doubtless a fortunate circumstance for the petitioner. The Elector sat at his writing-table, and on GERHARDT'S entrance leaned back in his large arm-chair; the profound and silent bow of GERHARDT he returned by a slight yet not unfriendly inclination of the head, at the same

time addressing him by saying, "Draw nearer. What is your desire?"

"First of all," replied GERHARDT, with a trembling voice, "my best wishes to your Highness in all due submission. May the grace of God in his goodness and mercy be with and abide upon the person of your serene Highness, your much-beloved spouse, the noble princes, and the whole house of Brandenburg. May health and prosperity in soul and body attend your Electoral Highness, and may you enjoy a happy and glorious reign."

The Elector directed a look of earnest inquiry toward the man who appeared before him with such a spiritual salutation. "I thank you," he said at length, after a protracted silence. "Such wishes are always acceptable, especially if sincerely and honestly intended, which I do not presume to doubt. Draw nearer, Mr. GERHARDT. Tell me what you desire."

"To express to my most gracious Sovereign," he continued, "my most humble thanks for having, on the ever-memorable ninth day of January, again reinstated me in my office, as well as for having graciously exempted me from signing the Reversal."

"What mean you by this?" asked the Elector, with a deep shade of displeasure in his looks. "You surely do not mean to say that we have *repealed* the Reversal? It has only been by special favor that you have been exempted, and *only* you, without the least reference to others, from rendering formal obedience to our commands, because we were pleased to cherish the hope that you would act in accordance with our edicts, without your signature."

"It is precisely for this reason," said GERHARDT, "that I feel myself painfully constrained to inform your Electoral Highness that this expectation on your part has caused me deep mental anxiety."

"And why?" asked the Elector, quickly, and with marked impatience. "Take care that you do not dispel the favorable opinion we formed of you on your entrance."

"Gracious sir," continued GERHARDT, "nothing in this world affords me greater pleasure than to render obedience to all the demands of your Electoral Highness, my divinely-constituted Sovereign, and, under God, my greatest benefactor."

"Is this truly so?" quickly rejoined the Elector. "Why then do you not obey our commands? Why do you not enter upon the duties of your office? Why do you cause renewed remonstrances to be made against our edicts, and induce the Council of our capital, Berlin and Cologne, to draw up unseemly petitions?"

"Because," said GERHARDT, with increasing firmness, "I cannot comply with these edicts of your serene Highness without violating my conscience. As often as my signature has been demanded, I have invariably and in deep sorrow sought to impress upon the minds of the Electoral counsellors that obedience in this particular instance would oblige me to renounce my Lutheran faith, and especially to give up the Form of Concord. These reasons were, however, not considered valid, and I was consequently deposed from my office. To this I bowed in all due submission, and, with the help of God, have continued for nearly a year to bear patiently and in silence the sore trial to

which I have thereby been subjected. And if I should consent to do now that with which I then refused compliance, I would only be re-opening with my own hands the wounds in my soul which before I sought with such deep anxiety to heal."

"This is," replied the Elector, with a bitter and contemptuous smile, "the old double-tongued language which we are accustomed to hear from you and from those like you. External submission and internal obstinacy; excusing yourselves with owing obedience to God, when you ought to be obedient to the powers God has appointed over you. If you have nothing else to say to me, you may go at once, and await our further orders."

This ungracious speech, designed to humble the poor minister, produced in GERHARDT precisely the opposite effect. He felt that the time had now fully arrived when he must resort to the last remedy to satisfy his conscience and the wishes of his congregation. So summoning all his courage, and relying on God alone for protection, he replied: "Most gracious sir, the omnipresent and omniscient God of heaven will bear me witness that the assurance of the most humble submission and loyalty on my part does not proceed merely from the lips, but is the inmost language of my heart. If, in what I have said, I have deserved punishment at the hands of your serene Highness, I shall most gladly submit to its infliction. I am devoted to my most gracious Sovereign with life and property. If, by my words and actions, I have deserved to be bound and thrown into prison, or, what would be still more painful, separated from my

wife and child, and reduced to the most abject misery, I will bear it willingly and even cheerfully; I will give the last drop of my blood in obedience to the powers that be, because they are ordained of God. But of that which causes anguish or joy in the *conscience* of a man, there is but One that judges, and that is he whose throne is in heaven. Your Electoral Highness can surely not desire to see the *conscience* of his humblest and meanest subject oppressed."

The Elector cast a dark look upon the bold speaker, who pleaded his cause with so much calmness and dignity. He regarded him long and searchingly, and then said in a milder tone: "Tell us in how far your conscience is oppressed."

"Gracious Sovereign," replied GERHARDT, with joyful courage. "On the 18th day of November, 1651, the day of my ordination as Provost of the Church of Mittenwalde, I wrote in the Ordination book: 'I confess and solemnly avow that the teachings which are contained in the original and unaltered Augsburg Confession and its Apology, the Smalcald Articles, the two Catechisms of Luther, and the Form of Concord, rest upon the clearest and strongest foundation of the writings of the prophets and apostles, and that with the merciful help of God, I will adhere to them to the end of my life!' This sacred vow, which I, in the most solemn hour of my life, with a full consciousness of what I was doing, and in the sincerity of my heart, vowed to the Triune God, and upon which rests the foundation-stone of my faith and eternal hope, is the indissoluble bond that binds my conscience; and your Electoral Highness cannot surely wish me to

disquiet and burden my conscience by a resumption of the duties of my office?"

"You are mistaken," replied the Elector, with ill-suppressed indignation, "if you suppose that it is our intention to separate Lutheran ministers from their Symbolical Books. We are, thanks be to God, so contented and happy in our Reformed faith, that we willingly leave others to the faith by which they wish to be saved. But we will never suffer our faith to be denounced and condemned as heretical by you Lutherans. And as the Form of Concord was more especially prepared in open hostility to the Reformed, and as it puts the sentence of condemnation against the Reformed into the mouth of every Lutheran minister, we will not permit this document to be regarded any longer as one of the Symbols of the Lutheran Church."

"Your Electoral Highness will graciously permit me," said GERHARDT, "to say a few words in defence of this, the principal document of our Lutheran Church. Though this Form of Concord was prepared not till thirty years after Luther's death, Luther nevertheless laid the foundation of it; for already in 1536 we find that articles of agreement between the Theologians of Saxony and other parts were drawn up and signed by Luther and many other ministers of both the contending parties. This document is, moreover, based on the pure and unaltered contents of the Augsburg Confession, and does not, in the remotest degree, conflict with the faith therein openly confessed by princes and cities before the Emperor and the Diet. Now as this Form of Concord, prepared at the in-

stance of the sainted Elector August of Saxony, and by a number of the most distinguished theologians, on the basis of the confessional writings already in use, is not designed to introduce a new confession of faith, but only to determine the correct sense of the Augustana; and as furthermore this document, drawn up in strict conformity to the Word of God, our only rule of faith, clearly develops and permanently establishes the purely Scriptural Lutheran system of doctrine, and therefore excludes every error, and as it has been adopted and subscribed by the Electors of Saxony, Brandenburg and the Palatinate, the three most powerful protectors of our Lutheran Church, and, in addition to these, by many dukes, princes, counts, nobles, free cities, and twelve thousand Lutheran teachers and congregations in our German fatherland, where this document, by virtue of the signature of your noble ancestor, his serene Highness, the Elector, John George, has obtained lawful authority, and is therefore to be regarded as the foundation stone of our Lutheran Church, I, as a regularly ordained minister, and in fidelity to my solemn oath, must continue steadfast in my adherence to this precious pearl of our Lutheran faith, upon which thousands and tens of thousands have built their hopes of salvation, and which, with many labors and anxieties and sacrifices, and amid many prayers, entreaties and tears, has been set into the Christian crown. And now cannot your Electoral Highness comprehend what an agony of pain I would inflict upon my conscience, if, in violation of my solemn vow, to live and die by this precious pearl, I should waver in the least?"

"This is Calov's spirit, that speaks through you," said the Elector, with a frown; "the spirit of that man whose blind zeal and unchristian condemnatory denunciations tortured the noble Calixtus to death, and who, from his very grave, still sows the seeds of discord and emnity among those who are weak and blinded. We know that you are a faithful adherent of that Wittenberg zealot, who will one day have to give an account to God for the mischief he has caused in the Christian Church."

"I call God to witness before your Electoral Highness," solemnly exclaimed GERHARDT, "that I stand on no other foundation than that of the Holy Scriptures as explained in the confessional writings of our Church. My gracious Sovereign, I would sooner die than violate my solemn vow."

"And what vow is this?" asked Frederic William, quickly, and in an ungracious tone. "A vow to defame, denounce, and condemn the Reformed? Perhaps this is one of the virtues of Lutheran preachers!"

"Your serene Highness is unfavorably disposed towards me," said GERHARDT, in a tone of deep sorrow. "How could I have presumed to ask for the distinguished and unmerited favor to appear before my gracious Sovereign, if such a crime burdened my soul? Would I not be the most despicable among men, if in the presence of the sacred person of our gracious Sovereign I could speak of faithful obedience, whilst in other places my words and actions bore evidence to the contrary?"

"We admit," replied the Elector, somewhat more mildly, "that you do not belong to those who de-

nounce our person and throw discredit on our peace measures; but does not your attempted defense of the Form of Concord prove that you are a sworn enemy of our Reformed faith?"

"Well, then," exclaimed GERHARDT—and his chest expanded as if he was about summoning all his courage—"I am in the hands of your Electoral Highness, but I *must speak!* Yes, my gracious Sovereign, my oath, my vow before God and man, makes of me *an opponent* of the Reformed faith."

At this open confession the Elector rose hastily from his chair; his looks bore evidence of the working of internal anger; still his lips closed suddenly, as if he was determined to force back the crushing thoughts that essayed to escape. Then, with a smile of scorn, he said: "Really, Mr. GERHARDT, you have a great deal of assurance."

"My most serene and gracious Sovereign," continued GERHARDT, "my language may manifest great and even culpable assurance, yet, God is my witness, it was not prompted by an improper spirit. Your Electoral Highness is as familiar with the points of controversy which separate the two churches as I am. Adherence to the one or to the other is solely a matter of faith and conscience. Whatever, according to the light of knowledge given me, I cannot reconcile with my Lutheran faith, to that I dare not give my consent. I cannot be a Lutheran and Reformed teacher and preacher at one and the same time. *Were I to utter one word of approval, or even in my most secret thoughts, give my assent to any doctrine in conflict with my Lutheran faith, I would be a hypocrite*

and worthy of temporal and eternal punishment. The apostle says: 'I believe, therefore I speak!' And he is an example to me and all other Christian teachers. It is just because I believe that our confessional writings correctly determine, confirm, and set forth the true sense of the Gospel, that I must not only speak for them whenever the people need to be supported in the maintenance of their faith, but also defend them against every attack from without. And the time has come when silence on the part of a Lutheran minister would be perjury. But, my most gracious and benign Sovereign, defending one's faith, and exposing the errors of another church organization, is far from defaming, abusing, and condemning it as heretical. A faith that moves us to sin against brotherly love can never be genuine. And here I may be permitted once more to speak of my humble self before your Electoral Highness. It is true, I have always endeavored to witness a good confession of my faith, as far as God has given me strength to do so; I have suffered no opportunity to escape me to commend the precious treasure of our Lutheran faith, both in my sermons and my hymns; I have always, whenever the Word of God and the occurrences of every day life gave me occasion, endeavored to represent the Reformed doctrines as erroneous, where our Church has exhibited them in that light; I have warned and entreated my people from the pulpit, from the altar, in their private dwellings, before the High Consistory, and even from my sick-bed, not to depart one iota from our Lutheran faith; I have never failed to enter the lists as an advocate for the perpetual

binding authority of our Symbolical books, and among these more especially for that of the Form of Concord; but, in so doing, I have never indulged in defamatory, abusive, or denunciatory language. God will one day summon us all before his judgment bar, and there decide whether, according to the apostle's declaration, we have built upon the one sure foundation, Jesus Christ, gold, silver, precious stones, or upon wood, hay, and stubble. 'Here we know in part, and prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.' But as long as we have not been admitted to the Holy of Holies in the presence of God, but continue to walk in the flesh, so long is every conscience bound to persevere in the measure of faith and knowledge dealt out by the grace of God to believers. This is the reason, my most gracious Sovereign, why I cannot teach in conformity to the edicts, because they threaten the liberty of our Lutheran faith; not, indeed, by prohibiting all defamatory, abusive, and denunciatory language, for this is perfectly just; but by limiting what no human power has a right to limit, our holy zeal, fearlessly, freely, and without hindrance, to maintain the truth of the Lutheran and oppose what we believe to be the errors of the Reformed Church. And now I am in the power of your Electoral Highness. If anything I have said is worthy of punishment in the sight of men, I shall be willing to submit without a murmur of complaint, and shall not cease, even though I should be put in peril of death, to remain your Electoral Highness's most humble and obedient servant, and to intercede with God for you."

The Elector, who, at first, had regarded the bold speaker with every mark of displeasure, began gradually to assume a milder look, and listen with increasing attention to his remarks. He had resumed his seat, and looked with kindly earnestness upon the man who plead the cause of the Lutherans with a fearlessness, and at the same time with a dignity, such as no one had ever before exhibited in his presence. After a protracted silence, he at length said: "Now we comprehend why the people are so attached to you, and why the magistracy and citizens do not grow weary in interceding for you. You are an honest man, Mr. GERHARDT, though too much biased in favor of your faith. We will not conceal from you that we are favorably disposed towards you personally, and that you have found, especially in our beloved and dear spouse, a zealous defender and advocate, a fact of which you have already been made aware by your restoration to office without your signing the Reversal. Why, then, do you not resume the duties of your office?"

GERHARDT replied: "After the representation I have already made, and to which your Electoral Highness has so graciously given ear, I would most humbly and earnestly beg for further permission to inform you of the deep anxiety and grief that is preying upon my mind. Before God, in whose presence I now stand, and before whose judgment bar I must finally appear, I solemnly declare, that, according to what have been my conscientious convictions from my youth to this day, I cannot enter upon my office in the manner proposed by your Electoral Highness without incurring

the wrath of God, and exposing myself to the punishment due to the guilty. In order, therefore, to avert such an unspeakably great calamity, my serene Elector and Sovereign will graciously permit me to discontinue altogether the service which, for some time, I have performed only in part, and defer the resumption of all the duties of the ministry to such a day, when, agreeably to the will of God and the permission of your serene Highness, I may be able to enter upon so exalted and holy an office, and for which we poor men must finally render a strict account, with a clearer conscience, than under existing circumstances it is possible for me to do."

"We hear with pleasure," said the Elector, kindly, "when a minister, in view of the duties of his office, thinks of the account he must render to God. For this induces him to remain faithful and obedient, preserves him from lukewarmness and indolence, and increases his activity in promoting the Gospel. But do you not know that princes have an equally strict account to render? If to you ministers has been confided the spiritual welfare of mankind, princes must provide for the temporal welfare of their subjects. When therefore the Church, with her laws, rules and regulations, sows the seeds of discord, prevents men from living together in peace, and causes interruptions and disturbances in their daily intercourse, and, by so doing, deprives them of the blessed influence of the Word of God, which she preaches, then the secular power, in the exercise of its sacred right, steps in to afford protection, to guard against encroachments, and put down usurpation. You speak about standing in

the presence and walking in the fear of God. Must we not say the same in regard to ourselves?"

"Certainly, my gracious Sovereign," replied GERHARDT. "And though your Electoral Highness should attach but little weight to anything an humble individual like myself may say, I yet cannot refrain from expressing my joy at the sentiments you have just now expressed. Still, if my most benign Sovereign will permit me to address him further, I cannot but maintain that, as care for the soul's salvation takes precedence of care for the body, so also, in the light of God, the accountability of a minister is greater and far more comprehensive than that of a prince. The Lord, by his prophet, says to us ministers: 'So thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me. When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand. Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul. (Ezek. xxxiii. 7–9.)'"

"What is here said, in reference to the blood of man being required at our hands, is of weighty import; for it implies man's temporal and spiritual ruin. How will it pierce into the very bone and marrow of him who on earth was called to be a spiritual watchman, when the Lord, on that day, the day of account, shall say to him: 'Thou art responsible for the spiritual and eternal loss of this man's soul'? But joyful,

on the other hand, must Paul have felt in being able to say to the elders of the church of Miletus: 'Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men.' For he knew that he had not grown weary in his endeavors to win them to the kingdom of God, and that he had everywhere fearlessly, and regardless of ignominy, shame and persecution, preached repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Nothing but the testimony of an approving conscience enabled him calmly and confidently to call upon them to watch and remember that for the space of three years he had not ceased to warn every one night and day, with tears. We poor ministers are already sufficiently pained and sorrow-stricken, because our labors are attended with such poor success, and because the wisdom and lust of this world are unremitting in their efforts to destroy the seed we sow. If, in view of such a gloomy and disheartening state of things, the consolation were not left us that we had not ceased to lead souls to Christ and build them up in him, by entreaty, admonition, warnings and reproof from the Word of God, would we not be the most unhappy beings on God's earth?"

Frederic William regarded the dauntless man with a keen and earnest look, though his searching gaze did not show the faintest shade of displeasure. At length he said: "No one has ever spoken to us as you this day have done; yet we rejoice at your candor. Tell us now what it is you actually desire?"

"Serene Elector, gracious Sovereign," replied GERHARDT, in a tone of noble frankness, "You have been graciously pleased, without my personal solicitation, to

restore me to my office and exempt me from signing the Reversal. I could, therefore, attend to my official duties as formerly, but I dare not deceive your Electoral Highness even by one word; and this I would be obliged to do, because, with my conscience bound by the Word of God, I cannot in any manner comply with your edicts. And I am not the only one. Hundreds of my brethren in the ministry are greatly disquieted and distressed in their consciences, in consequence of your demand of their signatures to the Reversal. And even though many have complied with this demand, they did so either to avoid the appearance of disobedience, or, as I am well assured, because they were weak in the faith, and from fear of losing their daily bread. But the voices of their consciences are not hushed, and the pain and anguish of these men is heart-rending. And such will be the case as long as their signature is demanded of them. I, therefore, in all due submission, venture to entreat your Electoral Highness to give back to us ministers FREEDOM OF SPEECH. The past, with its severe trials, has doubtless convinced all that their zeal for God has not always been according to knowledge. With the enjoyment of freedom of speech our ministers will of course guard and defend our Lutheran faith, and show as erroneous whatever does not accord with the Word of God, and the authorities based upon that Word, namely, our Symbolical Books, and, among these, more especially the Form of Concord; but none of them will offend against brotherly love or prove himself other than your Electoral Highness' faithful servant and fervent intercessor with God in your behalf. Peace is indeed

a good thing; but when it is merely compelled by the application of external force, and not embraced with the whole heart, then is applicable the Word of the Lord, 'From the prophet even unto the priest every one dealeth falsely. They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace!' Moreover, my gracious Sovereign, it is evidently part of the eternal wisdom of the divine government that true peace should first be won by severe conflicts. Therefore, I venture once more, in the name of my distressed brethren and all the Lutheran congregations, the humble request that your Electoral Highness will give back to us FREEDOM OF SPEECH, and fully and unconditionally release all Lutheran ministers from signing the Reversal."

The Elector, whose countenance, during the progress of these remarks, had grown darker and darker, rose quickly and said: "We graciously pardon your unseemly request, on account of the honesty of your heart; but now, as in the bias of your conscience you have communicated to us what you expect of us, we can no longer listen to you. If *your* conscience prevents you from co-operating with us in establishing peace in the Church, then *our* conscience also prevents us from longer suffering discord and strife. What you have presumed to ask of us we neither can nor will grant. We shall sacredly respect the rights of every church and congregation, and, in compliance with our oath, protect them in their worship; but we will never suffer the use of defamatory, abusive and denunciatory language in the house of the Lord, where peace and

blessing alone should reign. Go now, and commune with your own conscience. You know our opinion. We do not dismiss you in displeasure, though we have sufficient cause to do so. Go, and consider that you will be held accountable before God for every day you refuse to serve your congregation."

Having said this, the Elector retired by a small side-door; whilst GERHARDT withdrew from the Electoral cabinet with an aching heart.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DISMISSION FROM OFFICE.

"Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world, and more abundantly to you-ward."—2 Cor. i. 12.

MORE than six months had elapsed since the events related in our last chapter, and it appeared as though the Elector intended to relax his former rigor in his demands. Under date of June 6, 1667, he had issued a rescript to the High Consistory, in which "in compliance with repeated and respectful solicitations of our loyal states of the Electorate of Brandenburg, in reference to the drawing up of the Reversal," he announced to them sundry modifications. These consisted in exempting ministers already in office, and called to a different field, from signing the Reversal. "As, however," continues the rescript, "regards candidates, you are first carefully to inquire where they have studied theology, and what views they entertain. And if you should find them in sympathy with the views of the Wittenberg or such other theologians as unite with them in believing that they are bound to indulge in defamatory, abusive and denunciatory language against the Reformed and their teachings, you will neither require them to sign the Reversal, nor yet grant them ordination and confirmation, but report

to us and await our determination in reference thereto. But to the confirmation certificates of the other candidates, who declare themselves not in sympathy with these, and who also are known to you as not having indulged in such defamatory, abusive and denunciatory language, you will annex the requisition that they act in obedience to all our edicts, published in reference to the use of defamatory, abusive and denunciatory language against the Reformed; but apart from this no Reversal is to be demanded. For just as these are bound to obey our edicts, according to which they have been confirmed, just so will we know how to inflict due punishment upon those who disobey them, though they have not signed a Reversal to that effect. You will therefore institute diligent inquiry whether there are any ministers within our dominions who refuse to render due submission to our edicts, and if any such be found, they are to be duly reported to us, to be dealt with as we may hereafter determine."

According to this, the request of GERHARDT had in reality been granted, though with such limitations that ministers as conscientious as GERHARDT had gained little by it. For as long as the edicts, which evidently interfered with the unconditional liberty of the ministers and doctrines of the Lutheran Church, continued in full force, the partial exemption from signing the Reversal could not quiet the consciences of Lutheran clergymen.

This was also the reason why GERHARDT had not been able to determine to resume his office. Solicitations and entreaties for him to do so had not been wanting. The citizens had endeavored to induce him

by repeatedly sending special committees to that effect; particularly Mr. Schumann, the shoemaker, and Mr. Seyffard, the tailor, and Mr. Liebrecht, the baker, were constantly and earnestly representing to their beloved pastor the spiritual wants of the congregation. All this was harrowing to the soul of GERHARDT, but the voice of his conscience spoke strongly against it; he could not, without sinning against God and man, comply with their request. The noble burgomaster Tieffenbach had made every effort in his power to convince him that he might, in the name of God, attend to the duties of his office, as heretofore, without reference to the existence of the Reversal, but GERHARDT always replied: "No, the Elector expects me to act in accordance with his edicts; and as I cannot do this, I can not also be a faithful steward of the mysteries of God. Give me back *full liberty of speech;* I shall neither indulge in defamatory nor condemnatory language, *but where I do not enjoy full liberty of speech, there I cannot be minister.*"

These private and confidential efforts at persuasion having failed of success, the magistracy hoped to gain something by a resort to public admonition. GERHARDT was consequently summoned to appear before the Council, and, in the presence of its members, was urgently requested to resume the duties of his office. But in vain; the conscientious minister of God could not be induced to recede one step from the position he occupied by virtue of his oath of office. The Council continually extended his time for consideration, because they could not become reconciled to the thought of losing such a "pious and exemplary man, who had

never even so much as offended a child." Therefore he not only retained possession of the parsonage, but also received the full amount of his salary, just as if he were still actively engaged. This, however, was greatly repugnant to his feelings; for the reproach by the old captain of the guard preyed on his mind, and only the hope that further conciliatory concessions on the part of the Elector would finally enable him conscientiously to resume his office reconciled him to the acceptance of his unearned salary.

The Council, however, becoming convinced of its inability to accomplish the desired object, commissioned the newly appointed Provost, Muller, to use every endeavor to induce him to resume his office by especially asking him whether he could after all reconcile it to his conscience to desert, unnecessarily, a congregation so devotedly attached to him. But the Provost deferred the execution of this commission, giving as an excuse that the attention he had been obliged to bestow upon his new household arrangements had left him no time to attend to it.

Thus it happened that this uncertainty, so oppressive to all concerned, lasted for over six months, till the Elector himself brought the matter to a speedy end.

On a certain morning in the early part of September, burgomaster Tieffenbach entered GERHARDT'S study, with deep sorrow depicted upon his countenence.

"I am this time no bearer of good news, either as regards you or as regards ourselves."

"The sorrow to which your news may give rise will, I trust," replied GERHARDT calmly, "not be greater than we shall be able to bear."

"Now," continued the burgomaster, "the last hope of retaining you has vanished, unless God so dispose your heart and mind that you consent to our wishes."

"You have come to announce to me that I am exiled from the country," exclaimed GERHARDT quickly.

"Thanks be to God, matters have not yet gone so far as that," remarked Tieffenbach, "and yet, in its consequences, so far as we and the congregation are concerned, it is not much better. Yesterday an order was received from Potsdam, in which it is announced to the Council that the Elector has chosen a certain Mr. Adams, stationed in Derenberg, to supply your place, with the ungracious postscript that the Council, in consequence of its tardiness and neglect to carry out his last rescript in regard to yourself, has for the present forfeited its privilege of calling a pastor."

"I exceedingly regret this on account of the right worshipful Council," said GERHARDT, mournfully. "This is the severest part of my trials, that others must suffer for me, on my account. Truly, the Lord's hand is laid heavily upon me. Did I not know that his ways are not as our ways, and did not my faith teach me entire and unreserved submission to his Almighty will, I would have still greater reason to complain of myself for being the occasion of vexation and trouble to so many."

"Let not this grieve you," remarked the burgomaster, "for this is the least to be regretted in this sad affair. The Council hopes to be able, by reasons sufficiently valid, not only to justify its tardiness, but also to maintain its right to extend a call. For however much praise the Electoral letter bestows upon

this Mr. Adams on account of his many fine gifts, we have as yet heard nothing in his favor from any other source; and as little as the Council possesses the power of preventing the Elector, in the exercise of his prerogative as Sovereign, from depriving our Lutheran ministers of their office, just so little is the Council disposed to permit such ministers to be forced upon us as enjoy the confidence and love neither of the Council nor of the congregation. Therefore let not this grieve you; this is the Council's affair, and as you express it, that we must suffer along with you, can only be to our credit. Therefore, once more, my dear Mr. GERHARDT, do not let this trouble you; but tell me what you are now willing to do."

"I have no choice," replied GERHARDT, quickly. "Your communication shows that the Elector has not changed his mind in reference to myself and the ministers of the Lutheran Church generally. If his serene Highness has supplied my place with another incumbent, it of course follows that he regarded the same vacant, and that I am consequently fully deposed from office. I have therefore no choice left. I thank the honorable Council for its love toward me, and for its great kindness in having thus far provided me with a home and sustenance for myself and family; both of which must henceforth cease. This very day I shall vacate this dwelling."

"And all this you can tell me so calmly," said Tieffenbach, sadly, "as if it were a matter of no consequence. Reverend sir, everything that lay within the bounds of our power and duty has already been done, in order to induce you to resume the duties of

your office. It cannot therefore be my intention now to renew my efforts; where conscience is concerned, every unreasonable demand is sinful. Nevertheless, you will allow me to ask you once more: Whether you cannot really justify yourself before God, if you again take charge of your congregation? Is the constraint laid upon you really such that you must refrain from resuming your duties among us?"

"Yes," replied GERHARDT firmly, and then added earnestly, "I do not this moment know where to-morrow night I shall lay my head. I have not only a wife and child dependent upon me for the necessaries of life, but also a widow, my wife's sister, with her four orphan children. I do not yet know where I shall obtain food and shelter for them, but all this does not, in the least, prevent me from performing my duty. According to his Electoral Highness's expectation, I can no longer be minister, and must therefore give place to one who is not bound by his conscience as I am."

"May God avert from us still greater misfortunes than such as have hitherto befallen us!" exclaimed the burgomaster, after a few moments' silence, and with a look of profound distress.

"Let not this disturb you," replied GERHARDT. "What difference does it make about such a poor and insignificant man as I am! Cannot our heavenly Father, as our Saviour says, raise up unto himself children out of these stones? Trust the divine Shepherd with his flock; he feeds them now with the same love with which he died for them on the cross. What matters it about me, a poor old man? My power is

broken, and my pilgrimage evidently near its end. You must have a younger man, who can fight the good fight of faith with more powerful speech; and such an one the Lord will send you. The Lord never inflicts wounds without also again healing them."

"I will not rob you of this consolation," continued Tieffenbach, "though I have no hope of a change, at least for some time to come. We have lost our only guardian angel, upon whom we had built our expectations of the dawn of a better day for our Lutheran Church."

"To whom or what do you allude, dear sir?" asked GERHARDT.

"I am speaking of our sainted Electress Louise," replied the burgomaster. "It is nearly three months since she entered into her eternal peace; but the peace she possessed here, and which she so often imparted to afflicted hearts, she could not leave to us. Yes, reverend sir, the death of that pious, truly royal woman, was a calamity for our whole country. She was the only one who, out of the exhaustless resources of her gentle and believing heart, could wield the softening influence of love and grace over the unflinching sternness of our Elector. Who now shall intercede for us at court, since she is no longer here? It was only two days before her death, on the 6th of June, that the Elector published the rescript, by which ministers are exempted from signing the Reversal. I am fully convinced that this was the last act of love she performed, and that, had she lived longer, the Elector would also have at last revoked the unfortunate edicts. But now, since time has somewhat moderated his grief, and since

sorrow for the dead no longer prevents him from giving his undivided attention to the important questions touching religious affairs, he is the same stern and unbending Elector as before; and God only knows what heavy trials are yet in store for our afflicted Lutheran Church."

"I share your regret over the untimely departure of our sainted Electress," said GERHARDT. "To me personally did she appear twice as my guardian angel, reviving my drooping spirits and pleading my cause. But since it has pleased the Lord of life and of death to call her hence, we may indeed mourn and weep, but it does not become us to be disconsolate. I live in the joyful hope that the Lord will yet overrule all for good. I still have confidence in the President of the High Consistory, who, notwithstanding his Reformed prejudices, always appeared to me to be a just and reasonable man."

"Do not expect too much from that quarter," replied the burgomaster. Every one knows that in this unhappy church difficulty the President is the Elector's first and most influential adviser. The last order, by which it is designed to force an unknown stranger upon us in your stead, is evidently his work, for it bears his signature. Besides, the name of Adams was presented in consequence of a false statement; for the document in question declares that he had recently preached a trial sermon in St. Nicolai, with great acceptance to his hearers; but this is not so. The Council never invited any one to preach a trial sermon with a view to occupy your place, and the congregation itself never desired this Adams, nor any one else; for

we have all along confidently expected that you would again resume the duties of your office. The fact, on the contrary, is, as the Provost has just now informed me, that Adams has for so long a time pressed him with importunities for permission to preach, that he finally permitted him, on Sunday last, to deliver a funeral sermon. But the Council has heard of no one having said anything in praise of his preaching, or having expressed a wish in reference to him. You may therefore infer from all this that our opponents do not grow weary in warring against us, and that I am far from doing injustice to Court-chaplain Stosch, when I say that the false statement referred to emanated from him. Be this, however, as it may, I have reason to fear that the end of our severest trials has not yet come."

Just at this point of their conversation, Mr. Young entered, his entire behavior indicating great mental disturbance and anxiety. "I can contain myself no longer," he said. "I must know whether the report flying about the city is true. You will pardon an old man, noble sirs, for asking so unceremoniously for information. But it is noised about the city that Mr. Adams, of Derenberg, the minister who preached a funeral sermon last Sunday, which proved so offensive and wearisome to the living that it came well nigh turning them into the dead, is to take Mr. GERHARDT'S place; and that the Elector, in his fervent love for the congregation, and as a mark of his special favor, made this selection for us with great care, so that the little life still left to us by the protracted sufferings which our Lutheran congregation has endured, may gradu-

ally be preached out of us. Do not take it amiss in me, dear sirs and friends, but I am in such a merry mood that I could either weep bitter tears, or assist in walling up the church door of St. Nicolai. For I shall never enter it more."

"It is true, my dear cousin," said Tieffenbach, "we have no reason for exultation; yet as regards the funeral sermon of the Derenberg preacher, you may rest easy. The Council is fully determined to protest against his appointment in the most decided manner, especially as we will not find it very difficult to prove against that self-same gentleman a few violations of the Ten Commandments. The best thing that could be done would be, of course, to persuade our dear Mr. GERHARDT to resume his office. In such an event matters would be easiest mended."

Mr. Young shook his head despondently: "No! God knows how much I have suffered for the want of the preached Word, and how I long to listen once more to a bold Lutheran sermon, and how I would not know what to do for joy if our PAUL GERHARDT were to preach again in St. Nicolai—yet under existing circumstances, and as long as the edicts are still in force, no Lutheran minister can conscientiously enter the pulpit. But what do you intend to do, Mr. GERHARDT?" he continued, turning to that gentleman. "Will you stay longer in this house?"

"No," replied GERHARDT, quickly. "The time has come that I can no longer occupy this house with a clear conscience. And I moreover declare that I have also resolved not to accept of any further support either from the Council or from the citizens."

Mr. Young regarded his old friend with open eyes, and said: "Mr. GERHARDT, I think the citizens as well as the Council will have something to say to that. But tell me," he added, with a smile, "have you in a quiet way accumulated such an amount of wealth that you are able to feed and clothe seven hungry souls?"

"You are jesting," replied GERHARDT, "whilst I am in solemn earnest. It is true, I am too old and awkward to earn a living for me and mine by manual labor; but thanks be to God, that my mental vigor is not yet impaired. I earned my bread by teaching school till my forty-fifth year, and can do the same now, when I am sixty-one. If my people learn that I intend to become a schoolmaster once more, they will cheerfully confide their children to me. If the Elector does prohibit me from preaching to the adults, he will perhaps interpose no objection to my preaching the Gospel to the children."

"And do you know what, in such an event, I intend to do?" asked Young, vehemently. "I will go from house to house and tell the people that you are an old man and have forgotten how to give the children milk, as the apostle says; that you are in general a poor disciplinarian, over whom the children would very soon exercise an unlimited control, and that all desiring to have their children well trained must not send them to you. I shall tell them that your hand is beginning to tremble too much for writing copies, and that you can no longer explain even the Scriptures correctly, because, by your own example, you give a false interpretation to the declaration of the Psalmist; 'I have been young, and now am old; yet

have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' Yes, my dear friend, this I intend to do, and you know that I have some little influence with my fellow-citizens. Now if you should open your school, and, behold, instead of a crowd of merry children, nothing but rows of empty benches, and Mr. Liebrecht should enter presenting a bill for bread, and Mr. Starke another for meat, and your landlord still another for back rent, with the additional polite request, if not paid to-morrow, to vacate the premises and remove to other quarters—what would you do?"

As GERHARDT regarded the speaker with astonishment, and as he could not in his embarrassment find a reply, the other continued: "My dear and reverend sir, pardon me this foolish jest! But you may believe me, that, should you refuse to accept the gifts prompted by the love and gratitude of your congregation, God being my witness, I would never again enter your house. Accompany me but once in a walk through the city, and listen to what the people say; how they love you, with what sincere attachment they cling to you, and how cheerfully they bring in their contributions; and you must have a heart of stone, if after that, you can persist in refusing to accept such evidences of faith and love. No, no, my dear friend, to deprive us of the enjoyment of this privilege would be to fill the cup of our misery to overflowing."

"But am I not deposed from my office?" asked GERHARDT. "Has not my successor already been appointed, and must he not also receive his support from the congregation? And even though Mr. Adams should not be the man, some else will."

"Leave that to us!" replied Mr. Young. "It is true, you are deposed; the external, visible bond of union between us has been severed by the edicts; but no edict on earth, no emperor or sovereign, can dissolve that spiritual bond by which God himself has united us. Yes, my reverend friend, love is a divine bond, the bond of perfection, as the Bible calls it. But as faith without works is dead, so also is love without corresponding deeds a wretched delusion."

GERHARDT smiled with an effort, and said: "Do you know, my dear friend, that the Court-chaplain Stosch has called me a paid opponent of the peace measures of our Elector?"

"So then," rejoined Young, interrupting him, "you refuse to accept the offerings of our grateful love on account of this miserable Stosch? Since this same man has published the letters of poor Provost Fromm, and, evidently with the intention of insulting us, displays, on the title page, not only the decree of his Electoral Highness concerning them, but also a statement that the Letters in question were transcribed, examined and compared by three notaries favorable to the Lutheran religion—since then, I say, we are fully aware of what we have to expect from him. Believe me, this Mr. Stosch, like a venomous spider, is watching for some luckless Lutheran soul to first entangle, then destroy him in his web. Did not this same Stosch, long before any complaint had been preferred against the unhappy Fromm, most solemnly and upon his sacred honor and faith as a priest, assure him that more than half of his letters had already been destroyed, and the destruction of the rest fully determined on? Yet after

Fromm had fallen into disfavor, and like a hunted criminal was forced to seek safety in flight, behold, all his letters, as if by magic, reappeared from their ashes. Fie, say I, fie, for shame, I will say, though the Elector himself should hear me, and assign me my quarters for life in the green hat!* No, my friend, the bitter words of a Stosch can neither prevent you nor us from engaging in a work, the foundation of which is love."

"Mr. Young is right," said the burgomaster, turning to GERHARDT, "though perhaps a little too excited. I can assure you, my dear friend, that the Council will not permit itself to withhold from you the payment of your salary, and that too from a sense of justice. The Council, and not the Elector, called you to our capital, the city of Berlin, as Deacon. Had you been deposed in consequence of neglect of duty, or on account of immorality, then our obligation to provide for your support would cease. But such, thanks be to God, is not the case. Despite the displeasure of the Elector, you are still our regularly called and appointed minister. We would be dealing perfidiously with you if, for the displeasure you have incurred on the part of the Elector through your honest zeal in behalf of our precious Lutheran faith, we were now to reward you with exposure to want and misery. The Council has not dismissed you, and consequently is bound to provide for your support. Let not therefore this trouble you, and accept, I pray you, as the Lord's own gift, this sponta-

* This singular name is given to a round tower still standing in Berlin, on the Spree, between the chapel and the building with the angular balconies, and at that time used as a prison. It derived its name from the fact of its roof being made of copper and painted green.

neous manifestation of the love of your people and their sincere desire to assist you, and thus to diminish, as much as in them lies, the bitterness of your present position. You are, moreover, under no necessity of leaving this house, at least not until your successor is ready to enter; and that may not be for a long time to come."

"Permit me, my honored cousin," now remarked Mr. Young, "to dissent from you in this particular. Human law may indeed justify Mr. GERHARDT in retaining possession of this house till his successor is ready to move into it, but Christian morality does not. That we are voluntarily contributing toward the support of our beloved pastor is our own affair, and the Elector has no power to prevent us from doing it; but as regards the parsonage, he can say that it must be vacated by its present tenant, as he no longer holds his office. And even though the Elector should give no orders to this effect, I will still maintain that Mr. GERHARDT is bound to do so voluntarily. Our congregation, like all others, is composed of men having different views and dispositions; and though, as the Council and myself are well aware, there is great unanimity among a large majority of our citizens, there are still a few venal souls, who, though Lutheran in name, try to curry favor and advance their self-interest by chiming in with the cry of condemnation raised by our enemies against Mr. GERHARDT. And if only one of these mean souls should pass by, and think in his heart, This is the house where resides the deposed Deacon!—no, my friend, the blood mounts to my head when I think of it. You must leave here, and that,

too, this very day. As praiseworthy and blessed as it is to bestow and to receive gifts of love, so humiliating is it to accept benefits from those we despise."

"You are going too far, dear cousin," suggested the burgomaster, shaking his head.

"Would to God that you were right," replied Mr. Young. "The people are composed of such very different material, that it does not appear at all incredible to me that even the funeral sermon of the Derenberg preacher found favor with some. Popularity is as changeable as the moon, and he who labors to secure it will get his hands so full that he will find no time to rest. The very people who one day proclaimed our Lord King of Israel, and strewed his way with palms, a few days after cried out against him: 'Crucify him, crucify him!' The same kind of people are still living. The race is not extinct, for only recently have I heard one of them ascribe your refusal to resume the duties of your office to a love of ease. Of course, there are men who are not troubled with tender consciences, and whose opinions change according to circumstances. And therefore I say, you must leave this house this very day."

"This, I assure you, is my fixed determination," answered GERHARDT, though utterly at a loss as yet to know whither to go.

"Well, then I know," exclaimed Young, triumphantly. "I know of a house in which there is room enough for you and your family. There is only one man living in it, a poor widower, whose only child has run away with a certain music-director. The said widower is indeed not quite as poor in worldly goods

as in his soul, so he has for some time past gone to a little expense in fitting up a number of rooms as neatly as possible, for the reception of certain esteemed guests. And as regards the rent he will be found very reasonable, and will rest satisfied with the pension which our Elector will doubtless order to be paid to the Rev. PAUL GERHARDT."

"Now I understand," replied Tieffenbach, smiling, "that nothing but self-interest has induced you to advise Mr. GERHARDT to leave the parsonage."

"Self-interest?" repeated Young. "Well, yes, perhaps so. You may also call it envy and jealousy; for the same widower would grieve himself to death if Mr. GERHARDT should prefer any house to his. And now give me your hand, my dear friend, in token that you will not despise this house of the poor, forsaken individual."

"I do not deserve such kindness or such sacrifice," replied GERHARDT, deeply moved. "Still you may consult my wife in regard to your proposal. I myself am so very inexperienced in such matters that I know not what to do."

"Well, if that is to decide the matter," pleasantly returned Mr. Young, "then I have gained the day. For I confess to you, that I first presented the subject to Mrs. Gerhardt, and was referred by her to you. This shall be a jubilee for me. And now permit me to absent myself for the purpose of attending to a few necessary arrangements; the Lord be with you!" and the large-hearted Mr. Young, without waiting for a reply, hastened away.

"A true and honest soul!" said Tieffenbach.

"What a place would our city be, if every one thought and acted like Mr. Young? But you will permit me also to take my leave. The Council will respectfully ask the Elector a few weeks' time for consideration, which you, too, reverend sir, will please to regard in that light. Perhaps God, in his wisdom, will yet enable you to see your way clear, so that without violence to your conscience, you may comply with the wishes of your congregation."

And with this the burgomaster also took his departure, leaving poor GERHARDT alone in his study, tormented by a thousand conflicting emotions.

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The Council performed what Tieffenbach had intimated. In a remonstrance, addressed to the Elector, distinguished for its noble frankness, it refuted the charge of negligence, expressed its surprise at the appointment of a man as Deacon whom they did not know, and stated in how many ways they had endeavored to induce Mr. GERHARDT to resume the duties of his office. This thoroughly remarkable document concluded with these words: "We therefore pray that your Electoral Highness will not be unfavorably disposed towards us on this account, but, in view of the reasons mentioned, rather excuse us, and appoint no one Deacon *in opposition to our will*, but grant us four weeks delay, so that in the event of the Provost not succeeding with Mr. GERHARDT, we may propose some one to the congregation, and invite him to preach a trial sermon, especially as we have lately had the names of two very suitable candidates under consideration. Confidently expecting a favor-

able answer, we remain your Electoral Highness' most humble and obedient Burgomasters and Councilmen of Berlin, the Capital of the Electorate of Brandenburg."

Their expectations were not realized. The following day brought the Elector's refusal. Still the Council succeeded in obtaining the Elector's consent to the proposition of a number of other ministers as candidates, and eventually even his approval of the election of Rev. Wolf, of Lebus, instead of Adams, whom he had first proposed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the removal of GERHARDT.

Thus GERHARDT'S last hope had vanished, and he ceased from henceforth, even in name, to be deacon of St. Nicolai.

On the same day upon which the refusal of the Elector was received, an event which spread like wildfire over the whole city, Mr. Young appeared at the dwelling of GERHARDT, with his journeymen and apprentices, and in a very short time the few articles of furniture which constituted the property of Mr. GERHARDT found their way to the house of Mr. Young, in Bruder street.

A large number of people were assembled. When at last GERHARDT made his appearance, having on his right his sick wife, who could with difficulty drag herself along, leaning on his arm, even though supported by young Mrs. Ebeling, and on his left little Fritz, followed by the poor widow Fromm, with her four children, the whole multitude burst into tears.

"The Lord bless your out-going," was heard from a number of voices.

"And your *in-coming*," cried Young.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DELIVERANCE.

"The Lord shall deliver from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."—2 Tim. iv. 18.

ON Friday evening, the twenty-eighth of February, 1668, GERHARDT, with his wife and child, and the widow Fromm, with her children, were assembled in the family room. GERHARDT, as was his custom before evening worship, had just finished his explanation of a passage of Scripture, when his wife became suddenly uneasy, and raised her handkerchief to her mouth.

"My dear wife, what ails you?" asked GERHARDT, in alarm.

"Nothing, my dear husband," she replied, smiling. "Something seemed to pass across my breast like a shadow, so that I became frightened; but now the feeling has passed away."

On examining her handkerchief, she was frightened anew. She saw that she had been spitting blood.

"My poor wife," exclaimed GERHARDT, "you are in danger. Hasten quickly, some one, and call our physician."

"Do not," begged his wife, smiling faintly. "I assure you, dear husband, that I feel very well—yes, better and more comfortable than I have felt for a long time. No, dear Sabine," she added, turning to

her sister, "stay! What do I want with the physician as long as I feel so well? Do not be distressed on my account."

And as she now really looked cheerful and happy, and began to converse freely and pleasantly, GERHARDT felt relieved, and offered up the evening prayer from a grateful, joyful heart. After this, all retired for the night with childlike confidence in the protection of their Heavenly Keeper.

The night passed without any mishap. Mrs. Gerhardt on the following morning rose at the accustomed hour, and attended as usual to her household duties, but, as the Lord would have it, for the last time. Her strength began rapidly to fail, and when, in the afternoon, she sought to take a little rest, the attack of the previous evening returned with increased violence. Blood began to flow copiously out of her mouth. Assistance was speedily called. Dr. Weise, accompanied by Dr. Senertue, soon arrived, and succeeded finally in arresting the hemorrhage.

"Will you not retire to your bed?" asked the physician, with a beseeching look.

"Ah yes," replied the poor woman. "I am so very weak that I am ready to faint." And now as she lay upon her bed, with her hollow cheeks deathly pale, and her eyes dim and sunken, all thought in their hearts that she was dying.

But the Disposer of life and death had not yet appointed her end. Soon a deep red mantled the pallid cheeks of the sufferer, and her respiration rapidly increased; but scarcely an hour had passed before the fever subsided, imparting a still more death-like appear-

ance to her face. This lasted five days, the fever appearing and disappearing, and like some rapacious enemy, eating away gradually a portion of the feeble strength yet remaining, till death should come to the relief of her weary body.

Early on the morning of Thursday, the fifth of March, shortly after GERHARDT, exhausted from the loss of sleep occasioned by his attendance for several nights in succession at the bedside of his wife, had sought a little rest, a knock at his door aroused him: "Come, dear brother," called a voice, "come as quickly as you can: Mary is dying."

In a few moments GERHARDT entered the chamber of his suffering wife. But what a sight! She lay like a crushed and withered lily, broken by some rough blast from its supporting stem. Sabine and her children wept aloud. Dorothea was prostrate upon her knees before the bed of the dying woman, holding her hands in hers, and engaged in fervent prayer. GERHARDT drew nearer, and perceiving that her eyes were turned towards him, he said: "Mary, my dear, faithful wife, do you know me?"

She smiled, reached out her hand to him, and said: "My dear, good husband!"

"How do you feel, Mary?" asked the husband, as he laid his hand on her cold and clammy brow.

"O, I feel so unutterably happy, as I have never felt before," she replied, with a cheerful look. "I think I shall soon be well again."

"Yes, yes," added GERHARDT, "you are thinking of what is written in the Word of God, 'O Lord, my God, I have cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me!'

(Ps. xxx. 2.) But is it well too with your faith, your love, and your patience?"

As the sufferer regarded her husband with an inquiring look, he continued: "In asking you whether it is well with your faith, I mean, whether with your whole soul you can exult in the confession, 'For me to live is Christ, for me to die is gain;' and as to your love, whether as your flesh is failing, your desire after Christ grows more ardent, and your love towards him more fervent; and as to your patience, whether you are quietly submissive, and, as a faithful handmaiden, hope for the help of the Lord?"

"Yes, ah yes!" she said tenderly. "I have always been your faithful pupil, my dear husband, and ever took delight in walking in the way you pointed out to me, both by precept and example."

"O do not look to me, a poor, miserable, and sinful being," replied GERHARDT. "What could I have given you, if the Lord had not first bestowed it upon me? Besides, there is only *One* whom we should follow."

"Yes, certainly!" she replied, and then added in a tone of sadness: "but will you deprive me of the delight I have ever taken in you, from the first day you entered my sainted father's house and became my dear faithful instructor? Will you embitter the joy with which my very soul has thanked you for leading me to Christ? Shall I call upon my dear sister Sabine to bear witness, how often we retired to our chamber to pray for you when any bodily ailment had befallen you? Yes, my dear husband, my whole soul thanks you! What would I have been without you?

In what way would I have walked, if my Heavenly Father had not sent you to be my friend and guide? No, no, my GERHARDT, you must not rob me of this joy!"

"And yet I cannot accept this honor," replied GERHARDT, in a mournful tone. "Have you not rather been the angel of consolation, whom the Lord sent to accompany me on my thorny path through life? Have not your humility and child-like trustfulness often inspired me with courage and joy, amid the trials and troubles through which I have passed? Have I not learned from you how to bear even the heaviest cross? Has it not frequently happened that a word from the Holy Scriptures, addressed to me by you, brought light and strength and peace to my soul? Are you not the faithful mother of my children, for whom, both early and late, you sacrificed your rest, your comfort, and your health? Was not your heart my first and last earthly refuge, where I found rest amid all my sufferings and sorrows? Yes, my good, faithful, pious wife, accept for all this my heart's sincerest gratitude, and let both of us thank our heavenly Father for having given us to each other, so that we might mutually assist and comfort one another in all bodily and spiritual danger and want. For it is, after all, the Lord, and not ourselves, who has done great things for us, in us and through us."

"To him be glory for evermore!" added the dying wife, devoutly.

A golden beam forcing its way through the early morning light now entered the chamber, and fell full upon the face of the sufferer, planting celestial roses

upon her cold and pallid cheeks. When this heavenly visitor greeted her eyes, she suddenly exclaimed, in a clear and cheerful voice :

"The golden morning,
Joy her adorning,
With splendor near us
Draweth, to cheer us
With her heart-refreshing and lovely light.
My head and members
Lay wrapped all in slumbers,
But now awaking,
And sleep from me shaking,
Heaven's bless'd sunshine doth gladden my sight."

These words, the first stanza of a morning hymn composed by GERHARDT in happier days, falling from the lips of the dying wife, deeply affected all present; and she, full of the charming hymn, turned her countenance, beaming with holy joy, full upon the rosy sky above her, and continued in ecstacy :

"Mine eye beholdeth
What God upholdeth,
Made for his glory,
To tell the story
To us of his power and might so great;
And where the Father
His faithful shall gather
In peace, whenever
Earth's ties they shall sever,
And leave this mortal and perishing state."

Towards the close of this stanza, her voice grew so much weaker, and her respiration became so much quicker, that GERHARDT showed the greatest anxiety. But before he could remonstrate with her, her strength revived, and laying her clasped hands upon her heav-

ing breast, and still keeping her eyes fixed upon the burning sky, she now continued, this time in a plaintive voice:

"My God, for ever
Do Thou deliver,
Shield me, and cover
My debts all over,
In grace, Thine eyes from my sins turn away:
Govern and guide me,
Be ever beside me;
As it is pleasing
To Thee, am I placing
All in Thy hand and disposal for aye."

"Mary," said GERHARDT, in a voice of earnest entreaty, "dear Mary, compose yourself."

"Dear, good godmother," added Dorothea, "let me repeat the remainder of this hymn! We have so often sung it together that I am quite familiar with it."

But the patient paid no attention to these loving requests. Tears filled her eyes, and with a feeble voice she resumed:

"Trial God sendeth,
Speedily endeth
The storms of ocean,
The wind's commotion,
Lightens the sunshine so gladsome and bright.
Fulness of pleasure,
And glorious leisure,
Will then be given
To me in yon heaven
Whither my thoughts aye to turn take delight."

As she here concluded, her eyes closed, and her clasped hands parted and fell powerless by her side. The sight of this caused those present to break forth

in weeping, whilst GERHARDT covered his eyes with his hands, as though he *could not* see his wife die.

But there is often something wonderful connected with the last hours of the dying. It is then that the soul keeps up the sinking body with almost superhuman strength, as if intending, before its last expiring breath is drawn, to pass once more through all its parts. The dying woman opened her eyes again, and gazed about her with a look of triumph, as if she had already come off conqueror in the last conflict.

Then GERHARDT bent down to her, and said: "Mary, you are growing weaker. The bells of St. Nicolai are just now ringing for morning service. May I request the minister to remember you in the general prayers of the church, and, after service, come here and give you the Holy Supper?"

"Yes," she replied, cheerfully, "I have no objection. On the contrary, I greatly desire to partake of the Holy Supper. But," she then added, almost playfully, "I feel almost surprised at my husband for mentioning it. I am weak, it is true, but I apprehend no immediate danger."

How strangely this language sounds from the lips of a dying woman! So evidently at death's door, and still this unyielding, indestructible hope of temporal life! All present see death gradually and surely approaching to seize its prey; only the eyes of her whose body is about paying death's forfeit are blinded with false hopes.

This state of mental delusion is especially painful to contemplate in the case of such as have passed through this mortal life with closed eyes and hardened hearts,

and who might still, even at the eleventh hour, attain to a knowledge of the truth and find rest, if they only knew that they must inevitably die. And yet, how many who go on with their eyes blindfolded, laying themselves down without so much as a presentiment of death, die suddenly and without a pang! It may indeed be said that a conversion, brought about by the fear of death, cannot be an acceptable offering to the Lord. It is true, the malefactor on the cross was converted to Christ only when in the agonies of death, and was still promised by him an entrance into Paradise; but it is no less true that the prayer of this malefactor, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom," was less induced by these agonies than by the sufferings of Christ and the power of his last words on the cross.

But how full of comfort on the other hand is the reflection, when contemplating the certainty of our own latter end, that the Lord has robbed death of its terror by destroying its power, and bringing life and immortality to light. It is then that the last fear vanishes, and we are ready with joy and confidence to unite in the song of triumph: "Death is swallowed up in victory! O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

When GERHARDT, after a short interview with his former colleague, Lorentz, had again returned to the chamber, he found the patient raised to a sitting posture in her bed. She regarded him with a smile, as much as to say, You see now that I am not as feeble as you imagine. Then addressing him, she said: "My

dear husband, I have an anxious desire to partake of the Holy Supper, but wish to do so worthily, that I may not eat and drink condemnation to myself. Will you read me Luther's sermon on the Communion?"

"O most cheerfully, my dear Mary," replied GERHARDT, hastening at once to bring Luther's 'House and Church Postil.' The patient now folded her hands, and fastened her gaze upon the lips of her husband, as if she wished to drink in every word he read. GERHARDT commenced with the words of institution. The first part of the sermon, which treats of a firm and implicit faith, as also the second, which enlarges on the words, "for the forgiveness of sin," appeared to make a particular impression upon the listener, perhaps because her faith was as firm as her hope in the forgiveness of sin was confident. But when GERHARDT at length came to the passage:

"Therefore, I have said that the sacraments should be administered to no one unless he is first able to state his condition, and to express his desire to receive strength and consolation through the word and the sign. He who cannot so receive it, let him stay away, and not act as those do who lamentably torment themselves at the time when they come to the sacrament, and are still far from knowing what they are doing. When thou hast partaken of the sacrament, go thy way and exercise thy faith; for this is the use of the sacrament, that thou afterwards canst say: 'I have publicly heard the Word, and also publicly received into my mouth the sign that my sins are forgiven me; to this I can testify, as I have openly confessed it before the devil and all the world.' Now if death or a

bad conscience disturb thee, thou canst rest upon this, and defy the devil and sin; and in this way strengthen thy faith and have a joyful conscience towards God, and become better from day to day, thou who otherwise wouldst remain slothful and cold."

As GERHARDT was reading these words, the eyes of the patient all at once assumed a different expression, not in consequence of any sudden change in her bodily condition, but rather in consequence of something that affected her mind. "Dear husband," she said, "think you that I am dying? Can it really be that my last hour has come?"

"The last hour comes from the Lord!" replied GERHARDT, whom love and sorrow had deprived of the fortitude to frankly acknowledge his apprehensions. "And who has known the mind of the Lord? Can he not even save from death? Yet," he then added, as if feeling that he must speak quickly, "if your last hour had really drawn nigh, would the thought of it terrify you, Mary?"

"O no, no!" replied she, from her heart. "Why should the child not be glad on its way to its father? Ah, who will assure me that my Heavenly Father will own me?"

"Your faith alone!" said GERHARDT. "Do you not know that faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen? Is your heart not firmly grounded and joyful in the assurance that Jesus Christ has died on the cross *for you?*"

"Ah! yes," she answered; "but am I *worthy* to go to the Father? Dear husband, I hope you will bear me witness that I have not knowingly or designedly

sinned against my God. And I can truly say that during my whole life I have always found comfort in the declaration: 'Whosoever believeth shall be saved.' But now for the first time my soul is disquieted within me. The picture of my life has never stood before me as it does now; it seems as if I had received clearer eyes, and could penetrate the darkness of my earthly pilgrimage, and see down into the very bottom of my heart and conscience. Ah! dear husband, this is not a cheering sight for me. I behold nothing but imperfections; I see that my sins are more than the sands on the seashore. Alas! how often have I comforted myself with false hopes! How often imagined that I had done well! How often have I reminded the Lord of my labors and toils, that he might reward me for them! But now all at once I see that I rested in a false peace."

"This is," said GERHARDT, earnestly, "the Word of the Lord: 'When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do.' Yes, my good wife, sad and humiliating as such a confession is, just so encouraging should it be to you, because it is this very sorrow which is relieved by the most blessed joy. Happy are you that you feel these wounds, for now the Lord will apply to them the healing balm. It is only when we renounce all pride of self-complacency in regard to our works, only when we lay aside all claim to self-righteousness, only when we manifest an entire willingness, in our best estate, to acknowledge ourselves poor, miserable and sinful beings, and trustingly throw ourselves solely on

the grace and mercy of God, it is only then that the Lord steps in, as Mediator and Redeemer, between us and our Father, and the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin, not, indeed, as if we had committed no sin, but only so that through faith and alone for Christ's sake the punishment of our sins is taken away. The natural man ridicules the doctrine of justification by faith, because in the unenlightened and unregenerate condition of his heart he does not understand it; but the faithful Christian, whose whole life has been spent in following Christ, and who, the more he is devoted to the service of the Lord in faith and in love, the more painfully he feels how little of what is really good, or pure, or perfect, he can do, *he alone* understands that *another* had to render satisfaction for us, because we ourselves could not do it; he alone also feels that we *must* appropriate to ourselves the merits and righteousness of Christ through faith. Hold fast without doubting to the declaration of Holy Scripture, 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them, and has committed unto us the ministry of reconciliation.' And, 'He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.' (2 Cor. v. 19, 21.) These words, a rock of offence to the unbeliever, are to believers a rock of salvation, their first and last hope in life and death."

"Oh! how these words refresh me!" exclaimed the sufferer, with a touching smile. "For now I too know that *my* Redeemer liveth!"

"God bless you for these words!" said GERHARDT; "you would not know this had you not first learned

to know your unworthiness in the sight of God; for it is precisely in this that the wonderfulness of this healing consists, namely, that as soon as any one, truly contrite and penitent, comes to Christ in faith, and confesses himself a poor, miserable and sinful being, so soon will Christ open his lips and say to him: 'Arise, sorrowing soul, thy sins are forgiven thee. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Hereupon GERHARDT again took up Luther's sermon, read it to the end, and concluded with these beautiful words: "This life is nothing but a life of faith, of love, and of the holy cross. But these three never come to perfection in us, whilst we live upon the earth, for no one possesses them perfectly, save Christ, who is the Sun, and who has been given to us as the example, which we must follow. Therefore, there are at all times some found among us who are weak, and some who are strong, whilst others are stronger still. The former can endure little, the latter can endure much, but all must continue to conform themselves to the image of Christ. For this life is a constant progress from faith to faith, from love to love, from patience to patience, and from tribulation to tribulation. It is not righteousness, but justification; we have not yet attained the end set before us, but we are all on the road and in the way, some having advanced further than others. God is satisfied when he finds us engaged in the work and purpose; whenever it pleases him, he comes and strengthens our faith and love, and in a moment removes us from this life into heaven."

"Oh! that I were *now* at home with the Lord!" here cried Mrs. Gerhardt, and began devoutly to repeat:

"The sorrows, Lord, that try us,
O! bring them to an end;
With needed strength supply us,
From every foe defend!
Let us, till death, pursuing
The best—Thy chosen—way,
In heaven our life renewing,
Praise Thee in endless day."

These words, though his own, so powerfully affected GERHARDT that tears came to his eyes; and not wishing his wife to see this, he retired for a few moments from the room. "She repeats my hymns even in death," he said to himself, when he was alone. "Poor worm that I am, how can I deserve such an honor? But, O! how devoted to me must be the love of this faithful, pious soul!"

Widow Fromm and Dorothea had remained with the sufferer, who now turned to them and said: "Dear friends, perform the last office of love toward me, by washing me and arraying me in white garments. Must not the bride be adorned when the bridegroom cometh?"

And when the two friends had complied with her wish, she again set herself up in bed, requested her prayer-book to be handed to her, and then began to read, as she had been accustomed to do when in time of health she prepared herself for the enjoyment of the Holy Supper. And now GERHARDT, accompanied by Deacon Lorentz, re-entered. She saluted her pastor pleasantly, gave him her hand, and said: "Beloved and reverend confessor, my hour has come; will you, as a last favor, strengthen me with the Body and Blood of my Lord?"

"Yes, my daughter," replied the pastor: whereupon she turned her gaze heavenward, folded her hands, and repeated her confession with such fervor and confidence, that it seemed as if a child was visibly lying before the father upon its knees, looking into the very eyes of the All-merciful. And Deacon Lorentz, now altogether a differeut man from what he had appeared to be at the dying bedside of Lilius, in a voice tremulous with emotion, pronounced the absolution, consecrated the bread and the wine, and nourished her hungering and thirsting soul.

After Lorentz and GERHARDT had again left the room, and the sufferer found herself once more alone with the two women, she turned to Dorothea, and said: "Do you recollect how you once came to me when I was in great bodily distress, and brought me some very nourishing soup? How much I would like you to bring me some more."

"Thank God, I can do this, dear godmother!" replied Dorothea, cheerfully. "I have already brought some along with me and put it on the stove." And she ran quickly and brought the pewter bowl containing the soup, placed it before her, and said: "Now eat, and may God bless it to you."

"You are the dove with the olive-branch," remarked the sufferer with a smile. "Or have you mayhap inherited the oil-cruise of the widow of Sarepta, so that you need only set the table?"

"Ah, do not make me too much ashamed of myself, dear godmother," replied the young woman, in a tone of regret, bowing her head upon the bed.

"Good, dear child!" said Mrs. Gerhardt, laying

her cold hand on Dorothea's brow. "Do you know how much I love you?"

"You are my second mother!" said Dorothea, weeping. "What would have become of me if you had not cared for me? May God reward you for it! All I have is too insignificant, and my poverty in words too great to thank you as you deserve. Bless me, dear godmother; bless me in my mother's stead!"

Thereupon the dying woman laid both her hands on Dorothea's head, pressed it against her heart, and said: "My child, God knows that I have loved you as if I had borne you under this my heart! May your sainted mother, with whom, if God be merciful to me, I shall soon be, now look down on you and into my heart, and sanctify and bless the love that binds me to you for time and for eternity. The Lord will bless thee out of Zion, that thou shalt see the good of thy house all the days of thy life. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass."

Dorothea wept long on the breast of her dying friend, then rose and waited upon her. But her desire for bodily nourishment soon left her, and she requested her sister to take it away. "I will keep the soup warm," was the thoughtful reply.

"Not for me, my dear sister," she protested. "Oh, do you think that I still stand in need of bodily nourishment? Sabine, I did not wish to own it, either to you or even to myself, that I felt as ill as I really do; but you may believe me, that I know now that I shall soon die. Grieve not," she added tenderly, on seeing her sister burst into tears, "grieve not for me, for I

shall only be the gainer by being taken away from the sufferings of this present life, and God, in his mercy, will soon again re-unite us. Grieve not for yourself; for my husband will never forsake you, but will continue to provide for you and your children, as he has done heretofore. But if you will do me a favor, please go and call my husband to me, for I desire greatly to see him."

And when the widow had returned with GERHARDT, the sufferer said to him: "Dear husband, in yonder closet you will find a book, which to me is a most precious treasure; for it contains copies of all the hymns you have ever sung to the praise of God and our Lord, and yes, I must confess my weakness, some also which you have composed out of undeserved love to me, and which I transcribed during many a silent midnight hour. My eyes are beginning to grow dim, and I can no longer read. Will my husband do me this last favor?"

GERHARDT's feelings had so overcome him that he felt unable to reply, but he went to the closet, took down the book, and returned to the bedside.

"Now," she continued in her tone of entreaty, "read me the fourth hymn, entitled, 'To THE HANDS OF THE LORD JESUS.' For his hands will soon bear my soul into his Father's kingdom."

And GERHARDT read, in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"Thou blessed Shepherd, hail!
Whose hands all pierced and riven,
Are with the holy roses filled,
Whose sweetness gladdens heaven.

The bleeding prints of nails,
Which tore them on the tree,
These are the roses which Thy hands
Bear, blooming still for me.

"Wide open are Thy hands,
Paying with more than gold
The awful debt of guilty men,
Forever and of old—
Ah, let me grasp those hands,
That we may never part,
And let the power of their blood,
Sustain my fainting heart.

"Wide open are Thine arms,
A fallen world to embrace,
To take to love and endless rest,
Our whole forsaken race.
Lord, I am sad and poor,
But boundless is Thy grace;
Give me the soul-transforming joy,
For which I seek Thy face."

As GERHARDT here turned his gaze upon the sufferer, and noticed the death-like pallor of her countenance, he stopped reading, and in deep anxiety exclaimed: "My God, my God, Mary, are you leaving us?"

"'Not just yet," she replied, faintly; "read on, dear husband."

And GERHARDT, in a broken voice, and with weeping eyes, continued:

"Draw all my mind and heart,
Up to Thy throne on high,
And let Thy sacred cross exalt
My spirit to the sky.
O, let me die with Thee,
Thy bleeding heart beside;

Let sin which lives and reigns in me,
With Thee be crucified.

"To these Thy loving hands,
Whose pangs were wrought by me,
My trembling lips I fain would press,
To all eternity;
To these Thy mighty hands
My spirit I resign,
Living, I live alone to Thee,
Dying, alone am Thine."*

When GERHARDT had concluded, the dying wife reached out her hand to her husband, and when he had laid his within hers, she said, with a heavenly smile: "I thank this dear, faithful hand most sincerely and truly, for having guided and directed me on life's pathway. My dear husband, will these hands be clasped again in the presence of the Lord? Will you reserve a place in your heart for your faithful handmaiden? Oh, refresh me with this consolation ere I depart."

"Mary," exclaimed GERHARDT in a firm, steady voice, whilst his tears flowed without restraint. "You take my soul along with you! The Lord alone knows how I shall be able to live without you. But the omnipresent God is witness between you and me that, when *my* hour shall have come, I will pray my Saviour to permit our souls to appear together before him. To behold my Saviour and you there shall be my happiness in death."

The countenance of the dying woman was lighted up by a ray of heavenly peace; then she feebly drew

* Translated by Rev. C. P. Krauth, D. D., LL. D., for this work.

the hand of her husband to her lips, and imprinted upon it the kiss of death.

GERHARDT was speechless; his soul melted into tears.

And now the hands of the sufferer glided slowly from off her breast, upon which they had been folded; she breathed deeply and heavily, and closed her eyes. The angel of death had laid his hand upon her.

Then suddenly the voice of a child was heard calling: "Mother, mother, dear mother! don't die—stay with your little Fritz."

And this call from a child entered the heart of the mother like a command from the Lord. She again opened her eyes, reached out her hands for the child, and said: "My son, my son! Let me see my child once more, that I may bless him!"

And when GERHARDT lifted him on the bed, where he knelt and wound his arms around his mother's neck and wept bitterly, she said: "Fritz, why do you weep? Do you not remember the beautiful garden up yonder where Christ is, and where your little brother and sister are playing with the angels? I am going there to see whether they still know their mother. So do not weep, my child. There we will all see each other again. God bless you, my child!"

And God had compassion on the boy, and sent quiet into his soul, so that he wept no more, and after his father had lifted him from off the bed, he buried his face in his mother's hand.

When, after the last faint flicker of departing life, the dying woman had become completely exhausted, and was evidently wrestling with death, GERHARDT

said: "Mary, if the terrors of death are upon you, cleave closely to your Saviour."

"No!" she replied, "I have no fear, I wish only that God may come quickly and release me." Soon after she said: "Why are you taking all the light away from me? Oh, how dark it is! Help me! Raise me up,—higher!"—

And when GERHARDT essayed to comply with her wish, he perceived that the *Lord* had already raised her higher—higher than this earth.

Then GERHARDT fell upon his knees, and with him the two women and his little son, and all who had shortly before entered the dying woman's chamber, and he prayed:

"O Lord, thou art great! Unto thy most holy name belong praise, adoration, and thanksgiving! Enter not into judgment with thine hand-maiden, but be merciful and gracious unto her, for the sake of thy Son Jesus Christ. Restore her children to their mother's arms in thy kingdom above. Sanctify and bless the bond of love which, by thy grace, unites me and this boy to her, and grant unto us all, at last, an equally happy end. Amen."

It was on Thursday, the 5th of March, shortly before noon, that this faithful wife closed her weary eyes. Her death caused lamentation and mourning in the whole congregation. When therefore ten days after, March 15th, 1668, her remains were deposited beside those of her parents and children, behind the pulpit, in the church of St. Nicolai, people came flocking from every part of the city, to dedicate to the beloved woman their tears of sorrow and of love.

Her confessor, the Rev. Samuel Lorentz, preached her funeral sermon on the words: "For ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise. For yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry. Now the just shall live by faith; but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him. But we are not of them who draw back unto perdition; but of them that believe to the saving of the soul." (Heb. x. 36–39.)

And it would not have been easy to find a more appropriate text in the Holy Scriptures.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GRIEF AND CONSOLATION.

"Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved: for thou art my praise."—Jer. xvii. 14.

SIX months had passed since Mrs. Anna Mary Gerhardt had entered upon a better life. We find the widower at the home which Mr. Young had so kindly provided for him. The latter, accompanied by his daughter and her husband, Mr. Ebeling, had just entered, and found him reading attentively in the manuscript hymn-book of his sainted wife.

"You feel, perhaps, surprised, my dear friends," remarked GERHARDT, "at finding me reading in this book, and may even accuse me of vanity, or at least of a too great fondness for my own hymns. But I cannot help it; when I look at this handwriting of my wife, it seems as if she were speaking to me, and returning to me the consolation which I formerly imparted to her. Believe me, dear friends, there is something very peculiar connected with the handwriting of our beloved dead. These lines stand before me like a sacred legacy. As they are written, so they form the inalienable heritage of love. I think of the heart which received these words, of the quiet and blessed hours during which they were penned; yea, these very characters seem to form themselves into the hand that drew them, and I feel as though I could lay mine

into it and press it. O, that dear, dear hand, that withered so very, very soon, and left me a poor weary pilgrim alone in the world!"

"Does your wound still refuse to heal, dear friend?" asked Mr. Young. "Have the six months that have passed over us since then failed to moderate your grief?"

If faith did not bring me consolation, I might look for it in vain from the lapse of time," earnestly replied GERHARDT. "The longer it lasts, the more painfully do I feel the vastness of the distance intervening between us. The wall of partition which separates the souls of the redeemed from those who are still looking for their redemption, can be removed only by death."

"Do you then long for death?" asked Dorothea.

"Ah! yes," replied GERHARDT; "I do indeed desire to depart and be at home with the Lord and with her; yet I fear that I may sin against God by wishing my time shorter than he has appointed. Were I to consult with flesh and blood, I might say, 'What shall I longer do here? Expelled from the house of my God, bereaved of my friend and comforter of my life, I stand here like a withered tree, that can no longer bear fruit—a beggar who has to live by alms.'"

"My friend, you must not say that," quickly interposed Mr. Young. "Only that is alms which compassion gives; but what love, what grateful hearts give, are only dutiful offerings, the withholding of which would be dishonorable to us, whilst their reception should cause you only joy. Or are we to be less grateful than a stranger, than the Duke of Saxony in Merseburg, who gave you no rest till you accepted a

year's salary from him? No, no, my dear sir, do not mar this pleasure for us."

GERHARDT continued for some time in thoughtful silence, and then said, "Pardon me, and bear with me on account of my weakness; I have not wounded you, but myself. And now we will say nothing more about it. It is the will of the Lord that things should be as they are, and it becomes me to be humble and submissive."

He then rose, with the intention of returning to the closet the manuscript hymn-book of his wife. "See here," he continued, "my treasures, my precious legacy. This is her prayer-book, this is her Bible, and this is her communion-book. Whenever I look at these books, it seems as if she were still speaking to me."

The sight of the Bible recalled something to the mind of Dorothea, who exclaimed: "Dear godfather, pardon my impertinence, but I frequently found your sainted wife engaged in writing on some blank leaves in this Bible. She never permitted me to see it, but would always lock it into the closet. Have you yet discovered this hidden treasure?"

"No, my child," replied GERHARDT, regarding the young woman with surprise. "I have been so taken up with this hymn-book, that I have not yet had the time to examine the other books. What you have told me is altogether new to me. We will examine it at once."

So saying, he took down the large Bible, and turning to the latter part of it, he joyfully exclaimed: "Yes, yes, here is her hand-writing! But what a

superscription! 'The leadings of the Lord in my life, written down by Anna Mary Berthold Gerhardt, in times of joy and of sorrow.' Dorothea, read this for me: my eyes are too dependent upon the feelings of my heart. Read, my child." And Dorothea read:

"*Sunday, Cantate, May 19, 1622.*—I was born.

"'Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.'—John iii. 5, 6. Lord, may thy kingdom come to me!

"*Tuesday, May 21.*—I was brought to our Lord Jesus Christ in holy baptism.

"'For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ.'—Gal. iii. 26, 27. Lord, let me be thy child.

"*December 14, 1651.*—My dear sainted mother was buried at St. Nicolai. After five years of severe suffering, the Lord has delivered her from all evil, and preserved her unto his heavenly kingdom.

"'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'—Matt. v. 8. Ah Lord, shall I meet my good mother again? Grant that I may be and ever remain pure in heart.

"*February 11, 1655.*—Sunday, Septuagesima. The Rev. Provost Vehr solemnly united me in the bonds of Holy Matrimony to my dear husband, PAUL GERHARDT, at the home of my sainted father.

"'Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you.'—2 Cor. xiii. 11.

"On the day following we departed for our new home in Mittenwalde. The Lord bless our incoming."

"Only thirteen years," here remarked GERHARDT in a low voice. "A short, but happy, blessed period! Yes, I can see it yet, how her father gave us his blessing when we took our departure. Mary, you should not have left me and our boy so soon. But God's will be done."

When GERHARDT had said this, and again assumed the position of one who is all attention, Dorothea resumed:

"*May 19, 1656.*—The anniversary of my own birthday. Our first child, Mary Elizabeth, was born.

"'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden. He that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is his name.'—Luke i. 46–49. O, how unspeakably happy can the Lord make us poor human beings!

"*October 10, 1656.*—My beloved and venerable confessor, Rev. Provost Vehr, enters into his longed-for rest. I feel as though I had lost my second father; for he, as my spiritual father, begat me in Jesus Christ through the Gospel, and loved and nursed my soul till the image of Christ was formed within it.

"'Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the Word of God, whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation.'—Heb. xiii. 7.

"*January 14, 1657.*—Our child, Mary Elizabeth, died, aged nearly 8 months. Lord, why takest thou the desire of my eyes and the joy of my heart? Yet

I will not murmur and complain. Sleep sweetly, my child, in thy place of rest! Few and evil were the days of thy life, thou dear, transient sojourner on earth.

"'The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'—Job i. 21.

"*April 28, 1657.*—My dear brother-in-law, Archdeacon Joachim Fromm, died, at the age of 62. Do not despond, dear sister Sabine. God is the friend of the widow and the fatherless. So long as I live and my dear GERHARDT, you and your children shall not want.

"'Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find waiting.'—Luke xii. 37.

"*May 28, 1657.*—My dear husband received a call to Berlin, as Deacon of St. Nicolai! Oh, my dear old home, I shall see you again! I shall return to you! I shall be near my mother's grave, to kneel upon it in prayer. How good and gracious is the Lord!

"'This also cometh forth from the Lord of Hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.' —Isaiah xxviii. 29.

"*January 12, 1658.*—Our second child, Anna Catharine, was born, and on the 15th following was baptized by Archdeacon Reinhardt. In this way, Lord, thou hast again healed the wound which thou didst inflict. Oh, make this our child a blessing to us, if it pleases thee!

"'It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.'— Matt. xviii. 14.

"*March 25, 1659.*—Our Anna Catharine was carried to her place of final rest. Alas, am I then to be as

one who is bereaved of all her children? Why, Lord, dost thou so severely chastise me? What evil have I done, that thou turnest also this joy into sorrow? My GERHARDT comforts me by saying: 'Why weepest thou? the child is not dead, but sleepeth.' Yes, truly, she sleeps, but so profoundly that a mother's voice can no more arouse her. I know, Lord, that thou hast power to do with thine own as it pleases thee; but let me weep and lament!

"'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'—Mark x. 14.

"*November 30, 1660.*—Our third child, Andreas, is born and dies. Life and death, joy and sorrow, raised up and cast down—all within a few hours. Lord, thou knowest what a mother's heart can bear, therefore will I lay my hand upon my mouth and be still. Thou hast said: 'A woman, when she is in travail, hath sorrow because her hour is come; but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish for joy that a man is born into the world!' Yes, Lord, the anguish is passed, but the sorrow will not cease. Must I not say with Jacob, 'Me have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away; all these things are against me.' Lord, now I know that I am not worthy to be called mother by a child. Oh, pardon my sins—but the anguish of my heart is great; deliver me out of my distress.

"*August 25, 1662.*—The Lord has had compassion upon me in my distress, and not regarded my sins. To-day our fourth child, Paul Frederic, was received into

fellowship with Christ through holy baptism. My joy is greater than my gratitude. My bodily weakness is very great. My strength is exhausted. I weep in silence when I behold my child in the arms of its nurse, instead of in those of its mother. Still it is my child. Lord, wilt thou preserve this one to me? —though not my will, but thine be done.

"'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'—Matt. v. 33.

"*October 23, 1664.*—Now you have entered into the joy of your Lord, my dear, sainted father! To-day they laid you, a faithful servant, into the silent chamber of the dead. Take your child's gratitude with you on high, and salute my dear, sainted mother. Ah, I feel at times as though I would soon again see my dear, blessed parents. The Lord's will be done.

"'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'—Ps. xxvii. 10.

"*February 6, 1665.*—To-day we dedicated our fifth child, Andreas Christian, to Christ in holy baptism. May the all-merciful God pardon me all my sins; but my joy is sadness and sorrow. I know that I shall not keep this child.

"'For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith!'—1 John v. 4.

"*September 24, 1665.*—Sleep sweetly, my little Christian; I knew that your cradle was prepared in heaven. Now you rest with your two little sisters, your little brother, and your dear grandparents. How will they rejoice when they see you coming, whilst

your poor mother weeps! Yet, Lord, thy hand has not been shortened, that thou canst not dry these tears. Behold, Lord, one child has been left to us, and longer than the other four. May I regard this as a sign that my sins are forgiven? If the angel of death is to visit our house again, Lord, send him to me. I am weary and weak.

"'I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord.'—Gen. xlix. 18.

"*February 6, 1666.*—To-day my dear husband has been deposed from office. Must I bear this trial, too? My strength is failing, yet the Lord knows how much I am still able to bear. Continue steadfast, my dear GERHARDT; do not be ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, and cease not to profess a good profession before many witnesses. I will follow you into want, into the wilderness, into misery, and to death. Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.

"GERHARDT, I know you never glory, for you are meek and lowly of heart; but now may you glory long and loud—glory in your Lord Jesus Christ. Remain faithful; do not regard me and my child; without the will of God not even the sparrow falleth to the ground; we shall not starve. Persevere, dear GERHARDT, until you are come unto Mount Sion and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly of the Church of the First-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant.

"God bless you, my dear GERHARDT! Now I feel how great you are, and how lowly am I, thy poor handmaiden!"

"O! you true and pious soul!" exclaimed GERHARDT, deeply moved. "How little do I appear in comparison with you, by permitting desponding thoughts to creep at times into my soul. But, O! thou dear, blessed spirit, these thy words are henceforth to be my precious legacy; thou shalt have no cause to be ashamed of thy GERHARDT."

As here the dear man of God could speak no farther, and as he permitted his tears to flow freely, Dorothea said: "There is only one other date recorded; shall I read it to you, dear godfather?"

"Yes, my child," he said; "from this testament not one letter shall be lost to me."

And Dorothea continued:

"*February 29, 1668.*—Yesterday evening I threw up a little blood, whereat my friends were greatly frightened. I quieted their fears, because it occasioned me no pain. But to-day I feel it. I am steadily growing weaker. A cold chill runs through every part of my body. This is doubtless the messenger that is to summon me hence. If so, then do thou enable me, O Lord, to conquer the weakness of my heart. To thy care I commit my husband and my only child, whom thou mercifully gavest to me, thy poor, sinful handmaiden. Into thy hands I commit soul and body. I can write no more, my hand trembles.

"'For me to live is Christ, for me to die is gain.' —Phil. i. 21."

"Give it to me, my child," said GERHARDT, reaching

for the book, when Dorothea had ceased reading. "Blind that I was, not to have found this treasure before! Henceforth *this* Bible is to be the precious jewel and heir-loom of my house, to be handed down from child to children's children, if it should please God to continue my name and family."

"That he will!" said Dorothea, encouragingly. "Your Fritz will be preserved to you, and will close your eyes in death."

"Yes, that he will!" said GERHARDT to himself, with an expression as if his soul was ignorant of what his lips were uttering. And so it was. The image of his wife possessed his whole inner man so completely that he could speak only of her. "How amiable she was," he continued, with a dreamy look. "Her heart was full of love toward all. She was the confidant of all our friends and neighbors, the helping hand of all the weary and heavy-laden. Like a true priestess of the Lord, she carried peace and joy to the aching hearts of others. Her own heart was free from every vengeful feeling; she had no memory for injuries and insults received, and often heaped coals of fire upon the heads of such as had acted unkindly toward her. How often did she, by her kindness and gentleness, soften the obdurate? how often, by her love, bring them to a consciousness of their sinful condition? She was a dear Martha, who found her chief happiness in a faithful discharge of her domestic duties. Her house was her earthly home, the place of her fondest occupations and labors; always cheerful, and with a heart full of meekness and resignation, she was, early and late, the faithful stewardess of even the smallest

temporal gift bestowed on us by the grace of God. And how faithful a mother to her children! From her conduct I learned to know how a pious mother is the child's visible guardian angel. The servants in the family regarded her with willing obedience. She was mistress and maid at one and the same time. Go among the members of the congregation and inquire, and you will not find one who did not esteem me happy in the possession of such a wife. But she was also, in truth, a Mary, who daily sat at the feet of Jesus, listening to his words. When the bells sounded for church, her heart swelled with pious emotions, and she hastened forth to serve the Lord in the assembly of his congregation. Count the sick and afflicted whom she visited and comforted; or the poor and needy, with whom she divided her bread:—you cannot do it. Ah, how often, when watching her, from the window, passing along the street so modest and unassuming, and with such unconscious matronly dignity, would I say to myself: 'Happy the man to whom the Lord gives a virtuous wife; she is more precious than rubies!' Mary, you should not have left me, poor old man that I am!"

As GERHARDT here relapsed into deep silence, those present became deeply anxious for him. They had never before seen him so completely overcome by grief. Dorothea was the first to feel the necessity of diverting the thoughts of the sorrow-stricken man into a different channel; and therefore cast an inquiring look toward her husband, who, divining its meaning, began by saying:

"Well, my dear reverend friend, if you will permit

me, I should like to ask your advice in reference to a matter which is to affect my entire future."

"In that case you had better lay it before God, and not before man," replied GERHARDT.

"But," continued Ebeling, "does not God direct us to enlightened souls, that is, to those to whom the counsels of the Lord are less a mystery than to us, who, with our cares and labors, are too much wedded to the world? Are not ministers stewards of the mysteries of God?"

"My friend," replied GERHARDT, with a sad smile, "if you make us poor ministers stewards of the mysteries of God, in a sense according to which we are expected to know the mind of the Lord and be his counsellors, you certainly administer a merited rebuke to us, for that priestly pride and arrogance which is, alas! frequently manifested by those who vainly imagine that they sustain a nearer relation to God, and are favored with a profounder knowledge of him, than are the laity. This the Catholic priest may do; this especially the Pope may do; but we Lutheran ministers possess no other knowledge of God than that possessed by our congregations, and both of us no other than the Holy Scriptures teach. If we, as ministers, are characterized as stewards of the mysteries of God, it is because we are called to preach the Word of God, and not our own wisdom; and with the gracious gifts of the Holy Spirit, which are not merely imparted to ministers, but equally so to every believing Christian, labor in building up the kingdom of God. All of us stand before the throne of eternal wisdom with veiled eyes, and see only what faith, by lifting the veil,

enables us to see. We walk by faith, and not by sight. However I perceive, dear Mr. Music-Director, that my remarks have made you almost sad, and you seem as if I had said something to wound your feelings. But you will pardon my serious reflections, for the sake of the grief that still holds my soul in bondage; — and now tell me, what has happened to you?"

"Read this letter!" requested Ebeling, handing him a large open paper.

GERHARDT took it, deliberately perused its contents, and then, without the least sign of excitement, said: "You are to leave here. You have been called to a professorship of music in the Gymnasium at Stettin."

"And this you can say so unconcernedly?" asked Ebeling, in astonishment.

GERHARDT bent his mild eyes full upon him, and replied: "Ought it to terrify me, when God is pleased to assign you a different post? Think you they need no pious Lutheran professor of music in Stettin? Or do you not intend to accept the call?"

"I do not yet know," timidly replied Ebeling. "I would like to go, and I would also like to remain. I have weighed, examined, and considered the subject in all its bearings, but still my decision continues to tremble in the balance."

"I will tell you why," here interrupted Mr. Young. "On my account you do not wish to go. You know that I will never forsake Mr. GERHARDT as long as he remains in Berlin; and you, on the other hand, do not wish your old father-in-law to be left alone by being separated from those he loves—you do not wish to take his daughter out of his sight. For this mark of

affection, my dear son, I thank you; but you ought to go. Is not a woman to forsake her father and mother and cleave to her husband? Yes, yes, only go," he added, in a broken voice, "when once my dying hour draws near, my Dorothea will come to me and close her old father's eyes."

Dorothea, who for the first time in her life had seen her father so deeply moved, hastened to him, threw her arms around his neck, and exclaimed: "Father, will you turn me away from you?"

"No, no, my child," said her father. "I could never turn you away from me, and I would not if I could; for you are the joy and comfort of my old age! No, no, dear daughter, such was not my meaning! Do not weep," he continued, kissing her, "we are all in the hands of the Lord."

"I shall remain here!" hastily exclaimed Ebeling.

Thereupon GERHARDT turned upon him an earnest and inquiring look, and said: "My friend, you surely cannot run away from a divine call so easily and in such haste! For I tell you that what you have received is a call from God. You must go whithersoever he sends you. Have a care, my friends, that the love of man does not lead you to sin against the love of God. I perceive that I myself am an obstacle in the way—I, a poor, insignificant man! No; God forbid that I should permit anything of the kind. Friend Young," he continued, turning to that gentleman, "I know that you love more than I deserve; but neither you nor your daughter must sacrifice any happiness for my sake. In God's name, go with your children to Stettin."

"And do you suppose that I would do this?" interrupted Young, laying both hands upon his breast. "No, reverend sir, I would be guilty of the crime of perjury in the sight of God if I were to leave you alone here in Berlin. Know that I have taken upon myself a most solemn vow to serve you with my property and with my life. I know well that you do not stand in need of my assistance; that a hundred other hands are open to receive you. I know that in every respect you can do without me, but not I without you. And now, there is nothing more to be said about it. You, dear children, shall go where the Lord calls you, and I remain where the Lord has called me. God is great and wonderful in his power and grace. He alone can decide; he can bind and loose. So long as he does not give me a token that he releases me from my vow, so long it will be utterly in vain to speak to me on the subject."

"I know how we can manage it!" now suddenly and joyfully exclaimed Dorothea. "My reverend and dear godfather goes with us to Stettin; then there will be no difficulty in getting father also to go along."

"Dear child," replied GERHARDT, with a smile. "Your heart is good and kind, but you know not what you ask. If there is no other place where God designs me to be, I must remain here till I die. Your father has rightly said that we are all in the hands of God. When he says to men, 'Be separated,' they dare neither delay nor linger, but must cheerfully obey."

Just at this moment a slight knock was heard at the door, and a man entered, whose dress and appearance showed him to be a wealthy merchant, and one well

known and esteemed by all present. Before, however, the new-comer had time to finish his salutation, GERHARDT, with an uneasy and anxious look, approached him and said: "Mr. Sturm, what brings you here?"

"I can ascribe my present visit to none but God!" replied the merchant. "I am here in compliance with the request of a distant friend to deliver a message and ask a question. No, stay, stay, dear friends," he exclaimed, turning to the three other occupants of the room, whom he saw making for the door; "what I have to communicate cannot remain a secret, least of all to you, Mr. Young, and our dear music-director and his esteemed wife, who are known all over Berlin and Cologne as the intimate and cherished friends of the Rev. Mr. GERHARDT."

"You make me feel uneasy, dear sir," said GERHARDT. "Is the message you bring me one of joy or of sorrow?"

"One of sorrow for us Lutheran citizens," was Mr. Sturm's reply, "and yet one of joy, because it is flattering to you. But I will not longer keep you in suspense. I have just received a letter from my intimate friend, Judge Nicolai, of Lubben, in reference to yourself. The Archdeaconry of that city being vacant, the Council and citizens have directed their attention to you, and have commissioned me, before applying to you directly, to ask you whether you would be willing to entertain an invitation to visit Lubben with the view of becoming their pastor."

"What, *I*, a poor, deposed preacher?" asked GERHARDT, "*I* invited to Lubben?"

"And why not you?" exclaimed the merchant.

"Do you suppose that you are known only to the members of your congregation? Are not your hymns sung in all Lutheran countries where the German language is spoken? And has not the intelligence of your dismissal from office, in consequence of the severity of the Elector, been everywhere received with sorrow and regret? Is it, therefore, a matter of surprise that those who love you should also evince a desire to have you with them?"

"To Lubben?" said GERHARDT to himself, so completely buried in his own thought that he had not even heard the laudatory remarks of the merchant concerning him.

"Yes," continued Sturm, "to your own fatherland, to Saxony. Though the noble Duke of Sax-Merseberg, to whom Lubben belongs, has nothing to do with supplying that post, inasmuch as it is under the exclusive control of the Council, it may yet be taken for granted that he was not altogether passive in the matter of your being invited. As he did not succeed in getting you to Merseberg, it will still afford him pleasure to have you live and labor within his dominions."

"You are right—my fatherland!" exclaimed GERHARDT, still occupied with his own thoughts, and only partially listening to the remarks of his friend. "Ah, what a sweet sound has the name *fatherland!*"

"And how truly agreeable to you, and to all who love you, must be the reflection that such a call has been extended to you from your fatherland," remarked the merchant. "For it is alleged, to the discredit of the human heart, and that too not without truth, that

men, in a spirit of narrow-mindedness, prejudice and injustice, show a greater preference for foreigners than for their own countrymen. Even our Saviour was forced to say, concerning himself: 'A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house.' How often has it happened that faithful and deserving men in their own fatherland were passed by unnoticed, and even suffered to endure want and misery, whilst unfaithful and undeserving foreigners were loaded with favors? So much more refreshing, therefore, is this act of justice on the part of your fatherland."

"But so much the more painful for us!" added Mr. Young. "Is it not humiliating to think that a Lutheran minister may freely and openly preach his faith in a neighboring country, whilst he is prevented from doing so here? It seems indeed as if Saxony had been called of God to make amends for the injustice which Lutheran ministers are compelled to suffer among us, by hospitably opening to our expelled ministers their cities, their houses, and their pulpits. Thus it was with Reinhardt, who met with a kind reception in Leipzig, and thus it is now with Mr. GERHARDT, who is to find a home in Lubben. I know well that many, who suppose that they are pleasing the Elector when they swear to every word he utters, will say that GERHARDT was not expelled; that the Elector had voluntarily restored him to his office, and even remitted his signature to the Reversal. This they will highly laud and magnify, whilst GERHARDT will be accused of narrow-mindedness, prejudice, stubbornness and selfishness. But I maintain that a law

which deprives one of God's ministers of THE LIBERTY OF SPEECH, in a congregation whose accepted minister and pastor he is—an edict which proposes to establish peace in the church by covering up the sore instead of healing it, such an edict is to a conscientious Lutheran minister the same as being exiled from the country. This is what pains me! May God preserve us from worse times still."

"This we will confidently hope," said the merchant. "Because we are not contending for temporal things, but for the salvation of our souls. The conflict in which we are now engaged will not be without its benefits, and will bring, if not to us, at least to our children, the desired peace. However," he continued, turning to GERHARDT: "are you prepared, my dear friend, to give me a decided answer?"

This question aroused GERHARDT from his revery. Fully occupied with his own thoughts, he had lost the entire conversation of his friends. But when he now turned his mild, dreamy eyes full upon the merchant, as if to ask a repetition of his question, the latter resumed: "Inasmuch as the messenger is waiting to take your reply back to Lubben, I should be pleased to know what you have concluded to do."

Thereupon GERHARDT rose from his chair, and said in a firm voice, "I will go whither the Lord sends me! Though almost too old for such a new home, and though I have always found sweet consolation in the thought that I might some day, not far distant, lay myself down to rest beside my sainted wife, till the day of resurrection, yet will I follow the way the Lord directs. Yes, I feel that I am to testify a little while

longer concerning the gospel. I feel that there is still that upon my mind which I must not take with me to my grave. I am ready to do whatever the Council in Lubben desire."

"God bless you for this determination?" exclaimed the merchant. "Though our congregation will mourn over your departure from this place, all hearts will doubtless say, 'The Lord be with you!' Yes, the Lord is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working!"

"Blessed be his name!" added Mr. Young. "Now the scales have fallen from my eyes. Where the Lord in his goodness and mercy does himself unravel the mystery, everything must become plain. Now, my son," he continued, turning to Ebeling, "you have no longer a choice left. You must go to Stettin; and you my child, my dear Dorothea, are you willing to take your old father along with you?"

"O God!" exclaimed Dorothea, falling on the neck of her parent. "how good, how merciful art Thou!"

"It was to be so!" remarked GERHARDT, with deep feeling. "It was the will of our Heavenly Father that we should be separated. Your way lies toward the North and mine toward the South; but our spirits will often return to this place, and meet on the graves of our loved ones, till all who have here fought a good fight shall be reunited for ever. This may God grant!"

And on that same day, the 12th of September, 1668, PAUL GERHARDT addressed the following letter to the Council at Lubben:

"I heartily thank you for the kind Christian sympathy which, in my present situation, you have manifested toward me, as also for the honorable mention

of my name in connection with the vacant pastorate in your place, and your well-meaning wishes in regard to my humble self.

"As I at all times hold myself in duty bound to render willing obedience to my God, and devote the humble gifts he has graciously bestowed upon me to the service of his church; so also shall I not refuse compliance with the request of you, right honorable sirs, touching a visit, on my part, to your city, with a view of preaching a sermon, but hold myself at all times in readiness to do so. I would indeed comply at once; but being just now occupied with engagements which do not only deeply concern myself, but others, and which cannot be attended to without me, I shall be obliged to defer my visit for two, or, at the furthest, three weeks. I hope that you, right honorable sirs, will kindly accede to this arrangement. Till then, may God preserve you in health and in the enjoyment of every needed blessing, and save you from all evil. I remain your humble servant,

"PAUL GERHARDT.

"*Berlin, September 12, 1668.*"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE END.

"Many seek the ruler's favor; but every man's judgment cometh from the Lord."—Prov. xxix. 26.

HAVING related the events connected with PAUL GERHARDT'S life, up to the time when he decided to remove to Lubben, we have finished our task, and it remains for us only to give a brief account of the further details of the Elector's design regarding the establishment of peace between the Lutheran and Reformed Churches, and the subsequent history of the principal personages connected with our narrative.

The design of the great Elector, Frederic William, and the desire he had inherited from his father, William, and his grandfather, John Sigismund, to establish between the two principal parts of the Evangelical Church, if not uniformity in doctrine, at least a spirit of mutual forbearance and toleration, was as earnest as it was humane.

Though the period over which the events we have related extend, was undoubtedly one of severity and oppression, confirmatory of the fact that in matters of religion the employment of external force, not taking into consideration the violence it does to conscience, is a sad mistake—for though coercive measures may compel outward quiet, they can never bring about true

peace—it must at the same time not be forgotten that the Elector resorted to the employment of force only after having for twenty years vainly tried to accomplish his object through milder measures.

We have already seen that, whilst GERHARDT was still living in Berlin, and had not altogether relinquished his hope of a full and unconditional restoration to his office, the Elector had already caused a modification of the edicts, in so far that two days before the death of his wife, the universally-beloved Louise, he revoked the Reversal hitherto required of all ministers, only requiring a watchful eye to be kept on such candidates as adhered to the Wittenberg school, and deny them ordination and confirmation, and of whom it might be expected, that they would not abstain from defamatory and abusive language. But, of course, as long as the edicts were still in force, nothing was gained for strictly Lutheran ministers, and for men as conscientious as PAUL GERHARDT.

Whether the noble prince, who was honestly seeking the establishment of peace, and who was altogether free from injustice and all party feeling, had of his own accord determined to adopt a more moderate policy, or whether individual counsellors, or the Electoral States, or the bold and independent language of PAUL GERHARDT, had induced him to be more yielding —at all events, in less than a year from that time, in a decree bearing date May 6, 1668, he also revoked the interpretations of the two edicts of 1662 and 1664, in so far as to allow Lutheran ministers, as well as the German Reformed, publicly to oppose the doctrines of the oposite party, and, in the best manner, to

enlighten their hearers in regard to the points of controversy, requiring only that all this be done without bitterness, personal abuse, and denunciation, in a spirit of respectful, Christian moderation, and without one party charging the other with such doctrines or drawing such inferences from them as are not expressly contained in their acknowledged Confessional Writings.

This, then, was a formal recognition of the Form of Concord, and more than this no one had ever asked. Had the Elector announced this declaration in the year 1665, in all human probability a great deal of suffering would have been prevented. Archdeacon Reinhardt, Provost Fromm and Deacon GERHARDT might have retained their several places, and the poor old Mr. Lilius died, at least, a peaceful death. But, to his great sorrow, the Elector was destined to find that this conciliatory measure came too late, and that now he met with opposition even on the part of some of his civil officers.

Then when Frederic William demanded conformity to the edicts in question, on the part of his subjects, civil and ecclesiastical, and began by asking of his counsellors and the members of the High Consistory, who in great part belonged to the laity, a written Reversal by which they were required, not only to promise strict conformity to the edict, but also to give information concerning all who should refuse compliance—then it was that the Lutheran conscience of his secular subjects too became aroused. The chief Court Marshal and President of the Upper Chamber, Raban von Canstein, was the first who offered a remonstrance; and he was soon followed by a number of the

most distinguished Counsellors, among whom was the same Martin Frederic Seibel, who, on a former occasion, during that memorable session of the High Consistory, had stood up in defense of Provost Fromm. The Elector, therefore, found himself under the necessity of discharging these men from their civil offices, as he had formerly discharged clergymen from the office of the ministry. Thus it happened that the fruits he had expected to reap from the adoption of a more moderate policy were almost entirely lost. Moreover, during his lifetime quiet was not restored between the two contending parties, and the Elector was frequently exposed to secret and even open attacks concerning his edicts.

Frederic William, the great Elector, the last Elector of Brandenburg, died on the 29th day of April, A. D. 1688, at the age of sixty-eight, after having for nearly forty-eight years held the reins of government, during a very trying and calamitous period, with equal prudence and wisdom. Twelve years after, his statue was erected on the long bridge.

The Electress Louise Henriette, the eldest daughter of Frederic Henry, Prince of Orange and hereditary vicegerent of Holland, born at the Hague, November 17, 1627, and from her nineteenth year the wife of the great Elector, a true princess by the nobility of her Christian character, a pious, humble, hand-maiden of the Lord, an angel of mercy to the poor and suffering, a faithful guardian of her house and country, died in Cologne, on the Spree, June 8, 1667, at the age of thirty-nine years and seven months. She had given birth to three princes, Charles Amelius, Frederic, after-

wards King of Prussia, and Ludwig. Her husband himself published four of her sacred hymns, and dedicated them to the royal poetess. Two of these, "Jesus Christ my sure defence," and "I will from my Transgressions Return unto the Lord," have since then found a place in every hymn-book, and will continue for all time to be regarded as precious gems among the rich treasures of our evangelical hymnals. Much, however, as her early death may have affected the Elector, he still found himself necessitated to enter upon a second marriage, by uniting himself the year following, June 14th, 1668, at Groningen, to Dorothea, widow of Duke Christian Ludwig, of Brandenburg, Celle, and Princess of Holstein Glucksburg. She, too, presented her husband with several sons, and this circumstance was probably the cause of that state of unpleasant feeling continually existing between herself and the Crown Prince, Frederic. As Dorothea, in her external appearance, was altogether inferior to the beautiful Louise, so also was her heart less inclined to meekness and humility, and her looks and carriage betrayed a proud consciousness of her exalted position. Otherwise she was an active and intelligent helpmeet to her serene husband in the introduction of such reforms as tended to the welfare of the State, and especially in the enlargement and embellishment of Berlin. Not more than two years after her union with the Elector, she became the founder of a new suburb, which ever since has borne her name, being called Dorotheanstadt; and the first linden tree of its beautiful and celebrated avenues was planted by her own hands.

Baron Otto von Schwerin, President of the High

Consistory, born in 1585, and beloved and esteemed by the Elector, on account of having been charged with the education of the three princes above named, continued constantly to increase in favor with his serene sovereign, and finally became Minister of State and President of all the colleges. With his standing at court, his earthly possessions also increased, and by the purchase of many castles and other estates, he secured to his family considerable power in the land. He died November 14, 1679, at the advanced age of ninety-four.

The Court-chaplain and Counsellor of the Consistory, Bartholomew Stosch, who in his conflicts did not always fight with the fairest weapons, not only continued in his influential position, but was afterwards advanced to the post of Chief Court-chaplain. Formerly he had been a Socinian, that is, one who subjects divine revelation to the judgment of reason, and among other things denies the divinity of Christ and the doctrine of the Trinity. And though in later times he professed strict adherence to the doctrines of the Reformed Church, his real sentiments may be inferred from the malignant and bitter disposition he manifested towards strictly Lutheran ministers, the blessedness of whose fervent faith he knew not how to appreciate, because he did not himself possess it.

The publication of the letters of poor Provost Fromm, whom he himself had driven into temporal and spiritual misery, will always bear witness against him as a man characterized by that vindictiveness which esteems nothing sacred when it concerns the destruction of a hated enemy. That Archdeacon Rein-

hardt did not share Provost Fromm's unhappy fate, was not the fault of the Court-chaplain; for at a Consistorial session, during which Reinhardt's imprudent and violent conduct was under discussion, and the question arose as to the nature of the punishment he should be made to suffer, Stosch advised that he should at once, and without any further action, be driven out of both the city and the State. It may be assumed without doubt that the severity practiced by the Elector towards Lutheran ministers was mostly owing to the influence of this man, who used his utmost endeavor to embitter his Sovereign against all who bore that name.

Stosch died in Berlin on February 25th, 1686.

The licentiate Andreas Fromm, from 1651 Provost of St. Nicolai in Cologne, on the Spree, and three years after Counsellor of the Consistory, and cousin to Archdeacon John Fromm, PAUL GERHARDT'S brother-in-law, was unquestionably a man of learning, and originally sincerely desirious of bringing about a reconciliation between the two contending churches. His misfortune was the false friendship of the Court-chaplain, Stosch, who did not rest till his deceived friend was completely ruined. On that memorable day, July 29th, 1666, on which he left Berlin, with his wife and children, to escape further vengeance from the Court-chaplain, he took his way to Wittenberg. Here he fell into the hands of the rigid Abraham Calov, the man above all others whom the Elector most hated. Bodily want, consideration for his wife and children who depended on him for support, left him no other choice than that of joining the strict

Lutherans; and by renouncing the religious test-oath usual in Saxony, even binding himself to a conscientious adherence to the Form of Concord. This step could, of course, not restore him to the confidence of men. First in his heart Reformed, and consequently, as a Provost of the Lutheran Church, a hypocrite, then an ally of the opponents of the Rescript, and now a Calovian, more rigid even than PAUL GERHARDT, he enjoyed the confidence of none, and was regarded with suspicion by all. This he keenly felt; and as this gradual falling away was not an error of his heart, but must rather be ascribed to a defective character, and as it was less by choice than by the force of circumstances that he was driven from one party to the other, he is greatly to be pitied; for wrong he never intended to others, though he unconsciously greatly wronged himself.

The Consistory of Altenburg had secured for him the appointment of Superintendent in Eisenberg; but he felt that he could not with a clear conscience occupy such a position. He therefore left Wittenberg with his family, toward the latter part of 1667, under pretense of having to go to Regensburg. But his way lay not in the direction of Bavaria, but rather in that of Bohemia, whither he was probably drawn by some Jesuitical trick; for there, in Prague, in a church of the Jesuits, he abjured his Lutheran faith, and was soon after consecrated a priest, and even entered the Chapter at Leitmeritz.

This is a remarkable instance of instability of character and want of earnest and pure-mindedness that should serve as a warning to others; for that he be-

came a Catholic not from conviction, but rather from grief over his disappointment, and because he had become dissatisfied with himself and with the world, is abundantly evident from the sore repentance with which his heart was burdened at Leitmeritz, and which his priestly vestments could neither conceal nor heal. He enjoyed no rest till he found it in the grave.

The rest of the ministers of St. Nicolai and St. Mary in Berlin, and the former colleages of PAUL GERHARDT, found as little relief from the Rescript. Deacon Samuel Lorentz denied absolution to Provost Muller, the successor of the unfortunate Lilius, for the same reason which had induced him to do the same thing on a former occasion, thereby excluding him not only from the Lord's Supper, but even from church-fellowship. In consequence of a protest on the part of the Provost, the subject was brought to the knowledge of the Elector, who ordered the most thorough investigation to be instituted. Lorentz neither could nor wished to deny what he had done. The Elector therefore resolved to punish as a rebel the bold minister who had dared to oppose himself to the law of the land, and thus hold up his example as a warning to others. And, consequently, after the matter had been examined into, Lorentz, on June 8, 1668, received an order to the effect that he should leave Berlin by Saturday, and not let himself be seen from that time forth in any part of the dominions of the Elector of Brandenburg. Lorentz went first to his birthplace, Guber, in the Margravate of Neiderlausitz, which at that time still belonged to Electoral Saxony, and was soon after his arrival appointed min-

ister and superintendent of the dominions of Forsta and Pforten. Here he published, in compliance with a most courteous request, and about two years after the death of Mrs. Gerhardt, the sermon preached on the occasion of her burial, in the Church of St. Nicolai in Berlin, "before a numerous and highly respectable audience."

Provost Muller, successor to Provost Lilius, though he had not, when entering upon his office, drawn up a reversal, obliged himself in his call to obey the Electoral edicts of 1614, 1662 and 1664. On this account Deacon Lorentz had refused him absolution. As, however, Muller's conscience afterwards upbraided him with infidelity to his Lutheran Church, and as he, in consequence, allowed himself to do many things in violation of the promise he had given in his call, a circumstance which caused him a great deal of vexation, he became weary, and voluntarily resigned his office in 1685, three years after the Elector's death.

The Derenberg minister Adams, whom the Elector had proposed as GERHARDT'S successor, was stubbornly rejected by the Council, who even caused the church to be locked against him. After this he was transferred to Lebus, several leagues below Frankfurt on the Oder.

The Council now nominated Rev. Wolf, from the same place, as GERHARDT'S successor. This gentleman entered upon this field with great reluctance, and deferred his removal to Berlin as long as possible. He, too, soon regretted having obligated himself to obey the Electoral edicts, and confessed publicly from the pulpit that he could not, in any way or manner, act in

conformity to them. "As I trust in the mercy of God," he said, "and hope to become a child of God, I will not depart one jot or tittle from the Form of Concord." The animosity and opposition this declaration called forth against him, ended with his dismissal from office in 1672, four years later. He went to Hamburg, where he died in 1699 as minister of the cathedral.

Deacon Gigas, who, in consequence of the revocation of the reversal he had drawn up, had been imprisoned in Spandau, was pardoned by the Elector after several months' confinement, and followed a call to Stresow in Pommerania.

As regards the Archdeacon Elias Sigismund Reinhardt, we have already stated that he entered upon his duties as pastor of St. Nicolai in Leipzig on the 27th of August, 1665. In the year following he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and in the spring of 1667 became Rector of the University, and in the course of the same year, superintendent and assessor of the Consistory. However, he did not long occupy these posts of honor, for death overtook him in a manner as sudden as it was singular. In attempting to rub off the sand that adhered to a letter he had just received, he scratched one of his fingers; and this trifling wound caused his death. The finger became inflamed, and with it the whole hand. Mortification ensued, and he died on the 10th of September, 1669, in the 44th year of his age.

The only ministers of St. Nicolai and St. Mary among the number of those associated with PAUL GERHARDT that remained, were the two deacons, Lubath and Helwig, who, though they had several

times signed remonstrances against the Electoral edicts and the unfortunate Reversal, still knew how to maintain their places.

The faithful and esteemed Music-Director, George Ebeling, went to Alten-Stettin as professor of music at the Academical Gymnasium Carolinum, before GERHARDT had left Berlin for Lubben, accompanied by his pious and devoted Dorothea and her father, Mr. Young. He died very unexpectedly in the year 1676, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. After his death, his widow returned with her father to Berlin. Uncomplaining and humbly submissive to the will of God, and loyal to their faith, father and daughter died within a short time of each other. The peace of God be with these dear faithful souls!

The tenth and last dozen of GERHARDT'S hymns, which Ebeling had set to music for four voices, and with an accompaniment of two violins and a bass, appeared in 1667. The full title, which is characteristic of our friend, reads thus: "PAUL GERHARDT'S spiritual devotions, consisting of one hundred and twenty hymns, collected into one volume, at the request of a number of eminent and distinguished gentlemen; first to the honor of the Divine Majesty, and then also for the consolation of esteemed and distressed Christendom, and for the increase of the Christianity of all believing souls—in sets by dozens, embellished with melodies for six parts." The avidity with which these hymns were sought after may be learned from the fact that two years later, 1639, Ebeling was obliged to publish a new edition in Stettin. The melodies most popular were those set to: "*Vol-*

ler Wunder, voller Kunst," "*Schwing dich auf zu deinem Gott*," and "*Warum sollt' ich mich denn grämen.*" Each single dozen was again dedicated to a particular class of men, with a characteristic preface, in which he succeeded with admirable tact in connecting the external position of individuals with the subject of the hymns, and in explaining them in a truly edifying manner. The first dozen he dedicated "To the prelates, counts, lords, knights, and estates of the Electorate of Brandenburg, this side the Oder and beyond the Elbe;" the second dozen, "To the high, noble-born, honored, and virtuous women of Berlin;" the third dozen, "To the noble, steadfast, very learned advocates of the supreme court of the Electorate of Brandenburg;" the fourth dozen "To foreign ladies residing in the capital of Berlin and Cologne;" and so forth.

And PAUL GERHARDT! On the 14th of October, 1668, he preached the desired trial sermon in Lubben. On the day following, the city Council, with the unanimous consent of the citizens, offered him the vacant charge, and GERHARDT accepted it as a gift from the Lord. A formal call, under date of October 29th, was sent to him at Berlin. Owing, however, to various untoward circumstances, such as the necessary repairs the parsonage had first to undergo, and the dangerous illness of his son, Paul Frederic, which protracted his stay in Berlin, he did not enter upon his new field of labor till Trinity Sunday, 1669, after having on the 6th of June previous taken the usual test-oath. His age at this time was sixty-three.

It was, therefore, in the nature of things, not to be expected that his labors would be of long continuance

in this part of the Lord's vineyard. After having for seven years labored faithfully, the Lord released him June 7, 1676. He died repeating the eighth verse of his beautiful hymn, "*Warum sollt' ich mich denn grämen,*" (Why should I be sorrow stricken?)

"Him no death has power to kill,
But from many a dreaded ill
Bears his spirit safe away;
Shuts the door of bitter woes,
Opens yon bright path that glows
With the light of perfect day."

His earthly life lasted precisely seventy years; of which he had spent twenty-five as a faithful steward of the mysteries of God. His mortal remains repose within the principal church in Lubben.

HANS SACHS.

A FAMILY TRADITION RETOLD.

TRANSLATED BY HARRIETT REYNOLDS KRAUTH.

This new volume of "Pictures from the Life," is one of peculiar interest. Hans Sachs, the "Cobbler-bard" (1494–1576), though a shoemaker by trade, was a most prolific writer, and a strong advocate of the Reformation. His poems exerted a prodigious influence upon the masses. He was the most famous of the Master-singers of Germany.

The "Tradition" is told by Johannes Roth, who narrates his experience as journeyman shoemaker in the family of Hans Sachs. An eminent critic says of this book, "In point of uniqueness, originality, freshness and readableness, we place Hans Sachs first among Wildenhahn's stories. Its oddity, quaintness, richness, realistic life, are wonderful. Rarely is a reader so carried into the good by the pleasant; rarely is he so thoroughly benefited without the least approach of fatigue, as in this book. It opens up a world which will be surprisingly new to the English reader, and will bring close to his heart one of the noblest of the men of a great era.

The pleasant and earnest family life of "Honest" Hans Sachs, the initiation of Master Roth into the school of Master-singers; the account of the quaint and pedantic regulations of this ancient guild, are the attractions of this delightful volume.—*Reformed Messenger.*

The mediævalism of poetic art, in its elaborate struggle with the new era, is one of the interesting elements of this story; but its grand charm is, after all, in those touches of eternal nature, which keep our human hearts pulsating in harmony with love, trial, effort, wherever they may be. A sketch of Hans Sachs' Life is added.—*Lutheran and Missionary.*

PHILIPP JACOB SPENER.

Four Editions of Spener have been published within a year.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

No library of the pastor, or Sunday-school, or family, can be complete that does not include the volumes of this series.

PHILIPP JACOB SPENER.

This book deals with a most interesting period, and with a most interesting character. Spener was born in 1635, and died in 1705. He was Court Chaplain, and at the head of the Pietists, who insisted upon practical and experimental religion, as against formalism. The book is "a historical life-picture from the period in which the school of Spener arose." Having the form of a historical fiction, it preserves the continuity of character, plot, and events necessary to secure the attentive interest of the reader, while at the same time the historic atmosphere of facts and teachings is preserved in such a way as to give, from the example of real characters, both instruction and inspiration for obeying God rather than man, and for exalting the unseen and spiritual above the worldly and temporal. Our own age is not free from formalism, and all the aid which such books can bring to the side of practical and experimental piety will be welcome. This book is to be followed by others, each dealing with a historical epoch, while clustering the events about some leading characters, as Paul Gerhardt, John Arndt, Martin Luther, the Diet of Augsburg, Aug. Hermann Francke, etc. They will open fresh fields of knowledge and thought to many readers.—*S. S. World.*

It is a dignified story, giving a clear idea of an important period in the progress of the Protestant German Church, and of the life and teachings of one of its prominent theologians, whose influence was at its height between 1688 and 1705—the date of the story.—*American Bookseller.*

PHILIPP JACOB SPENER.

The life pictures drawn by Dr. Wildenhahn are justly celebrated for their attractive manner of setting forth historical facts and important truths. They are as fascinating as romance and as instructive as history. In the book before us such a picture is given of Spener, whose abundant labors in the Church are known, and concerning whom all who admire ardent piety and fervent zeal will be anxious to know more. The reading of this volume will gratify such a desire. It is brought out under the editorship of J. K. Shryock, A. M., who edited the beautiful Fatherland Series, and the publisher has given the book a dress that is worthy of its contents. We hope that he will be encouraged to give the public the other Pictures by the same author, and that books of this character will supplant the trashy novels, with a little religious coating, that pass in so many Sunday-schools and families for edifying reading.—*Lutheran Standard.*

Wildenhahn's books are commended to us by Dr. C. P. Krauth, in a short introduction prefixed to this book. He says of them all, that few books can give so much sure profit, both intellectual and religious, with so much elevated enjoyment. "They are pictures showing the Master's touch." This book is a historical tale, but one in which, as Dr. Krauth says, "the fiction waits on the history." It would be an unspeakable benefit to the Church and the world if the youth of the present generation could be induced to read such literature as this, and we would be glad to know that this book has gone into every Sabbath-school in our Church.—*The Presbyterian.*

This volume is an excellent contribution to the popular religious literature of our day. In the guise of an entertaining narrative, it brings before us the character and work of a great and good man, so well known as the champion of the cause of vital godliness in Germany, during the 17th century. Spener and Francke were one in spirit; and our own Zinzendorf, while at the University of Halle, enjoyed those pious teachings, the benefit of which is still realized by our Moravian Church. We commend the book heartily, and especially to Moravian and all other Sunday-school libraries.—*The Moravian.*

Literature of this kind is what the Christian young people of our families and churches now especially need.—L. A. GOTWALD, D. D.

This is the first of the six volumes of "Life Pictures," by Dr. Wildenhahn, which are so justly celebrated for their attractive manner of setting forth historical facts and important truths. They are as fascinating as romance, and as instructive as history.

The volume is brought out under the editorship of J. K. Shryock, A. M., who edited the beautiful Fatherland Series, and the publisher has given the book a dress that is worthy of its contents.—*Our Church Paper.*

PHILIPP JACOB SPENER.

Not only to the young, but to more mature readers, this book must prove both useful and entertaining. It relates to an epoch in history of which but little is popularly known—the so-called Pietistic movement which took place at the end of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th century, of which Labadie of Geneva was one of the leading spirits. The central figure in this work, Spener, Court Chaplain to the Elector John George III., of Saxony, is scarcely less celebrated. His character, as portrayed by Wildenhahn, is one of singular beauty and nobility.—*Public Opinion, Chambersburg, Pa.*

This valuable historical life picture gives the reader a vivid insight into the character, the life and labors of that truly great good man, Philipp Jacob Spener.—*The Lutheran Evangelist.*

It will prove healthy reading for the family and the young generally. —*Christian Standard and Home Journal.*

The subject, the author, the translator, and the editor, at once commend this volume to our favorable consideration. Philipp Jacob Spener (1635–1705) was one of the great central figures in the religious history of Germany in the 17th century, and gave a name to a distinct school of theology and Christian life.

And the fact that the name of the editor of "The Fatherland Series" is on the title page will be a recommendation of no little value in the eyes of many.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

THIS IS A GOOD BOOK.—*Lutheran and Missionary.*

I am delighted with the book. This book ought to be (and others like it) in every Lutheran house, yea, in every Christian home. It shows how deep and evangelical is the piety of true Lutheranism. God bless the book, and your enterprise in undertaking it.—Rev. M. L. Culler.

Wildenhahn is, as we have said, well known as one of the best household story-writers of Germany, and the chief merit of his stories is, that they are truly historic in the sense that the fiction which connects the events and scenes of the narrative is employed only to individualize the history, and to present a real life-like picture of the times. This volume will serve to show that those are in error who assume that real active Christian life is opposed to orthodoxy, and proves that it is rather the result of it. The scriptural character of the confessions is set forth in an attractive way, so that the reader is led forward to study the doctrines of the Church, while seeking to gratify his interest in the narrative itself. We hope to see this excellent book have a large sale, among our Sunday-schools especially, as well adapted to their wants in furnishing wholesome literature, which is so much needed among the more advanced scholars.—*Our Sunday-school.*

I am glad you have taken this matter in hand; hope you will succeed in furnishing the Lutheran Church with a good, sound literature, for we are much in need of it. I think him (Spener) one among the greatest and best men the Lutheran Church has ever produced.—R. WEISER, D. D.

I have been greatly delighted with Spener. I felt so much pleasure in reading it that I could scarcely lay it aside until I had finished it. It is just such healthy Lutheran literature as we need for our churches and Sunday-schools. I shall await with impatience the appearance of the other volumes of the series.—REV. F. RICHARDS.

"*Resolved*, That the attention of the families, and especially of the persons having charge of Sunday-school and congregational libraries, within the Synod, is called to the series of Life Pictures proposed to be issued by Mr. J. Fred'k Smith, of Philadelphia, of which the life of Spener has just appeared.

"*This series* of lives of men most eminent in the history of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, written by Wildenhahn, is so attractive in its mode of presentation, so excellent in spirit, and presents so much of the genuine deeds and words of men whose memory is very precious, that it will do only good, and teach only truth, wherever it comes.

"*These Pictures* from the Lives of Luther, Melanchthon, Hans Sachs, John Arndt, Paul Gerhardt and Jacob Spener, enter so familiarly into the personal relationships and surroundings of these honored and beloved men, that we are brought very near to them, and their influence brought home to the readers. We heartily commend them."

Adopted by the Synod of Pennsylvania, in session at Lebanon.

I have read the book with pleasure and profit. I hope you will find an extensive sale. A book so interesting in its contents and so elegant in its form, ought to circulate widely.—REV. S. SPRECHER, D. D., LL. D.

It seems to me a very good deed from you for the Lutheran Church to publish this series of "*Pictures from the Life*."—REV. J. R. LAURITZEN.

I noticed with much pleasure, on the cover of "*Lutheran Monographs*," that you intend to publish in English WILDENHAHN'S *Pictures from the Life*. I have read a number of them in German, and consider them most valuable books.—G. A. DOBLER.

I hail with joy the advent of PICTURES FROM THE LIFE. I hope it is the dawn of a better day in our Church literature. May you have eminent success in your most laudable enterprise.—REV. A. S. HARTMAN.

PHILIPP JACOB SPENER.

The first of the series, "Pictures from the Life," just published, is a delightful and interesting book. Although Spener was a Pietist and somewhat mystical, he was undoubtedly a great and good man, and did a good work. In a time of Pharisaic scholasticism and spiritual deadness, he insisted on the necessity of heart religion, called attention to the power of prayer, and deepened a belief in the directing presence of God's Spirit and providence. Thus he acted the part of a true reformer, and an influence was exerted which did much for the destruction of lifeless form and the diffusion of Christian life. We are persuaded that its general circulation would not only communicate pleasure, but do good.—*Evangelical Repository.*

It has been a standing wonder to me for thirty years that Wildenhahn's Spener and his other Life Pictures have not been made accessible in English for the household, Sunday-school and congregational library. They are so charming, so life-like, and so close and true to the original character of the men and times described, as to be pre-eminently good. To us Lutherans they are attractive, because they gather living groups around men whose heads we crown with honor; to others scarcely less attractive, by reason of the charm of grouping and fresh delineation of men and strange scenes.—B. M. SCHMUCKER, D. D.

A charming story of the Life and Times of Spener, the great apostle of practical piety in the Protestant Church. We have not time at present to enter upon an extended criticism of the work, which it well deserves, but content ourselves with recommending the book most cordially to our readers.—*Reformed Messengers.*

This volume aims to combine the charm of romance with the truth of history. It is a story, but a story based on truth. Dr. Wildenhahn has a distinguished reputation in this line of historical painting. Some of the productions of his pen have already been given to the public in an English dress, and this is another venture in the same direction. The story has much to commend it. The subject is one that, although somewhat familiar, has an abiding interest. Few men in the religious world have occupied a more conspicuous position, or left a deeper impression on the piety of the Church, than Philipp Jacob Spener. His name and his school of religion are historic; and whatever difference of opinion may exist in regard to some features of Pietism, which owes its name to Spener, there can be no difference in regard to the exalted Christian character of the man.

In this volume the story of that great religious movement is told, and no one can read it without becoming deeply interested. Although a translation, the style is easy and flowing. It is the language of heart and life. It is well adapted to family reading and the Sunday-school. We bespeak for it a wide circulation, assured that its influence will be good.—*The Lutheran Quarterly.*

If the readers of this translation derive half as much pleasure and information as we did from the original, they will be well repaid for their purchase. The Lutheran Church in America is an offspring from the Pietistic element in Germany, of which Spener was the great originator, and, of course, this volume derives a double interest to Lutheran readers from this fact.

Mr. Shryock has had an experience in editing and publishing books such as no other person in the Lutheran Church has ever enjoyed. The Fatherland Series stands as a lasting monument to his skill and success in this line. The present volume is gotten up in good style, and we hope it will receive the extensive sale it so richly deserves.—*The Teachers' Journal.*

It is happily adapted to the matured as well as the youthful reader, and its pages are interesting, instructive and *wholesome.*—THOS. H. LANE.

Glad to hear that you are bringing out some of my favorite *Wildenhahn* books.—J. G. MORRIS, D. D., LL. D.

Resolved, That we heartily commend the Life of Philipp Jacob Spener, translated from the German of Dr. Aug. Wildenhahn by Rev. G. A. Wenzel, A. M., and published by J. Frederick Smith, 914 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.—PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

Pictures from the Life of Philipp Jacob Spener received. Have read it. Am much pleased.—REV. J. H. WALTERICK.

Am much pleased with PHILIPP JACOB SPENER, and hope that your efforts to present us with the series may be crowned with success.—REV. ENOCH SMITH.

Spener is a very interesting volume, and will fill a place long needed in the Church. It affords much practical instruction where heavier volumes could not reach a large class of readers.—REV. W. S. EMERY.

I wish you abundant success in your laudable undertaking of publishing these works.—REV. S. S. HENRY.

I am highly pleased with Spener.—REV. J. C. MOSER.

I am glad to learn Wildenhahn's works are to appear in English. The reading of these books will prove of such interest and benefit, that I am extremely solicitous that they should be largely circulated.—REV. J. P. HENTZ.

PHILIPP JACOB SPENER.

I have read SPENER, and am much pleased with it. It is just the kind of literature we want for our Sunday-schools, and, with the sentiment already created in favor of such books, I do not see why the series you have inaugurated should not prove a good success.—REV. W. M. FRYSINGER.

The publication by you of Rev. G. A. Wenzel's excellent translation of Wildenhahn's Spener, deserves the grateful acknowledgement of the Church. For a number of years, I have regretted that, with some of its companions, this edifying book, although translated and published in one of our Church weeklies, was inaccessible to our English readers, except through rare and cumbrous files. It is one of the very few books which can safely be placed in our Sunday-school libraries. It furnishes the very best religious instruction, under the garb of a most pleasing narrative, all whose main statements can be trusted as historical facts. Not only will it be interesting to the young, but it will supply the most mature with abundant food for thought. It will prove of great service by its protest against an imaginary holiness of life which ignores or depreciates sound doctrine, and against an imaginary reverence for the letter and form of doctrine, which knows nothing of its spirit and power. Let our people early become better acquainted with these heroes of our faith, and they will prize the more highly the heritage which God has given them in the Lutheran Church of their fathers.

I hope that the encouragement with which you will meet will be such that, at an early day, we may welcome the completion of the publication in English of the entire series, of which the Life of Spener is the first.—H. E. JACOBS, D. D.

I am acquainted with these six volumes of Dr. Wildenhahn's in their original dress. More charming, instructive, intensely interesting *Life Pictures*, it would be difficult to select from any language or from any period of our Church's history. If the bewitching style and the graphic delineation of characters are in any wise reproduced in the translation, I predict for this series of Life Pictures a popular enthusiasm that will exceed even that for the "FATHERLAND SERIES." There is nothing ephemeral in these volumes. These master themes have been handled by a master spirit; one, who is in deepest sympathy with the facts and doctrines set forth in these volumes; and who was not only *intellectually* persuaded, but who, *with his heart*, *believed* them to be absolute verities.

No Lutheran Sunday-school CAN AFFORD to be without these books. For they contain just what is imperatively needed for our young people to make them acquainted with the inner glory of their church; they will beget, what is so sadly needed, a true church-love.—A. C. WEDEKIND, D. D.

DIET OF AUGSBURG.

Literature of this kind is what the Christian young people of our families and churches now especially need.—L. A. GOTWALD, D. D.

It is a solid Sunday-school book, and we heartily commend it.—*Augsburg Teacher.*

It gives an account of the Diet of Augsburg at that critical point when the Protestants of Germany prepared and read their memorable confession. The courage of the seven princes and their adherents, the timidity of Melanchthon, the sublime faith of Luther in his castle retreat, the artfulness, intolerance, and assumption of Campeggi, and other Papal representatives, and the unfavorable attitude of the Emperor himself, are all described with historical accuracy, and in glowing terms, while just enough of the fictitious is introduced to relieve the stateliness of sober history, and give the picture a home-like air. We wish the book an extensive sale.—*Evangelical Repository.*

We heartily commend this volume as presenting its grand subject in a most attractive and entertaining form.—*Our Church Paper.*

It is a pleasure to take up such a book as this. It is well written, well translated, and well printed. Its publication is especially appropriate now, as the Church this year celebrates the seventh jubilee of the Augsburg Confession, on account of which the Diet of Augsburg is especially remembered. Those who read this life picture will receive a vivid impression of that great historical event. The book is worthy of being brought out in the beautiful form which the publisher has given it. The world would be greatly benefited if books of this instructive and edifying kind could be made to displace the trashy fiction, religious and otherwise, which is so extensively read, but which profits nobody.—*Lutheran Standard.*

The Diet of Augsburg is another of the "Pictures from the Life" Series. It is an excellent addition to the popular religious literature of our day.—*Church Journal.*

THE DIET OF AUGSBURG.

While it is a book of peculiar interest to the followers of Luther, it is one which may be read with profit and pleasure by any young or old person desirous of obtaining a more vivid conception of the stirring scenes of the period of the Reformation which it describes than can be gotten from any ordinary historical work. It will serve to refresh the memory and revive the interest of those who have read the same things in historical form, and to create a taste for ecclesiastical history in those who have not. There should be many more such books in our Sunday-school libraries, and our young people should be stimulated to use them so as to get from them the instruction which they are designed to convey. We would not do away with fiction entirely, but we would like to see it made the vehicle of useful truth. Let us have pictures for the young, but let them be like this book and its companion volumes, "Pictures from the Life."—*The Conference News.*

The book should have a special interest to us at the present time, since popery is now laboring to bring about the same state of things in this country that called forth the earnest protests of Luther and his coadjutors in the sixteenth century. By reading this story of the "Diet of Augsburg" we will learn something of the tender mercies of that bastard church toward all heretics, when she has the power, and something of the diabolical craftiness by which she would advance her interests at the expense of the liberties and of the salvation of the people over whom she tyrannizes.—*Philadelphia Methodist.*

This is indeed an excellent book. As stated in the title, it presents "Life Pictures;" and it paints them as life-like as words can do it. In reading it you imagine yourself in the very presence of the heroes of the Reformation and of their enemies. You seem to see and hear such men as Martin Luther, Philip Melancthon, the Emperor Charles V., John, Elector of Saxony, etc., etc.—*Church Messenger.*

The doctrines of the Reformation, and their influence on life and character, are illustrated in a fascinating manner; and the important events that led to the presentation of the Augsburg Confession, together with the Confession itself, are laid before the reader. The book will need no recommendation to those who have read the former volumes of the Series.—*The Moravian.*

This is the second of a series of six volumes, containing pen-pictures of the lives of prominent men and events in the early history of the Lutheran Church. Mr. Shryock and Dr. Morris have manifested good literary taste in selecting for our English readers the works of so fine a German historian as Dr. Wildenhahn. The "Diet of Augsburg" is regarded as one of his best works. These gentlemen deserve the thanks of the Church for their efforts to bring the rich Lutheran literature of Germany before the English people of our church and other churches.—*Lutheran Evangelist.*

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